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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. I.

JULY AND OCTOBER 1855.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1855.

ART. I.—ON THE JUST AND THE UNJUST IN THE RECENT POPULAR DISCONTENT.

1. *Papers connected with the Civil Service Reform.—Blue Book*, 1855.
2. *Manifesto of the Administrative Reform Association.*
3. *Speech of Mr. Layard. House of Commons. June* 15, 1855.

THE Periodical Press has many high functions and many solemn obligations. To it belongs the duty of courageous but temperate exposition of national grievances, and the ready reception, the conscientious sifting, and the cautious publication of individual wrongs. To it belongs the privilege of protecting the weak against oppression and rescuing the obscure from oblivion or neglect. It has to tear the mask from successful charlatanry, to expose incapacity where incapacity has been foisted into dangerous and unseemly eminence, and to denounce iniquity and corruption in those high places where only purity and principle should reign. It has to allay popular passion when excessive or astray, and to moderate popular expectations when rushing into wild and irrational extremes. It is sometimes called upon to interpose to save victims as well as to point out criminals, to mitigate the severity of the sentence as well as to furnish evidence and insist upon a trial. It has often to plead the cause of high principle and of common sense in an arena where both are too apt to be trodden under foot. And, most frequently of all, are its efforts needed to remind legislators and statesmen of those great objects which are so incessantly smothered and lost sight of in the confused multiplicity of small details and daily strife,—

as well as of those golden rules of justice and of wisdom, whose voice is so apt to be drowned in the clang of party warfare and the gladiatorial conflicts of tongue and pen. The soldier's interest in the battle is concentrated on the charge or the diversion in which he is himself engaged; the general, engrossed in the plans for the campaign, thinks little of the purpose of the war; the minister forgets the sacred principles of wise and righteous statesmanship in the new political combinations which every day or every change makes requisite;—it is for those who stand aloof and apart, judicial but absorbed spectators, to watch that the great end be not sacrificed to the little means, nor the pure cause sullied by unhallowed advocacy, nor the white banner soiled by dirty hands or dragged through miry ways.

Perhaps, however, one of the noblest and most necessary, and assuredly not the least grateful, of the functions of the Press consists in separating what is just from what is unjust in popular discontent, and giving a definite expression and a sound direction to that general and well-founded indignation which would else be inarticulate, indiscriminating, and misapplied. National dissatisfaction is never groundless, but it is often ignorant, erroneous, and blind. "*Pour le peuple* (said Sully) *ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.*" Popular discontent needs guiding as well as moderating. Never mistaken as to fact, it constantly ascribes the evils it endures and observes to wrong causes, seeks their cure in a wrong quarter, and calls for vengeance on the wrong heads. Thus it is at the present moment. A sudden strain and pressure upon all our institutions and in all our public departments has revealed to the startled country a state of things which was long ago clear enough to thoughtful and historical observers. Dark places have been irradiated, weak places have given way; by an instant of unwonted hurry and exertion garments that were always threadbare have been converted into haggard and indecent rags. Practical mismanagement and faults of system have come to light, in extent and in number absolutely stunning and confounding; and the surprise and uneasiness of the nation have been aggravated into positive alarm at perceiving, both in ministers and in Parliament, an apparent entire lack of that clear vision, that superior genius, and that commanding will, from which alone a remedy was to be hoped. Ministers spoke and acted not only as if they were unequal to meet the crisis and unable to supply the want, but as if they saw no perilous crisis to be met and no imperious wants to be supplied. And the House of Commons, though dismayed and angry, was irresolute, feeble, and con-

fused; restless, turbulent, and chaotic; refusing to obey the reins, yet unable and afraid to assume them. Under such circumstances we need not wonder that the people, taking their cue from the Opposition which sought only to discredit the Government, and from demagogues who sought to discredit Opposition and Government alike, should have jumped to the menacing and disheartening conclusion, that all Ministers were corrupt, and all their subordinates incapable.

Now, it is because there is so much that is substantially correct mingled with so much that is unsound and exaggerated in this conclusion; because we intend throughout our course to be such earnest reformers of what is wrong, and such zealous defenders of what is calumniated or misjudged; and because, in the movement for "Administrative Reform" which the recent apocalypse has originated, we recognize so true an instinct in the object aimed at, confused and jeopardised by so damaging an ignorance, so poor an appreciation of difficulties, and so inadequate a choice of means,—that we propose to devote a few pages of this our first Number to a rectification of what we deem a popular mistake.

We heartily rejoice at the direction which public feeling has taken. We congratulate our countrymen on having abandoned or postponed the demand for organic changes in favour of one for Administrative Reform. They are at last on the right scent; they have got hold of the right clue; their face is set in the right direction; and we have no doubt that they will soon work themselves clear of their present errors and misconceptions. At all events their efforts will not now be wasted on unattainable ends, or rendered abortive by inherent misdirection. At the point of national progress at which we are now arrived, administrative are of far more consequence than legislative questions. There may be, and there have been, times when it is otherwise; when laws are so bad that no executive ability can make them tolerable; when institutions are so imperfect that no administration can remedy their faults; when freedom is so scanty or so ill-secured, and popular action so feeble and so fettered, that organic changes are essential as preliminaries to functional reforms. But in Great Britain this stage is far back in history. We have conquered our liberties, and we have completed our instruments. Self-government is ours whenever we WILL to take it up. Our institutions are effective tools, imperfect still, no doubt, but such as no good workman will quarrel with. A jealous House of Commons and a vigilant and unsparing Press give us the means of exercising whatever control and enforcing whatever improvements we desire. The nation—by which term we mean, not the populace, but that

grand aggregate of the educated and industrial classes which together constitute the British PEOPLE—has only to know its own mind, to determine its object, and be prepared to pay down the appointed purchase-money, in order to obtain its wishes, without a single constitutional innovation, and almost without a single new law. The composition and the action of the Executive is the point to which all our reforming zeal should now be directed.

"Laws (says Burke) reach but a very little way. Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state. The due arrangement of men in the active part of the state, so far from being foreign to the purposes of a wise government, ought to be among its very first and dearest objects."

"The far greater proportion of the duties which are performed in the office of a minister (says Henry Taylor), are and must be performed under no effective responsibility. Where politics and parties are not affected by the matter in question, and so long as there is no flagrant neglect or glaring injustice to individuals which a party can take hold of, the responsibility to parliament is merely nominal. By evading decisions whenever they can be evaded; by shifting them on other departments or authorities where by any possibility they can be shifted; by giving decisions upon superficial examinations,—categorically, so as not to expose the superficiality in propounding the reasons; by deferring questions till, as Lord Bacon says, 'they resolve themselves,' *by undertaking nothing for the public good which the public voice does not call for; by conciliating loud and energetic individuals at the expense of such public interests as are dumb or do not attract attention;* by sacrificing, everywhere, what is feeble and obscure to what is influential and cognizable;—by such means and shifts as these the functionary may reduce his business within his powers, and perhaps obtain for himself the most valuable of all reputations in that line of life, that of a 'safe man.'"

Formerly, the cry of "Measures, not Men," had in it a great truth—a truth fragmentary, indeed, but still that special fragment of truth appropriate to the exigencies of the hour. But now that nearly all the great measures for which in those days we clamoured and strove have been carried and borne fruit—not, indeed, all the fruit we looked for from them, but all that such trees could bear; now that "the harvest is reaped, the summer is ended, and *we are not saved*" (according to the lamentation of Jeremiah),—the time has come when men are of far more consequence than measures. And a few moments' reflection, aided by the testimony of the two high authorities we have just cited, will explain why it must be so. In a great and busy country like this, with its complicated concerns and its

numberless dependencies, every executive functionary at all high in the service every day decides some scores of questions and issues some scores of orders, makes twenty appointments, adopts twenty resolutions, many of which affect world-wide interests, and are felt at the distance of a thousand miles; scarcely one of which comes under public cognizance or is brought under parliamentary discussion. For one act which we hear of there are a hundred we ignore. The minister passes one measure through the House of Commons deliberately, with difficulty, and with noise; at the same time he transacts a hundred in the privacy and silence of his office, after an hour's consideration, and by a single stroke of his pen. Every minister is virtually an irresponsible autocrat for nineteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. On the arbitrary decisions of the Home Office depend the welfare, the comfort, the virtue of more fellow-creatures than we should like to enumerate. On the *sic volo, sic jubeo* fiats which issue from the Horse Guards or the War Office, hang the fate of officers, the safety of men, the failure or success of an expedition, the issue of a campaign, the lives of thousands, the expenditure of millions. Bad judgment, treacherous memory, flippant haste, want of knowledge or want of sense in a secretary or under-secretary, may dress soldiers so that they cannot march, or arm them so that they cannot fight, or locate them in pestilential quarters, or confide them to incompetent leaders and to unqualified surgeons. Every error and every oversight has a frightfully extensive echo and reverberation. A despatch of the Foreign Secretary may irritate a jealous enemy, or give umbrage to a sensitive ally—may kindle a European war, or close the door against a healing peace,—and yet never be heard of at home till the mischief is irreparably done. Or a missive from the Colonial Office—perhaps the outbreak of an imperious temper, perhaps the expression of a pet crotchet or an eccentric theory—may lay the train for a series of blunders and disputes which affect the prosperity of a dependency for years, and its loyalty possibly for generations yet unborn. Nor is this all. The mode of carrying out decisions is sometimes as important as the decisions themselves; and for this the chief ministers must be dependent upon their principal subordinates. The one prominent lesson taught by the recent disclosures is the incalculable consequence of skilful and competent men in every grade of every executive department. Nor is *this* all. Ministers-in-chief cannot know all, nor be capable of deciding all; in a thousand cases they must necessarily ask information and take advice from those immediately around them and below them; in a thousand cases they must delegate to their underlings

decisions and arrangements which exceed any one man's time or strength. Of what deep significance, then, becomes the choice of these secondary powers! Therefore, we fear no dissentient murmurs when we say that the selection of ministers by the Parliament, and the distribution of civil and military appointments by the ministers, is the highest and most solemn function which either has to perform, and demands knowledge, judgment, care, and conscientiousness, all in the superlative degree.

Thus far we agree with Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Layard, and the Administrative Reform Association. But we do not conceive, with the former, that all would be set right by transferring the government into Tory hands; nor can we admit, with the latter, that a certain cure is to be found by an assignment of public functions to "the middle classes," or that corruption and incapacity reign as supreme as is supposed among the present or the habitual possessors of official power.

The charge of jobbing and corruption so lavishly and recklessly brought against ministers as a class is, we are satisfied, a false, inconsiderate, and vulgar cry. With some, it is a mere hereditary shibboleth, handed down to them from times when it had its justification and significance,—times to which the present bears only a faint resemblance. With others, it is a thoughtless echo of the clamour they hear around them, which their acquaintance with the facts of the case does not enable them to correct. With a third class, again, it is the dictate of minds intrinsically suspicious, envious and low, prone to surmise evil, slow to believe in any virtue greater than their own, and instinctively predisposed to find the basest motives the most natural and the worst actions the most probable. Of political and personal favouritism there is no doubt much—far too much—permitted and practised among our public men. *Cæteris paribus—i.e.*, where equal or nearly equal qualifications are assumed—it is customary, and it is not considered culpable, to distribute public appointments by preference among personal connections. It is natural that these should be better known, more highly estimated, possibly more correctly judged, than comparative strangers. We all, as well as ministers, think more highly of our own sons and brothers than of the sons and brothers of our antagonists or our neighbours. Imperfectly-qualified men are thus often appointed and promoted; men *known or believed to be disqualified* rarely indeed—at least, to any office of consequence. *Cæteris paribus* aside, the minor places in the civil service, such as those of tide-waiters, policemen, custom-house clerks, and letter-carriers, are habitually given away, not to the friends or dependents of the ministers them-

selves, but to the nominees of those members of Parliament who support the government of the day, — these nominees being almost invariably their constituents. It is a means, and a recognized means of supporting a parliamentary majority,— undesirable no doubt, but not very heinous, and scarcely meriting the harsh name of corruption. It is understood that the duties of these posts are such as can be adequately discharged by ordinary ability and character, and that such only will be recommended for them; and now it is usual, and will, we believe, speedily become universal, to test the capacity of these nominees before confirming their appointment.

Thus far, unquestionably, the system of distributing public employments otherwise than with a sole regard to superior merit, habitually extends; but corrupt or unjust appointments, *i.e.*, appointments of individuals to important offices to which others were entitled, or which they are manifestly unfit to fill, for no reason but because they are relatives or friends of the ministers of the day, are far more rare than is at present fancied by an irritated and suspicious public. We need only allude to three reasons why they must be rare, both in civil and military departments.

In the first place, it is general with Englishmen in every class to feel strongly the obligations of their post, and to recognize the claims of responsibility the moment it is thrown upon them. The sense of duty is inherent in us all. Of all classes of students, medical students are notoriously the coarsest and least reputable; and their constant and nearly invariable transformation, after a year or two of practice, into the honourable, delicate, steady, conscientious, and kind-hearted men that our surgeons and physicians by general admission are, is a ceaseless mystery to those who have known them in their unofficial days. The young men who enter the army—wild, thoughtless, extravagant and reckless, fond of pleasure, revelling in life, averse to restraint—no sooner have duties thrown upon them, and the lives of others and the honour of their country placed in their keeping, than they become, as by magic, vigilant, magnanimous, and self-devoted, abounding in the lofty virtues of which their youthful folly gave the scantiest promise. Is it probable that the highest rank will be insensible to the influence that thus metamorphoses all others—that the solemnizing and purifying effect of official responsibility will be unfelt precisely where that responsibility is the gravest, and where education has been the most complete?

In the second place, it is by no means so easy to "do a job" as is commonly supposed. Routine forms and established precedent, in most cases, oppose an all but insuperable barrier to

any irregular and unwarrantable tendencies on the part of the chief. In the army, the combined system of seniority and purchase decides, in nearly every case, how vacancies shall be filled up; so that original commissions and staff appointments offer the sole arena in which favouritism can now run rampant. In the civil service, the rule of promotion long since stereotyped is almost never broken through, and a new man can scarcely, by any influence, be foisted in. In both departments rivals and competitors are always on the alert to vindicate their own claims, and to criticise the qualifications of the successful candidate; and any preference, unwarranted by custom or by singular and special merit, would create such instantaneous discontent and such formidable clamour, as to render it virtually impossible. No chief would venture to encounter the storm of animosity on the part of aspirants and their friends which would follow on any illegitimate, unusual, or indefensible exercise of patronage.

In the third place, not only is the systematic decency, if not the absolute purity, of official appointments and promotions guarded by rigid custom and vigilant rivalship—it is watched over likewise by the lynx-eyed Press, and by the keen sagacity of parliamentary inquisitors. It is well known that every exercise of patronage will be severely canvassed; that numbers who love their country, numbers who are covetous of popularity, and numbers who are competitors for power, will be prompt, if any opening is given by a corrupt or a careless nomination, to parade and exaggerate both the deficiencies of the appointed, and the qualifications of the rejected candidates; and that any such lapse from official virtue is sure to be heavily visited, both by a damaging debate in Parliament and a series of merciless articles in the public journals. Few ministers venture to sin with such a certain and ample penalty before them. It would not be worth while. Not only do they seldom dare to make bad appointments in the prospect of such a speedy retribution, but they dare not even go out of their way to make good ones, from dread of the discussions they might provoke, and the enmity they might incur from unscrupulous antagonists and disappointed rivals.

We do not say that bad appointments are not often made, but they are seldom made wilfully and knowingly. Men are sometimes placed in offices for which they are not fit, and in which they can do no good; but the error is in five cases out of six one of judgment and not of honesty. We speak from some *connaissance du pays*,—and we are sure that nearly all ministers, and all zealous reformers who have become ministers, will confirm our statement,—when we declare our belief that

some of the appointments which have turned out worst, were those made with the most upright and patriotic intentions; and that the difficulty experienced, even by those actuated by the purest motives, in finding "the right men for the right places," is embarrassing and disappointing to a degree which few will credit.

Before proceeding to specify the points in which ministers are really defective and culpable, we must advert to two actively operating causes of bad appointments for which the country is more answerable than any administration—inadequate remuneration, and limitation of choice. The former affects chiefly the secondary, and the latter the principal, offices of government. Take the case of the Permanent Civil Service, than which few departments need more thorough overhauling. The minor posts are on the average well filled, and their duties more than respectably discharged. They are said to be disposed of by favour, and to be often given to one man, when, in the opinion of bystanders, they would be more worthily bestowed on another. But, on the whole, the letter-carriers, the Post-office clerks, the Custom-house employés, and the excisemen, are fully competent to their work, and do it well. Considering their vast numbers, instances of default, either in character or capacity, are very rare—probably at least as rare as in any other line of life. And why is this? Because the remuneration is liberal and ample, according to the average expectation of that rank from which their occupants are chosen. The places are worth having to the men who seek them, worth deserving, worth making an effort to retain. Hence, there is no difficulty in enforcing the performance of duties which are adequately remunerated, and no difficulty in finding plenty of competent candidates to fill any vacancy. But how is it with respect to the clerks in government offices? You expect them to be gentlemen, to dress like such, to have the manners of such, to possess the trustworthiness and sense of honour of such. You expect them to be all this, and yet to serve you for a pittance, commencing at £90 a-year, and slowly advancing through long years at the rate of £15 a-year. You expect them to be all this for this small emolument, though you hold out to them no chance of distinction, of eminence, or of irregular promotion. Your expectation, as the result proves, is not unreasonable. You find sufficient numbers to wear your livery on these shabby terms. The social position, the scanty pay, the slow advance, are temptations to the younger sons of good families who live in London; who wish for the pleasures of society; who have some small income of their own; who never look to marrying; who are conscious of very slight capacity; who detest anything

like toil, and who are satisfied to exchange very little work for very little pay. But when you raise your expectations without raising your remuneration; when you demand from these young men unfailing industry, superior talent, judicious zeal, in addition to the low level of qualities for which alone you bargained, and for which alone you pay; when you expect the mental and moral qualities of an embryo statesman, or at least of an able official, for the pay of a scrivener or a copyist, your claim is intrinsically unreasonable and unjust. You—the public—have no right to expect to be served on lower terms than other competitors. You have no right to suppose that you can command the energy, the talent, the business habits, the steady labour, the thorough education, which would infallibly secure success in the open professions or the arena of bustling life, unless you are prepared—which you are not—to offer equal remuneration and to promise corresponding eminence. If you wish to tempt the *élite* of the rising generation into the service of the state, offer them prizes as high and emoluments as liberal as excite their ambition and await their success in other departments of exertion. If you wish to be as well served—with a knowledge as full, a capacity as thorough, a judgment as enlightened, and a diligence as indefatigable—as railway directors, merchant princes, colossal brewers, or a litigating and physic-taking public—pay like them and promote like them.* But if you will only offer the lowest price, do not complain that you are put off with the refuse article. Do not be childish enough to repine that your miserable penny will not purchase a shilling cake. The highest posts in the civil service are, as a

* We heard recently of a case in point. A principal in one of the large brewing houses of the metropolis applied to a friend who was an under-secretary of state, observing that the latter must often have brought under his notice men of first-rate ability, whom yet he was unable to find employment for. "Now," said he, "we want a clever man to conduct what we call our diplomatic correspondence, *i.e.* our communications and transactions with publicans. If you can recommend me a fit one from among your rejected applicants, I shall be glad." "How much can you give him?" asked the official. "I do not think we can afford more than £2000 a-year," was the reply. "Then," said his friend, "you may have the pick, not only of the rejected but of the accepted candidates, for we have no place in our office worth nearly that sum."

The following is from a recent speech of Lord Granville's in the House of Lords.

"My lords, I think there has been some misapprehension in the public mind, both as to the appreciation of political men by men distinguished in private business, and as to the facility of obtaining men of business to fill official employments. It may be in the recollection of your lordships that the Railway Department was abolished by the House of Commons chiefly on the ground that it was too expensive. Before that took place we lost one secretary, an officer of engineers, because a commercial company offered

general rule, admirably filled, and why? Not only because their duties are such as could not be discharged by any but men of superior capacity and training, but because the influence, the estimation and the emoluments attached to them make them objects of ambition—positions worth the acceptance of men of eminent attainments. The civil servants of the East India Company have till now been appointed by the most naked and unscrupulous system of patronage and jobbing; yet, as a body, they have always been remarkable for the capable and conscientious discharge of their most responsible and weighty functions. And why? Because the scale of remuneration was so high that the service was eagerly sought for by men of the most competent vigour and capacity. But what father or guardian, in his senses, ever desired to place his cleverest and most industrious boys in the civil service of the crown?

It may be retorted, no doubt, that, this being the case, the whole system of our government offices ought long since to have been reformed; that the requirements should have been raised, and the remuneration proportionably enhanced; and that all successive administrations have been to blame for having left untouched what they must all have known to be so faulty. We may concede all this. Still it is undeniable that the wretched spirit of parsimony and retrenchment which, since 1833, and still more since the Manchester school became powerful, has presided over our policy, has effectually discouraged any government from proposing amendments which would lead even to a temporary exacerbation of expenditure; and no one can read the proceedings of the "Official Salaries Committee," which sat some years ago, without being strongly impressed with the mischief wrought by this low, short-sighted, shallow and unworthy temper. And it is not an altogether uninstructive circumstance that the first administration which seriously proposed to itself the needed re-organization of the civil service with a view to its augmented efficiency and purification, was driven from power by an almost unprecedented majority; and that those members of it, especially, to whom was due this creditable design, are at this moment about the most unpopular, though certainly the most pure and public-spirited of our political chiefs.

The mischief of a limitation in the field of choice, is felt

that gentleman double the salary he was receiving from the government. I know another gentleman, a friend of mine, at the head of a department under the crown—a department which was found fault with on the ground of expense last year—who was offered £2000 a-year, or double what he receives, by a great commercial company. He, whether wisely or not I cannot say, refused that office."

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chiefly in the higher, or what are generally termed the ministerial offices. Great and not unnatural disgust is experienced on the formation of each successive administration, at perceiving that the same men, or men of the same families and connections, are almost always re-appointed. The Queen never seems to travel out of the old and scanty list of candidates for high appointments. If Lord Derby is sent for, he proposes one set: if Lord John Russell is entrusted with the construction of a government, he proposes another. The process—which the former nobleman described as either "the enlisting of raw recruits," or "the infusion of new blood," according as you wish to give it a good name or a bad one—is always carried to a most limited and timid extent. Just now, especially, there has been a more than usually earnest and general demand for "new men"—men unconnected with the great families, men of more business faculties, men of more popular sympathies. Let us consider, however, for a moment what are the difficulties with which a minister has to contend in making his selection of colleagues and subordinates, even assuming him to be every whit as desirous as the country to "travel out of the record" and introduce fresh wheels into the old machine.

In the first place, this selection must be made out of the members of one or other House of Parliament. As to the wisdom of this limitation we entertain a strong opinion, which most thoughtful men are now beginning to share. But the limitation, however undesirable, exists; it is part of our constitutional wont; it is defended by most politicians; and hitherto the nation at large has shown no disposition to listen to arguments in favour of its abandonment.

Secondly. The selection must be made from among those senators who hold the same general views of policy as the minister of the day, and usually, also, the same opinion on one or two of the more prominent and special topics of the conjuncture. This necessity excludes at once all who sit at the other side of the House — all members of the regular and irregular opposition—and of course reduces the eligible list by at least one half.

Thirdly. It is still further reduced by throwing out the aged, whose time for work is past, or who never dreamed of office till it was too late to qualify. These men, though some of the most valuable senators, are wholly out of the question when official eligibility is concerned. We must next eliminate the unqualified and incapable, the vain and unreliable, the vulgar and low-bred,—men who mentally or morally are utterly unfit for office. Of these, unfortunately, there are too many in the House of Commons, and it is the fault of the constituencies

that it is so. Next come those who, though men of respectable capacity and moderate education, are not of the calibre of which ministers are made, and whom no one would dream of appointing; and the mere agitators, the needy, noisy, and unprincipled, whose claims are entertained by nobody but their own dupes and associates; and who, though comparatively few just now, are not always an insignificant portion of the representatives of the sister island. A much larger number of the ineligible, or rather the inaccessible, consist of men of business or professional men, who are engrossed by the various occupations of life, and who can spare their nights but not their days to the public service. It is towards this class that the public appetency at present points. It is thought that men engaged and trained in great commercial or associated undertakings, would probably display the governing and administrative faculties so much desiderated. But how few of these could be persuaded to enter the public service as ministers! How could we make it worth their while to abandon a regular, permanent, and lucrative vocation for a temporary and comparatively ill-paid position?* Successful lawyers, merchants, or railway directors, carry their abilities to a better market. They cannot be tempted by the poor rewards which

* "I believe it is a well-known fact that my Lord Palmerston offered a Privy Councillor's office to Mr. Laing, the member for the Wick burghs, and, as Mr. Laing happens to be a gentleman whom I well know, I will give your lordships a short sketch of what his life has been. That gentleman took high honours at Cambridge; he went into the law; he then accepted a clerkship in the Board of Trade; after a short time he left the Board of Trade in order to try his chance in his profession, and that he was not long in making his way is evident from the fact that in that year he received in professional gains exactly ten times the amount he received under the civil service of the crown. He saved one company from almost a state of bankruptcy and restored it to a flourishing condition, and he is now at the head of perhaps the most remarkable enterprise ever known. I quite agree that is exactly the man to assist you in organizing offices which want organization; but, when he was asked, he gave exactly the same answer as was given by one of a firm of eminent merchants to the noble earl (Lord Derby), that he had consulted with those with whom he was connected in business, and at present it was impossible to accept political office. I have in my head at this moment a list of mercantile men, contractors, civil engineers, and others —men with whom I would as soon transact business as with any one; and I cannot conscientiously say with certainty that any one of them would be foolish enough to give up their professional career and mercantile business for the temporary occupation of political office. I do not mention this circumstance because I think no person may be made available to the public service. I do not agree with the noble earl as to the paucity of men in the House of Commons of a character to strengthen very much any government to which they may adhere. But I wish to correct a misapprehension that it is not simply the want of the offer which prevents men—the most eminent and distinguished in private business—from ever being available to the public service." —Speech of Lord Granville's, May 14, 1855.

alone we offer—the moderate, uncertain, and hourly jeopardized emolument—the loss of personal liberty—the fettered instead of the free power of action—the suspicious vigilance, the incessant warfare, the thankless servitude. Finally, you must make abstraction—before your list of candidates is reduced to its practical elements—of that numerous class in Parliament who are men of wealth and ease, whom ambition does not goad, whom office cannot dazzle, whose social position is too comfortable and too considered to be hazarded for the possibility of failure; and who have too selfish or too magnanimous a sagacity, too true and keen an appreciation of the real value of political distinctions—how shadowy the power, how substantial the sacrifice—to be caught by the glittering bauble or deluded into the turbulent arena.

Fourthly. But even these erasures and limitations, sweeping as they are, are far from being the only ones. The House of Commons contains several men of eminence, ability, and ambition, who yet are seldom available for ministerial careers. They are men who have entered Parliament, perhaps in middle life, without either the political training or the preliminary education which are required for the successful handling of official functions; who have been chosen by their fellow-citizens for their proved sagacity, their success in business, or perhaps their energetic advocacy of some great popular doctrine; and who have made themselves a position in Parliament by their peculiar ability, or by their special opinions. Such are Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden. Such perhaps is, or may be, Mr. Layard. The position of these men is peculiar and somewhat anomalous. They have a substantive and high political rank. They are leaders. They are eminent and they are not young. A minister could not offer the two first of them, at least, any office that did not involve a seat in the cabinet, because this would bind them to the advocacy and practice of measures in the decision of which they had no voice: the proposal would be scarcely respectful, and its acceptance would be perilous and undignified. You could not expect men of their eminence and years to commence an apprenticeship to statesmanship as under-secretaries, especially coupled, as such position almost invariably is, with the understanding that they are generally to be silent unless called upon—that is, to abstain from the exercise of the very gift to which they owe their elevation. Yet, on the other hand, we instinctively feel that they have made it difficult, if not impossible, to admit them on equal terms into any cabinet. Their violence and superficiality, on several occasions, have shut the door of office in their own faces. With natural abilities of the very first order, with capacity and diligence and business habits

that would make them invaluable administrators, they are too committed to extreme and extravagant views; their minds are too unenlarged and unchastened by a profound and liberal culture; their notions of foreign policy, especially, have been too wild and shallow; they have often shown too much of the demagogue and too little of the statesman; and (we speak with all possible respect and regret) their tone and language are too habitually rough and overbearing, to make them feasible constituents of any cabinet in which they were not supreme and predominant; and assuredly the country is not yet prepared to be *altogether* governed upon their principles, and by men of their manners and calibre.

Fifthly. When all these disqualifications have been listened to, and the body to which the minister of the day is restricted in his choice of colleagues has been decimated accordingly, it will be found that the list of eligible candidates remaining is by no means large. But it has still to undergo one further reduction: those members of the House of Commons only can be chosen *whose seats are secure.* The inconvenience of this fetter is felt on every ministerial crisis; and those only who have "assisted" at the concoction of a new administration can know how often this necessity of re-election prevents "the right men" from being appointed to "the right places."

Now, surely the above limitations on ministerial choice—which (except the first and the last) may be regarded as unavoidable—might have been deemed ample without any aggravation; but they are additionally and needlessly enhanced by two further restrictions, for which the nation only can be held answerable.

As the constitution now stands, a minister can choose only out of the materials submitted to him by the country. According as these are rich and abundant will, probably, his selection be satisfactory or meagre. Now it cannot be denied that the great Reform Bill, while effecting many needed and salutary changes, cut off one fertile source of supply. By destroying the close boroughs it grubbed up a valuable and prolific nursery of future statesmen. We are far from wishing to undo that clause of a just and popular enactment; but it is not the less true that it created a deficiency which hitherto nothing has been done to make good. The close boroughs introduced into Parliament a number of young men of consummate training and eminent ability, who entered the public arena with the design of making politics their study, and practical statesmanship the business of their lives. They were very generally selected by the patrons of those boroughs as having already displayed energy and talent which pro-

mised to be of signal service to their party. They were usually hampered by no pledges to this or that special opinion formed at an age when their knowledge was as yet scanty, and their judgment immature. They devoted themselves to a sort of apprenticeship, in the course of which they acquired that mastery over parliamentary tactics, and that thorough comprehension of the science of government, the relations of various states, and the grand principles of history, which is an indispensable preparation for the duties of official life. In a word, they were men duly educated for the profession which they had chosen—educated not by the pedantic discipline of the closet, but by the actual strife and toil of the great gymnasium. To such men the old avenue to Parliament is closed, and no new and equally available one has been opened. The popular or semi-popular constituencies which succeeded the rotten boroughs prefer a different class of candidates—exacter representatives, perhaps, but by no means fitter ministers—better organs, it may be, but far worse administrators, and far less trained and finished statesmen. Constituencies naturally and generally look for *known* men—men of proved ability and avowed and rigidly fixed opinions—instead of youths still obscure, but of sure promise and of embryo greatness. The smaller towns are usually carried by candidates of family or local influence, of great wealth, of electioneering skill, or of established celebrity. The larger and more numerous constituencies commonly elect either some eminent fellow-townsman, probably therefore too old, too busy, and too rich for office, or some "tribune of the people," some man of bold front and extreme opinions, too vain to learn and too obstinate to mend, yet far too shallow and violent to be eligible for place till he had learned long and mended much. It is notorious that nearly all the statesmen of the last generation, and most of the present, commenced their career as members for patronage boroughs. Many of this class now never enter Parliament at all. The least wealthy and well-connected of them seek openings through the press or at the bar; the others, if they become senators at all, attain that honour at a later period, after much labour, and under many fetters; and many of them, before they can attain the privilege of a seat in the House of Commons, must have committed themselves to language, conduct, and doctrines which almost disqualify them for a seat in the Cabinet.

Again. It was, perhaps, quite natural that the middle classes, which comprise so much of the energy and education, and contribute in so preponderating a degree to the wealth and eminence of the land, should rebel against the notion of

being governed and legislated for by young aristocrats, or their clever nominees. In 1832 we shared this feeling: we do so in a modified degree still. It was natural and right that they should insist upon being represented and ruled by men of their own choice and of their own class. It was incumbent on them, therefore, to send up to Parliament men fitted to do credit to them, and to render good service to the state. It behoved them, while depriving the crown of its old class of embryo and rising ministers, to elect a set of men in all ways qualified to replace them. Aspiring to select and decide the future rulers and administrators of the country, they were morally bound to see well to it that their choice fell upon men rich in all the gifts which would enable them to govern with firmness, equity, and wisdom. They were bound to furnish her Majesty with statesmen of wide knowledge, large experience, comprehensive views, resolute wills, moderation, sagacity, and patience. Have they done this? Have they, as a rule, sent up superior men, wise men, capable men? Have they usually chosen even the best specimens of their own class? Have they exercised with judgment the function they so boldly claimed? Have they done credit to themselves by the samples they have selected to represent them? Have they, in a word, sent up in more than two or three instances men *out of whom ministers could be made?* Can we conscientiously answer any one of these questions in the affirmative? Cast your eye over the middle-class men now in Parliament, or over those sent up by the open and popular constituencies during the last twenty years, and see if you can name five to whom you would have dared to commit the government of this great empire, or any paramount voice in that government? No! Among these are many shrewd and sagacious men, many men of indomitable vigour and much rough capacity; not a few sound, sensible, and safe, and two or three of rare and commanding ability;—but of trained, sober, thoroughly instructed politicians, of possible ministers, of future Chathams, of statesmen stamped by the hand of nature for their post, not a single solitary figure.

There is nothing wonderful, there is nothing perhaps very culpable, in this unquestionable fact. It is regrettable enough, no doubt; but we adduce it rather with a view of exonerating ministers than of impeaching the people. The qualities which catch the fancy and jump with the taste of a popular constituency, will rarely be those best suited for administrative statesmanship. Brilliant parts, a ready tongue, that clear, strong, unhesitating conviction which is secured by seeing only one side of a question, which is troubled by no misgivings, and

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will listen to no modifications,—these are the qualifications which make the successful candidate in a great city. Sobriety, caution, a disposition to listen rather than to speak, a temper ever ready to weigh all sides of a subject, a conviction that there must be *something* of strength and truth in opinions held tenaciously by able and conscientious opponents, a firm will to run counter, when necessary, to popular impressions and desires, and a power to look to future and secondary and permanent, rather than to immediate and transitory consequences,—these are the gifts which mark out the safe and upright ruler of a great empire. How, then, shall popular election ever give us wise statesmen? Is it not probable that we shall have to look for these either out of the pale of the House of Commons altogether, or among those members of it who are least under the control of large and democratic constituencies? This question, however, opens a wide and knotty subject, into which we have no space to enter now.

The chief *ministerial* cause of bad official appointments is one rarely adverted to, or indeed much believed in; and though mischievous and deplorable enough is not easy of counteraction or escape. Ministers live too much in a charmed circle. Not only is their judgment of men often at fault, but their knowledge of men is habitually limited. Mixing rarely and almost never unreservedly with other classes, they *know* only those who frequent the same society as themselves. Those with whom they come into daily contact in the transaction of public and private business, and those who are the usual associates of themselves and their compeers, comprise the whole list out of which they are competent to choose. Even among these their judgment is the less likely to be sure and sagacious, inasmuch as they do not always mix with them on equal terms, and as their insight into character has never been deepened and sharpened by closeness of collision or variety of observation. They become intimately acquainted neither with the same large numbers nor the same wide and discrepant range of character as those who belong to a lower rank, and survey life more from its interior and from its level plain. If, conscious that the circle in which they move does not furnish a sufficient supply of the men or the qualities they need, they look outside of it for remedying the deficiency, their search is conducted in a *terra incognita*: they are obliged to choose their instruments at second-hand; and thus become dependent not so much on their own judgment as on that of the one or two friends to whom they delegate the task of inquiry and selection. A post falls vacant, and the minister knowing no one qualified to fill it ably among his own acquaintances, consults perhaps his

private secretary, or possibly some outside unaristocratic friend. These name some one they are intimate with, or have heard of, and of whose capabilities they have formed a high and possibly erroneous estimate; and the principal has to take his qualifications greatly upon trust. If, indeed, every man whose station or ambition marked him out for a future ministerial career, were, as a needful preliminary preparation, to mix largely and indiscriminately with all classes of his fellow-citizens, to frequent miscellaneous circles, and make acquaintance with circles usually inaccessible to the great, study the characters of those he met with, and note for future use every one of signal ability and fit endowments,—then, by the time he attained high office and held important posts within his gift, his memorandum book would be full of qualified candidates for every vacant place. But how few, indeed, of our public men ever sedulously fulfil this most obvious duty of an aspiring statesman, or even dream of it as an incumbent obligation!

The difficulties which beset the selecting judgment of the actual minister are still further enhanced, whenever an important vacancy occurs, by the multitude of aspirants who come to him with recommendations of the highest character from the highest quarters—absolutely laden with testimonials couched in the strongest language of eulogy, and signed by men whose names should be a guarantee both for the sincerity and the sagacity of their opinions. If the minister himself has no favourite aspirant in his eye, his friends and colleagues are sure to have some one of whose fitness for the vacant post they do not hesitate to speak in terms that scarcely leave a possibility of doubt or choice. So that though suitable and competent men may exist in abundance in the nation, they are in the majority of cases out of sight, out of knowledge, or out of reach; and even were they not, were their claims heard and considered with the purest and most earnest intentions on the part of the minister to do justice and to choose well, yet they would still run the greatest risk of being smothered, lost, or overlaid amid the crowd of candidates equally well spoken of, and more urgently and influentially recommended. It is not two months since we heard a most zealous and conscientious Administrative Reformer, now a minister, declare that he was becoming quite "demoralized" by his short experience of office—so unexpected and insuperable did he find the difficulty of finding "the right man for the right place."

There is another point, however, in respect of which ministers of every party are much to blame—viz., in their insurmountable reluctance to cancel a bad appointment when once its injudiciousness has been made manifest. But even

here candour compels us to admit that much may be pleaded in arrest of judgment, or at least in mitigation of the sentence. In the first place, the reluctance is *national* rather than *ministerial*. It is felt by every one, and it pervades every department. We never supersede our clergymen for incapacity, rarely our physician or our lawyer, not readily even our servant or our tradesman. Even merchants shrink from dismissing a slow or stupid clerk unless he be guilty of some actual delinquency. Public posts, once bestowed, are understood to be held for life; and whenever dismissal for incapacity does take place, the sufferer is invariably represented as a martyr or victim, and the courageous minister as a jobber or a tyrant.—In the second place, especially in high office, it is not always easy to know whether or not a man has failed, and deserves to be superseded. The public judgment is always hasty, and often erroneous; generally founded on imperfect information, and not seldom the mere echo of some newspaper denunciation. Those most concerned and best qualified to judge perhaps hold an opinion diametrically opposite to that of the country. The country itself frequently changes its opinion when knowledge has increased and passion has subsided. We have a case in point before us now. Two or three months ago the clamour was universal for the recall of Lord Raglan. Every epithet of vituperation was heaped upon his head. His "incapacity" was held to be patent and notorious, and the obstinate and wilful guilt of ministers in retaining him to be undeniable and heinous. The strong testimony borne to his merits by the generals serving under him was little known or little heeded; and the peculiar difficulties in his path were as imperfectly comprehended as his singular tact and patience in surmounting them, or steering through them. Something of all this is beginning to be seen or guessed even by the public, and far more is, and has long been, in the cognizance of those whom sound policy forbids to speak out; and the country is gradually modifying and rescinding its first hasty decision. Now, how wrong it would have been had ministers allowed themselves, in such a case, to be influenced by popular clamour, or made themselves, by an inconsiderate or premature decision, the instruments of national injustice!—In the third place, in important posts, such as governors of colonies or generals of armies, the facility of finding a suitable successor must enter largely into the question as to the recall of the actual holder of the office. Ministers may well be blamed for retaining an unsatisfactory man, where their own judgment, or the voice of the country, or the general *consensus* of the profession, points unhesitatingly to an unobjectionable substitute. But where it

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is uncertain whether, if you change, you may not change for the worse, when no man is called for by the national desire, and when the best informed and most competent judges cannot agree in naming any one indisputably fitter on the whole than the present occupant (as was the case with our much-abused Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea), then it may be wise, and not corrupt or timid—

> "Rather to bear the ills we know
> Than fly to others that we wot not of."

We have thus, at the risk of staggering and displeasing several of our readers, endeavoured to explain why the governing classes of this country are less culpable and corrupt in the matter of public appointments than is currently believed. We must now say in a few words why we do not think the popular remedy for the unquestionable evil would be as certain and effective as is thought. That remedy, as shadowed forth in the resolutions of which Mr. Layard some weeks since gave notice in the House of Commons, is the transference of public employment from the hands of the aristocracy to those of the middle classes. It is alleged that nearly all the functionaries of the state—certainly all the higher functionaries—have been selected from the upper ranks, and that they have proved incompetent or idle; and it is assumed that men of the middle ranks, if appointed to the same posts, would do their work incomparably better. We may admit the greater part of the allegation without being necessarily forced to concede the presumed inference. It is not certain that we have been ill served *because* we have been served too exclusively by noblemen and gentlemen; and it is not certain that we should be well served merely *because* we were served by manufacturers and merchants.

Of course it will not for one moment be supposed that we mean to question the proposition laid down by the Administrative Reformers, that all public employments should be assigned to the fittest men who are available, whatever be their social status. That is a truism so obvious that it would be an insult to presume that any one can doubt it, and almost an insult to attempt to prove it. The assumption to which we demur—the broad and favourite assumption of the day—is, that these "fittest men" are indisputably and necessarily *not* to be found among the aristocracy and gentry, or that fitness or unfitness is a question of rank and class at all. We protest against the exclusive worship or the extravagant laudation of *any* section of the community, against the depreciation of

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the higher class, as against the neglect of the lower: class proscriptions are alike intolerable, whether issued by patrician or plebeian prejudice.

We share to the full in the general admiration for the energy, enterprise, and skill of our men of business and our civil engineers, both in their individual and their associated labours, for their insatiable activity, their indomitable perseverance, their conquering and commanding will. They have carried their genius into every land; they have won trophies in every field.

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

We have unbounded confidence in their capacity to surmount all obstacles and to complete all achievements; and we most earnestly desire to see a far larger enlistment of these rare and special qualities in the service of the state. We would have the country served in its highest functions by its ablest workmen. But we wish to moderate excessive expectations by calling attention to a few qualifying considerations which appear to have escaped the general mind. And *first*, we note too exclusively the cases and enterprises in which our middle classes have succeeded, *and leave out of sight those in which they have blundered, or have failed.* How many merchants and tradesmen yearly founder, and are trampled down in the mighty thoroughfare of commerce! How many instances of consummate mismanagement and folly, such as make even those of the government departments "whiten in their shade," do our Courts of Bankruptcy every day reveal! How many engineers and projectors ruin themselves or those who aid them in their senseless and abortive enterprises! How many bank directors, railway contractors, and other speculators, waste countless millions before they succeed! How many never succeed at all! Look back only twenty years; reckon up the schemes, the bubbles, the crises, the insane delusions, the inconceivable blunders, which have successively decimated and disgraced our enterprising commercial men since 1836, and say if even official annals ever furnished such an apocalypse of incapacity! It is true that our middle classes generally struggle through—that their undertakings come to good at last. But so do the governing classes: as a whole they get on; as a nation we generally prosper in our national efforts; even in war and organization the second or third year usually redeems the failures and clumsy confusion of the first. And certain we are, that no one who knows the secret history, from the commencement, of the Bank of Manchester, the Thames Tunnel, the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Western Railways, or the Great Britain steam-ship, will

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think that the "middle-class" projectors and managers of these schemes are entitled to criticise or judge the "aristocratic" administrators, even of the War-office or the Commissariat. We think we could name some who will vote* for Mr. Layard's resolution who ought to do so in a white sheet. "Those should not throw stones who live in houses of glass."

But, *secondly*, putting aside these instances of incapacity and failure, and looking only to those men of business whose energy and sagacity are alike unquestionable; still we say, that to jump to the conclusion that these men, if transferred to the more weighty and complicated affairs of government, and surrounded by the influences and hampered by the obstacles inseparable from the state machine, would manifest the same freedom of action, the same decision, and the same daring, which had often commanded brilliant success in private enterprise, is (to say the least) a somewhat hasty and gratuitous assumption. The moment they were placed in office they would become conscious of two inherent and most material differences between their new and their former position:—their responsibility being far heavier, their courage would be far less; and their freedom, isolation, and despotic authority being unavoidably reduced or lost, their promptitude and vigour must of necessity be proportionably impaired. Men *cannot* deal with the affairs of a great empire, wherein fame and honour, life and treasure, to a vast amount may be involved, with the same off-hand rapidity and sagacious rashness which often answers so well in the comparatively trivial concerns of commerce and engineering. And men cannot act with the same unflinching daring, the same happy and unhesitating instinct, which suited cases in which they had only themselves to consult and please, when they have to discuss and deliberate with responsible, scrupulous, or differing colleagues; when they know that every action and decision, every order and letter, every resolve and every change, will be noted and commented upon by watchful rivals and relentless foes; and when they have ever present to their minds the checking and paralysing consciousness that their work has not only to be well done, but well defended.

Thirdly. It must be borne in mind, that administrative functions, especially in the higher departments, require, not only the qualities which go to the composition of an able and successful man of business, but some others in addition. They are duties the fit discharge of which requires perhaps higher and rarer endowments than are needed for any other post in life. Official fitness—real capacity for the work of government

* [This sentence was written before the division upon Mr. Layard's motion.]

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—involves something beyond mere dashing energy, rough sagacity, or toilsome diligence. Tact and judgment are as necessary as talent. Caution is needed as well as vigour. A habit of deliberate scrutiny, in order to avoid acting upon imperfect comprehension or inadequate information; scrupulous accuracy, in order to escape being misled by hasty impressions or propagating unfounded charges; a gentlemanly and conciliating temper, in order to be able to manage men, as well as to deal with things; a complete education, to prepare the mind for taking wide and far-reaching views, for estimating future as well as immediate interests, for comprehending and detecting the hidden complications as well as the first outside of great questions and plausible measures;—all these are qualifications indispensable to real "fitness," which we are far from meaning to say that the aristocracy and their nominees generally have, but which it is undeniable that the middle classes and their favourites too frequently have not.* Admirable clerks, agents, and accountants, we doubt not that merchants, manufacturers, and railway grandees, could furnish to the civil service in abunddance from their several establishments—though we question whether they would come for the poor emoluments which government can offer; but for secretaries or under-secretaries of state, cabinet ministers, or heads of departments, where, among the parliamentary middle-class men who have not devoted their lives to politics, are such to be found?

In truth, we see no reason whatever to suppose either that the middle classes have, or that the upper classes have not, in any ample and peculiar measure, the qualifications requisite for the public service. We see no grounds for believing that the sons of merchants, placed in the same position, exposed to the same influences, surrounded by the same difficulties, subject only to the same requirements, stimulated only by the same rewards, would not idle just as much, blunder just as strangely,

* Mr. Layard himself furnishes an apt illustration of our meaning. He is, we believe, an honest and well-intentioned man. He has great vigour, much special information, and some rare and peculiar gifts. In his "right place" he is fitted to be very useful; and we have no doubt that the precise *niche* for which nature designed him is somewhere or other to be found. But a more incomplete, unregulated, untrained and inaccurate mind we never watched, nor one which better exemplifies the deficiencies of an imperfect education. He is neither master of his own faculties, nor cognizant of his own needs. He neither knows how to use a good position, nor how to retrieve a false step. He has learned neither how to command respect for himself, nor how to pay the respect which is due to others. All this a thorough regular Oxford or Cambridge education would have taught him. But in the mean time these deficiencies utterly disqualify him for the finer class of employments, and render him both an unsafe and an ineffective politician.

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fail just as often, as the sons of peers. We have not the slightest doubt that, if capacity were indiscriminately insisted upon in all *employés*, and diligence and responsibility effectively enforced, the latter would turn out just as well as the former. We do not believe that natural genius, power of application, or sense of duty, is at all more lavishly bestowed on the lower than on the higher ranks; while education is unquestionably, as a rule, less complete and less extended. The aristocracy—by which we mean the wealthy and leisure classes, those who have not to labour for a maintenance—have great natural advantages in the competition. *Cæteris paribus*, they *ought* to be fitter for government employment than those less favoured by circumstances and less endowed with this world's goods. They are placed under abler instructors; their training is prolonged through more years; their culture ranges over a wider field; they enter life later; they mix in more select and eminent society; they come in habitual contact, not perhaps with cleverer, but with completer minds; and if they do not distance their rivals in the race and overcome them in the contest, it will be because circumstances do not call forth their powers or enforce their obligations, not because they cannot do much and do well, but because they are permitted to be indolent, careless, and perfunctory.

But there is a wider and more forecasting view to be taken of this matter. The aristocracy constitute a class of men, whom, both for their own sake and that of the nation, it is emphatically important to put to use. They are generally by position exempted from the necessity of labour. They have wealth, they have leisure, they have talent, they have ambition. All these qualities are now utilised and turned to account by directing them into the political service of the country. If not thus employed, they would not be employed at all. If you debar them from this arena, or in any way discourage them from entering it, you will risk two of the greatest mischiefs which can befall a nation. In the first place, you will throw the conduct of public affairs into the hands of men who, able as they may be, are not your highest nor your most instructed, and whose undeniable energy would be a very inadequate compensation for their deficiency in some of the other qualities, intellectual and moral, which are as necessary as mere ability to entitle their possessors to the government of others,—a peril against which the example of America is the loudest and most solemn warning ever held forth to the world. You will have the refined, the enlightened, the considerate, and the high-minded retiring from the rough arena, and resigning the administration of the state to the pushing, the impetuous, the

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unscrupulous, and the half-educated—as is now the case on the other side of the Atlantic. And, secondly, you will run imminent hazard of condemning the excluded upper classes to a life of mere indolence, luxury, and fashion; you will drive them to employ their wealth in corruption or indulgence, their leisure in enervating pleasures or frivolous amusements, and their ambition in fomenting discontent or in striving for the poor honours of mere social eminence; and thus to spend all their high gifts and opportunities in diffusing through all ranks the demoralizing poison of a bad example. You will dwarf statesmanship and degrade nobility. You will have statesmen like those at Washington, and nobles like those of Rome, Milan, and Palermo. No! Appoint none but the competent to any office, and enforce the duties of office sternly upon every holder—so far we go heartily along with the Administrative Reformers. But select those who are competent indiscriminately from every rank; and it will then be the fault and the disgrace of the aristocracy, if, with all their advantages of leisure, of education, and of intercourse with whatever is most eminent and able, they do not still bear away the palm.

A sense of justice has compelled us to defend ministers—that is, the ministerial class as a whole—from charges which appeared to us either unfounded or extravagant. But we are as far from intending to constitute ourselves their eulogists as from stooping to echo the prevalent outcry of the hour. They are, in our opinion, obnoxious to accusations as grave if not as ignominious as any that we have attempted to rebut. We have already intimated that they have usually far scantier knowledge of men, and far less just and penetrating insight into character, than befits their high position and their spreading influence. We fear, too, that with rare exceptions, they are deplorably deficient in clear principles and lofty aims, and most wanting of all in that quality which in statesmen is most needed of all, viz., MORAL COURAGE. The first of these defects, the antecedents and necessities of their professional position explain, though they cannot justify. The generality of ministers work their way up from subordinate offices to the principal posts, and while in the subordinate offices they are necessarily under the influence, and naturally imbibe the notions and modes of viewing and treating subjects which are prevalent among their chiefs; the habits of mind which have become traditional in the department propagate themselves irresistibly among all successive occupants of office; and the science of parliamentary warfare has been insensibly learned before knowledge has become wide, or principles have become fixed. Most official

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men, too, enter public life early. They do not embrace statesmanship as a profession and the service of the state as a career, after they have mastered the difficult and noble science in study and retirement, and fitted themselves for the arena by a long course of mental athletic exercises. They do not come forth qualified to govern and to guide by having collected and stored up all that historical research, and profound meditation, and philosophical analysis, and patient and humble intercourse with the great minds of old, could furnish to enlighten ignorance, to correct error, to warn rashness, to elevate and purify ambition. In place of coming out from the schools armed and trained for life, they enter life as a school. They are trained by action, not by education. They enter Parliament and office rather qualified to learn than competent to teach, and in order to acquire wisdom rather than to practise it. So that though, if they are really able and conscientious men, they go on improving, enlarging, and enlightening year by year, yet it is not till towards the close of life that their statesman's education is at all complete; and from the manner in which it has been acquired, their views are more likely to be shrewd and practical than lofty, consistent, and philosophic.

And when once fairly engaged in the anxious and unremitting toils of high office, they have little time for systematic study or quiet meditation. The peaceful leisure in which wisdom grows is thenceforth unknown to them. When "in," the day scarcely suffices for the imperative routine work that must be done ere night:—when "out," watching, criticising, and controlling an antagonist is a task nearly as absorbing. The labour of a conscientious public man is really overwhelming.* It tasks all the strength of the strongest. It is true that this very severity of toil gives them a preternatural quickness of perception and execution, but it is unfavourable to deep or sustained thought. They learn to transact and "dispatch" business with a rapidity, a precision and a skill, which philosophers look upon with envy and amazement. But,

* "It is one business to do what must be done, and another to devise what ought to be done. It is in the spirit of the British government, as hitherto existing, to transact only the former business; and the reform which is required, is to enlarge that spirit, so as to include the latter also. Of and from amongst those measures which are forced upon him, to choose that which will bring him the most credit with the least trouble, has hitherto been the sole care of a statesman in office; and as a statesman's official establishment has been heretofore constituted, it is care enough for any man. Every day, every hour, has its exigencies, its immediate demands; and he *who has hardly time to eat his meals*, cannot be expected to occupy himself in devising good for mankind."—*The Statesman*, by Henry Taylor, p. 156.

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on the other hand, they are apt to be smothered and blinded by details. They can seldom get far enough from their subject or high enough above it to view it as a whole and at a distance. Hence they are full of brilliant *aperçus*, seldom of complete or comprehensive *surveys*. They know more than other men; they see more details; they take in more considerations;—but their very minuteness and variety of observation is unfavourable to clear, wide-embracing, simple vision. Hence while our statesmen equal those of most other nations in practical talent, and surpass them in honesty, they are inferior to those of Russia, Austria, and France, in the higher qualities of philosophic statesmanship. Indeed, with rare exceptions, capacious and determined views of systematic policy they seem to have absolutely none. If you converse with a French minister or diplomatist, you rarely fail to be struck with the depth of his reflections, and the theoretic completeness of his plans. You see that he has looked far into the future; that he is not satisfied with living and acting from day to day; that he has a distinct and well-arranged conception of the object to be kept in view, and the means by which it is to be pursued. He is often over subtle and over clever; his projects are often too magnificent, and his means ill-chosen and inadequate. He is often misled and blinded by prejudice and passion; but he seldom fails to impress you with the conviction that he is not a politician merely, but a statesman, though it may be a somewhat flighty and unsafe one. The same may be said of Italians and of Austrians,—and of Russians, if you can ever induce them to be communicative and sincere. But conversation with an English minister or ex-minister, in five cases out of six, leaves you with the uncomfortable impression that the destinies of the country are committed to a man whose whole thoughts are too occupied with expedients to have any room for principles; that the policy of the nation is suggested by the accidents of the day; and that the vessel of the state is managed by a captain and a crew who will trim a sail, rig a jury-mast, meet a squall, caulk a shot-hole, as well as any; but who have little notion of the port they are steering for, and little thought for anything beyond the next tack.

In one respect the faults of the nation, and those of its rulers—the injudicious parsimony of the former, and the ignoble timidity of the latter—mutually aid and aggravate each other. The nation is ill served in its inferior and secondary posts, because, at the dictate of a poor and false economy, it will not pay the price of able and devoted service, and cannot rise to a perception of the truth that, in public affairs, able and devoted service is above all price. It reduces the remune-

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ration for the generality of functions to a pittance which no man, conscious of capacity and aspiring to eminence, will stoop to seek; and then it makes the incompetency of those functionaries, from whose body it has eliminated or frightened away all the better-qualified candidates, a plea for maintaining this wretched level of reward. For some years it has made such a God of retrenchment—or at least that school of politicians who assumed to expound its sentiments and to speak in its name (and whom it has never disavowed), have so preached and clamoured for this base idolatry—that ministers of every party have been, as it were, cowed and bullied into accepting the doctrine as a settled point; have deferred to the noisy outcry as if it were a national decree; have worshipped the false god and embraced or succumbed to the miserable creed. They have economized when they should have expended; they have retrenched when they ought to have launched out; they have curtailed the numbers and the emoluments of the scantily remunerated and moderately competent, while the willing, the capable, and the well-paid, being too few, have been worked to death. We say, without fear of confutation, that the meagre pay allotted to the one set of functionaries is short-sightedness, shabbiness, and folly, and the overwhelming labour exacted from the other is a cruelty and a shame. And at a time when all the ministers and their really competent assistants are scandalously overpressed, and when they ought to call to their aid the wise and able men of the nation at any cost, and in any capacity, without regard either to the traditional etiquette of office, or to the formal protest of economists—*they dare not do so*, though conscious of the importance of the innovation, because they want courage to face, not the indignation of the people, but the clamour of the tribunes, who, without warrant, have constituted themselves its prophets and exponents. Let us hear what was said some years ago, by one of the few really superior and statesmanlike men whom we have been able to attract into and retain in the Permanent Civil Service:—

"Yet such is the prevalent insensibility to that which constitutes the real treasure and resources of the country—its serviceable and statesmanlike minds, and so far are men in power from searching the country through for such minds, or men in Parliament from promoting or permitting the search, that I hardly know if the minister has existed in the present generation, who, if such a mind were casually presented to him, would not *forego the use of it, rather than hazard a debate in the House of Commons upon an additional item in his estimates.*"*

* "The Statesman," by Henry Taylor, p. 163.

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The crying sin of our public men is the lack of courage and of faith observed among them. Their little courage comes of their little faith, and their little faith of their little knowledge. They do not believe in the people, because they are not acquainted with them. They dare not trust in great motives and great thoughts, because in their own souls they have no experimental conviction of their magic efficacy. They do not understand the strength which lies in the assertion of a prolific principle and the assumption of a tenable position. They will not risk failure by hazardous daring, because they cannot see that honourable failure is often the shortest and the surest road to signal and entire success. Hence they truckle when they might defy; they temporize when they might insist; they compromise and bargain when they might conquer and command. Having no confidence in themselves, their cause, or their countrymen, they constantly suffer victory to escape them while wooing them to win it, and allow opposition to grow formidable and rampant, which might have been cowed and crushed by a gallant bearing and a timely blow.

Never to our thinking has the lack of these essential qualities in the statesmen of England been so manifest or so mischievous as during the present crisis. We have now heard the defences and explanations of them all; and we are compelled to say that they appear on their own showing to have entered into the war without any adequate conception of the magnitude of the contest, or without any definite aims or resolute purposes high enough and firm enough to justify the advent of bloodshed or confusion. They "drifted into it," because the circumstances that arose from day to day tended in that direction, and because the people, who took a far broader and juster view of the matter than their rulers, were bent upon that issue. They began hostilities for questions that did not warrant war, and they were willing to end them on terms that did not warrant peace. And when an angry and not altogether reasonable nation dismissed one set of ministers and placed another set at the helm, these last, from very feebleness of spirit, or confusion of purpose, or infirmity of will, threw away the finest opportunity ever offered to men of sagacity and courage "to rule the whirlwind and direct the storm."

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Art. II.—WILLIAM COWPER.

Poetical Works of William Cowper. Edited by Robert Bell. J. W. Parker and Son.

The Life of William Cowper, with Selections from his Correspondence. Being Volume I. of the Library of Christian Biography, superintended by the Rev. Robert Bickersteth. Seeley, Jackson, and Co.

FOR the English, after all, the best literature is the English. We understand the language; the manners are familiar to us; the scene at home; the associations are our own. Of course, a man who has not read Homer is like a man who has not seen the ocean. There is a great object of which he has no idea. But we cannot be always seeing the ocean. Its face is always large; its smile is bright; the ever-sounding shore sounds on. But we have no property in them. We stop and gaze; we pause and draw our breath; we look and wonder at the grandeur of the other world. But we live on shore. We fancy associations of unknown things and distant climes, of strange men and strange manners. But we are ourselves. Foreigners do not behave as we should, nor do the Greeks. What a strength of imagination, what a long practice, what a facility in the details of fancy is required to picture their past and unknown world! They are deceased. They are said to be immortal, because they have written a good epitaph; but they are gone. Their life and their manners have passed away. We read with interest in the catalogue of the ships—

> "The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
> And of Hermione, that stands retired
> With Asine, within her spacious bay;
> Of Epidaurus, crowned with purple vines,
> And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth
> Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine
> Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
> Waveworn Eïonæ; . . . . . .
> And from Caristus and from Styra came
> Their warlike multitudes, in front of whom
> Elphenor marched, Calchodon's mighty son.
> With foreheads shorn and wavy locks behind,
> They followed, and alike were eager all
> To split the hauberk with the shortened spear."

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But they are dead. "So am not I, said the foolish fat scullion." We are the English of the present day. We have cows and calves, corn and cotton; we hate the Russians; we know where the Crimea is; we believe in Manchester the great. A large expanse is around us; a fertile land of corn and orchards, and pleasant hedgerows, and rising trees, and noble prospects, and large black woods, and old church towers. The din of great cities comes mellowed from afar. The green fields, the half-hidden hamlets, the gentle leaves, soothe us with "a sweet inland murmur." We have before us a vast seat of interest, and toil, and beauty, and power, and this our own. Here is our home. The use of foreign literature is like the use of foreign travel. It imprints in early and susceptible years a deep impression of great, and strange, and noble objects; but we cannot live with these. They do not resemble our familiar life; they do not bind themselves to our intimate affection; they are picturesque and striking, like strangers and wayfarers, but they are not of our home, or homely; they cannot speak to our "business and bosoms;" they cannot touch the hearth of the soul. It would be better to have no outlandish literature in the mind than to have it the principal thing. We should be like accomplished vagabonds without a country, like men with a hundred acquaintances and no friends. We need an intellectual possession analogous to our own life; which reflects, embodies, improves it; on which we can repose; which will recur to us in the placid moments—which will be a latent principle even in the acute crises of our life. Let us be thankful if our researches in foreign literature enable us, as rightly used they will enable us, better to comprehend our own. Let us venerate what is old, and worship what is far. Let us read our own books. Let us understand ourselves.

With these principles, if such they may be called, in our minds, we gladly devote these early pages of our journal to the new edition of Cowper, with which Mr. Bell has favoured us. There is no writer more exclusively English. There is no one—or hardly one perhaps—whose excellencies are more natural to our soil, and seem so little able to bear transplantation. We do not remember to have seen his name in any continental book. Professed histories of English literature, we dare say, name him; but we cannot recall any such familiar and cursory mention as would evince a real knowledge and hearty appreciation of his writings.

The edition itself is a good one. The life of Cowper, which is prefixed to it, though not striking, is sensible. The notes are clear, explanatory, and, so far as we know, accurate. The special introductions to each of the poems are short and

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judicious, and bring to the mind at the proper moment the passages in Cowper's letters most clearly relating to the work in hand. The typography is not very elegant, but it is plain and business-like. There is no affectation of cheap ornament.

The little book which stands second on our list belongs to a class of narratives written for a peculiar public, inculcating peculiar doctrines, and adapted, at least in part, to a peculiar taste. We dissent from a good deal of these tenets, and believe that they derive no support, but rather the contrary, from the life of Cowper. In previous publications, written for the same persons, these opinions have been applied to that melancholy story in a manner which it requires strong writing to describe. In this little volume they are more rarely expressed, and when they are it is with diffidence, tact, and judgment.

It would be only a very pedantic critic who would attempt to separate the criticism on Cowper's works very widely from a narrative or outline of his life. Indeed, such an attempt would be scarcely intelligible. Cowper's poems are almost as much connected with his personal circumstances as his letters, and his letters are as purely autobiographical as those of any man well can be. If all other information as to Cowper had perished save what his poems contain, the attention of the critics would be diverted from the special examination of their interior characteristics to a conjectural dissertation on the personal fortunes of the author. The Germans would have much to say. It would be debated in Tübingen who were the three hares, why "The Sofa" was written, why John Gilpin was not called William. Halle would show with great clearness that there was no reason why he *should* be called William; that it appeared by the bills of mortality that several other persons born about the same period had also been called John; and the ablest of all the professors would finish the subject with a monograph showing that there was a special fitness in the name John, and that any one with the æsthetic sense who (like the professor) had devoted many years exclusively to the perusal of the poem, would be certain that any other name would be quite "paralogistic, and in every manner impossible and inappropriate." It would take a German to write upon the hares.

William Cowper, the poet, was born on the 26th November, 1781, at his father's parsonage, at Berkhampstead. Of his father, who was chaplain to the king, we know nothing of importance. Of his mother, who had been named "Donne" and was a Norfolk lady, he has often made mention, and it appears that he regarded the faint recollection which he retained of her—for she died early—with peculiar tenderness. In later life, and when his sun was going down in gloom and

sorrow, he recurred eagerly to opportunities of intimacy with her most distant relatives, and clearly wished to keep alive the idea of her in his mind. That idea was not of course very definite; indeed, as described in his poems, it is rather the abstract idea of what a mother should be than anything else; but he was able to recognize her picture, and there is a suggestion of cakes and sugar-plums, which gives a life and vividness to the rest. Soon after her death he was sent to a school, kept by a man named Pitman, at which he always described himself as having suffered exceedingly from the cruelty of one of the boys. He could never see him, or think of him, he has told us, without trembling. And there must have been some solid reason for this terror, since—even in those days, when τυπτω meant I strike, and boy denoted a thing to be beaten—this juvenile inflicter of secret stripes was actually expelled. Next, Cowper, having shown symptoms of a weakness in the eyes, which remained with him through life, was consigned to the care of an oculist,—a dreadful fate for even the most cheerful boy, and certainly not likely to cure one with any disposition to melancholy. Hardly, indeed, could the boldest mind, in its toughest hour of manly fortitude, endure to be domesticated with an operation chair. Thence he was transferred to Westminster, of which he has left us somewhat contradictory notices, according to the feeling for the time being uppermost in his mind. From several parts of the "Tirocinium," or "Review of Schools," it would certainly seem that he regarded the whole system of public school teaching, not only with speculative disapproval, but with the painful hatred of a painful experience. A thousand genial passages in his private letters, however, really prove the contrary; and in a changing mood of mind, the very poem which was avowedly written to "recommend private tuition at home" gives some idea of school happiness.

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still,
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The little ones unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat;

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The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day."

It is probably an insoluble problem to seek a suitable education for a morbidly melancholy mind. At first it seems a dreadful thing to place a gentle and sensitive nature in contact, in familiarity, and even under the rule of coarse and strong buoyant natures. Nor, in truth, should it be in general attempted. The certain result is present suffering, and the expected good is remote and disputable. Nevertheless, it is no artificial difficulty which we here encounter—none which we can hope by educational contrivances to meet or vanquish. The difficulty is in truth the existence of the world. It is the fact, that according to the constitution of the external world, the strong, the bold, the vigorous, and the buoyant, rise and rule; and that the weak, the shrinking, and the timid, fall and serve. In after-life, in the actual commerce of men, even too in those pursuits in which from their quiet and tranquil nature a still and gentle mind should seem to be under the least disadvantage, in philosophy and speculation, the strong and active, who have confidence in themselves and in their resolutions and their ideas, attain and retain dominion. It is idle to expect that this will not give great pain—that the shrinking and timid, who are often just as ambitious as others, will not repine—that the rough and strong will not often conscientiously inflict grievous oppression—will not still more often, without knowing it, cause to more tremulous minds a refined suffering which their coarser texture could never experience, which it does not sympathize with, or comprehend. Some time in life—it is but a question of a very few years at most—this trial must be undergone. There may be a short time, more or less, of gentle protection and affectionate care, but the leveret grows old—the world waits at the gate—the hounds are ready, and the huntsman too, and there is need of strength, and pluck, and speed. Cowper, indeed, himself, as we have remarked, on a more attentive examination, does not seem to have really suffered particularly. In after years, as has also been said, when a dark cloud had passed over him, he certainly did seem at times to exaggerate isolated days of melancholy and suffering, and fancy that the dislike which he

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entertained for the system of schools, by way of speculative principle, was in fact the result of a personal and painful experience. But, as we shall have (though we shall not, in fact, perhaps use them all) a thousand occasions to observe, he had, side by side with a morbid and melancholy humour, an easy nature, which was easily satisfied with the world as he found it, had a pleasure in the gaiety of others, and liked the sight of, and sympathy with, the more active enjoyments which he did not care to engage in or to share. Besides, there is every evidence that cricket and marbles (though he sometimes in his narratives suppresses the fact in condescension to his Evangelical associates who believe them to be the idols of wood and stone which are spoken of in the prophets) really exercised a laudable and healthy supremacy over his mind. The animation of the scene—the gay alertness which Gray looked back on so fondly in long years of soothing and delicate musing, exerted, as the passage which we cited shows, a great influence over a mind superior to Gray's in facility and freedom, though inferior in the "little footsteps" of the finest fancy,—in the rare and carefully-hoarded felicities which are only equalled in the immeasurable abundance of the greatest of all writers. Of course Cowper was unhappy at school as he was unhappy always; and of course too, we are speaking of Westminster only. For Dr. Pitman and the oculist there is nothing to say.

In scholarship Cowper seems to have succeeded. He was not, indeed, at all the sort of man to attain to that bold, strong-brained, confident scholarship which Bentley carried to such an extreme, and which, in almost every generation since, some Englishman has been found of hard head and stiff-clayed memory to keep up and perpetuate. His friend Thurlow was the man for this pursuit, and to prolong the just notion that those who attain early proficiency in it are likely men to become Lord Chancellors. Cowper's scholarship was simply the general and delicate *impression* which the early study of the classics insensibly leaves on a nice and susceptible mind. In point of information it was strictly of a common nature. It is clear that his real knowledge was mostly confined to the poets, especially the ordinary Latin poets and Homer, and that he never bestowed any regular attention on the historians, or orators, or philosophers of antiquity, either at school or in after years. Nor indeed would such a course of study have in reality been very beneficial to him. The strong analytic, comprehensive, reason-giving powers which are required in these dry and rational pursuits were utterly foreign to his mind. All that was congenial to him, he acquired in the

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easy intervals of apparent idleness. The friends whom he made at Westminster, and who continued for many years to be attached to him, preserved the probable tradition that he was a gentle and gradual, rather than a forcible or rigorous learner.

The last hundred years have doubtless seen a vast change in the common education of the common boy. The small and pomiverous animal which we so call is now subjected to a treatment very elaborate and careful,—that contrasts much with the simple alternation of classics and cuffs which was formerly so fashionable. But it may be doubted whether for a peculiar mind such as Cowper's, on the intellectual side at least, the tolerant and corporeal theory of the last century was not preferable to the intolerant and unresting moral influence that has succeeded to it. Some minds learn most when they seem to learn least. A certain, placid, unconscious, equable intaking of knowledge suits them, and alone suits them. To attempt to force such men to attain great learning is simply impossible. You cannot put the fawn into the "Land Transport." The only resource is to allow them to acquire gently and casually in their own way; and in that way they will often imbibe, as if by the mere force of existence, much pleasant and well-fancied knowledge.

From Westminster Cowper went at once into a solicitor's office. Of the next few years (he was then about eighteen) we do not know much. His attention to legal pursuits was, according to his own account, not very profound; yet it could not have been wholly contemptible, for his evangelical friend, Mr. Newton, who, whatever may be the worth of his religious theories, had certainly a sound, rough judgment on topics terrestrial, used in after years to have no mean opinion of the value of his legal counsel. In truth, though nothing could be more out of Cowper's way than abstract and recondite jurisprudence, an easy and sensible mind like his would find a great deal which was very congenial to it in the well known and perfectly settled maxims which regulate and rule the daily life of common men. No strain of capacity or stress of speculative intellect is necessary for the apprehension of these. A fair and easy mind, which is placed within their reach, will find it knows them, without knowing when or how.

After some years of legal instruction, Cowper chose to be called to the bar, and took chambers in the Temple accordingly. He never, however, even pretended to practise. He passed his time in literary society, in light study, in tranquil negligence. He was intimate with Colman, Lloyd, and other wits of those times. He wrote an essay in the Connoisseur, the kind of composition then most fashionable, especially with these literary

gentlemen, who were most careful not to be confounded with the professed authors. In a word, he did "nothing," as that word is understood among the vigorous, aspiring, and trenchant part of mankind. Nobody could seem less likely to attain eminence. Everyone must have agreed, that there was no harm in him, and few could have named any particular good which it was likely that he would achieve. In after days he drew up a memoir of his life, in which he speaks of those years with deep self-reproach. It was not indeed the secular indolence of the time which excited his disapproval. The course of life had not made him more desirous of worldly honours, but less; and nothing could be further from his tone of feeling than regret for not having strenuously striven to attain them. He spoke of those years in a Puritan manner, using words which literally express the grossest kind of active Atheism in a vague and vacant way; leaving us to gather from external sources whether they are meant to be understood in their common, plain, and human signification, or in that non-natural and technical sense in which they can scarcely have a meaning. It is evident that the regrets of Cowper had reference to offences which the healthy and sober consciences of mankind will not consider to deserve them. A vague, literary omnitolerant idleness was perhaps their worst feature. He was himself obliged to own that he had always been considered "as one religiously inclined, if not actually religious," and the applicable testimony, as well as the whole form and nature of his character, forbid us to ascribe to him the slightest act of license or grossness. A reverend biographer has called his life at this time, "an unhappy compound of guilt and wretchedness." But unless the estimable gentleman thinks it sinful to be a barrister and wretched to live in the Temple, it is not easy to make out what he would mean. In point of intellectual cultivation, and with a view to preparing himself for writing his subsequent works, it is not possible he should have spent his time better. He then acquired that easy, familiar knowledge of terrestrial things—the vague and general information of the superficies of all existence—the acquaintance with life, business, hubbub and rustling matter of fact, which seem odd in the recluse of Olney—and enliven so effectually the cucumbers of the "Task." It has been said that at times every man wishes to be a man of the world, and even the most rigid critic must concede it to be nearly essential to a writer on real life and actual manners. If a man has not seen his brother, how can he describe him? As this world calls happiness and blamelessness—it is not easy to fancy a life more happy—at least with more of the common elements of happiness,—or more blameless than

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those years of Cowper. An easy temper, light fancies, hardly as yet broken by shades of melancholy brooding; an enjoying habit, rich humour, literary, but not pedantic companions; a large scene of life and observation, polished acquaintance and attached friends, are pleasing and elegant pictures. A rough hero Cowper was not then and never became, but he was then, as ever, a quiet and tranquil gentleman. If De Béranger's doctrine were true, "*Le bonheur tient au savoir-vivre*," there were the materials of existence here. What, indeed, would not De Béranger have made of them?

One not unnatural result or accompaniment of such a life was that Cowper fell in love. There were in those days, two young ladies, cousins of Cowper, residents in London, to one of whom, the Lady Hesketh, of after years, he once wrote:—"My dear Cousin,—I wonder how it happened, that much as I love you, I was never in love with you." No similar kind providence protected his intimacy with her sister, Theodora Cowper. "One of the cousins with whom Thurlow used to giggle and make giggle in Southampton-row," was a handsome and vigorous damsel. "What!" said her father, "What will you do if you marry William Cowper?" meaning, in the true parental spirit, to intrude mere arithmetical and financial ideas. "Do, sir!" she replied, "Wash all day, and ride out on the great dog all night!"—which is a spirited combination of domestic industry and exterior excitement. It is doubtful, however, whether either of these species of pastime and occupation would have been exactly congenial to Cowper. A gentle and refined indolence would always have made him a very inferior washerman, and perhaps to accompany the canine excursions of a wife "which clear-starched," would have hardly seemed enough to satify his accomplished and placid ambition. At any rate it certainly does seem that he was not a very vigorous lover. The young lady was, as he himself oddly said:—

> "Through tedious years of doubt and pain,
> Fixed in her choice and faithful . . . *but in vain.*"

The poet does indeed partly allude to the parental scruples of Mr. Cowper, her father; but house-rent would not be so high as it is if fathers had their way. The profits of builders are eminently dependent on the uncontrollable nature of the best affections, and that very intelligent class of men have had a table compiled from the most trustworthy data, in which the chances of parental victory are rated at ·0000000001, and those of the young people themselves at ·999999999,—in fact, as many nines as you can imagine. "It has been represented to me," says the actuary, "that few people ever marry without

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some objection, more or less slight, on the part of their parents; and from a most laborious calculation, from data collected in quarters both within and exterior to the bills of mortality, I am led to believe that the above figures represent the state of the case accurately enough to form a safe guide for the pecuniary investments of the gentlemen, &c. &c." It is not likely that Theodora Cowper understood decimals, but she had a strong opinion in favour of her cousin, and a great idea, if we rightly read the now obscure annals of old times, that her father's objections might pretty easily have been got over. In fact, we think so even now, without any prejudice of affection, in our cool and mature judgment. Mr. Cowper the aged had nothing to say, except that the parties were cousins—a valuable remark, which has been frequently repeated in similar cases, but which has not been found to prevent a mass of matches both then and since. The truth seems to be, that the old gentleman thought the young gentleman by no means a working man, and therefore objected—believing that a small income can only be made more by unremitting industry,—and that the young gentleman adverting to the horrid and abstract fact which has been stated, and concurring, though tacitly, in the avuncular estimate of his personal predilections, did not object to being objected to. The nature of Cowper was not, indeed, passionate. He required beyond almost any man the daily society of amiable and cultivated women. It is clear that he preferred such gentle excitement to the rough and argumentative pleasures of more masculine companionship. His easy and humorous nature loved and learned from female detail. But he had no overwhelming partiality for a particular individual. One refined lady, the first moments of shyness over, was nearly as pleasing as another refined lady. Disappointment sits easy on such a mind. No doubt, too, though half-unconsciously, he feared the anxious duties, perhaps even the rather contentious tenderness of matrimonial existence. At any rate, he acquiesced. Theodora never married. Love did not, however, kill her—at least, if so, it was a long time in so doing, since she survived these events more than sixty years. She never seemingly forgot the past.

But a dark cloud was at hand. If there be any truly painful fact about the world now tolerably well established by ample experience and ample records, it is that an intellectual and indolent happiness is wholly denied to the children of men. That most valuable author Lucretius, who has supplied us and others with an inexhaustible supply of metaphors on this topic, ever dwells on the life of his gods with a sad and melancholy feeling that no such life was possible on a crude

and cumbersome earth. In general, the two opposing agencies are marriage and money; either of these breaks the lot of literary and refined inaction at once and for ever. The first of these, as we have seen, Cowper had escaped. His reserved and negligent reveries were still free, at least from the invasion of affection. To this invasion, indeed, there is commonly requisite the acquiescence or connivance of mortality; but all men are born, not free and equal, as the Americans maintain, but, in the old world at least, basely subjected to the yoke of coin. It is in vain that in this hemisphere we endeavour after impecuniary fancies. In bold and eager youth we go out on our travels. We visit Baalbec, and Paphos, and Tadmor, and Cythera,—ancient shrines and ancient empires, seats of eager love or gentle inspiration. We wander far and long. We have nothing to do with our fellow-men. What are we, indeed, to diggers and counters? We dream to wander for ever, but we dream in vain. A surer force than the subtlest fascination of fancy is in operation. The purse-strings tie us to our kind. Our travel-coin runs low, and we must return away from Tadmor and Baalbec back to our steady tedious industry and dull work, to "*la vieille Europe* (as Napoleon said) *qui m' ennuye.*" It is the same in thought. In vain we seclude ourselves in elegant chambers, in fascinating fancies, in refined reflections. "By this time," says Cowper, "my patrimony being nearly all spent, and there being no appearance that I should ever repair the damage by a fortune of my own getting, I began to be a little apprehensive of approaching want." However little one is fit for it, it is necessary to attack some drudgery. The vigorous and sturdy rouse themselves to the work. They find in its regular occupation, clear decisions, and stern perplexities, a bold and rude compensation for the necessary loss or diminution of light fancies and delicate musings,—

> "The sights which youthful poets dream,
> On summer eve by haunted stream."

But it was not so with Cowper. A peculiar and slight nature unfitted him for so rough and harsh a resolution. The lion may eat straw like the ox, and the child put his hand on the cockatrice' den; but will even then the light antelope be equal to the heavy plough? will the gentle gazelle, even in those days, pull the slow waggon of ordinary occupation?

The outward position of Cowper was, indeed, singularly fortunate. Instead of having to meet the long labours of an open profession, or the anxious decisions of a personal business, he had the choice among several lucrative and quiet public offices, in which very ordinary abilities would suffice, and scarcely any

degree of incapacity would entail dismissal, or reprimand, or degradation. It seemed at first scarcely possible that even the least strenuous of men should be found unequal to duties so little arduous or exciting. He has himself said—

> "Lucrative offices are seldom lost
> For want of powers proportioned to the post;
> Give e'en a dunce the employment it requires,
> A business with an income at its heels,
> Furnishes always oil for its own wheels."

The place was called the Clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords, one of the many quiet haunts which then slumbered under the imposing shade of parliamentary and aristocratic privilege. Yet it was more than he could bear.

"In the beginning, "he writes, "a strong opposition to my friend's right of nomination began to show itself. A powerful party was formed among the Lords to thwart it, in favour of an old enemy of the family, though one much indebted to its bounty; and it appeared plain that, if we succeeded at last, it would only be by fighting our ground by inches. Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized, to disconcert us. I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of the House, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken, Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew, to demonstration, that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the House, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward; all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom *a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison*, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none.

My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever: quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against. In this posture of mind, I attended regularly at the office; where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary for my purpose. I expected no assistance from anybody there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent; and accordingly I received none. The journal books were indeed thrown open to me,—a thing which could not be refused; and from which, perhaps, a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted; but it

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was not so with me. I read without perception, and was so distressed, that, had every clerk in the office been my friend, it could have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts, without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue."

As the time of trial drew near his excitement rapidly increased. A short excursion into the country was attended with momentary benefit; but as soon as he returned to town he became immediately unfit for occupation, and as unsettled as ever. He grew first to wish to become mad, next to believe that he should become so, and only to be afraid that the expected delirium might not come on soon enough to prevent his appearance for examination before the lords,—a fear the bare existence of which shows how slight a barrier remained between him and the insanity which he fancied that he longed for. He then began to contemplate suicide, and not unnaturally called to mind a curious circumstance:—

"I well recollect, too," he writes, "that when I was about eleven years of age, my father desired me to read a vindication of self-murder, and give him my sentiments upon the question: I did so, and argued against it. My father heard my reasons, and was silent, neither approving nor disapproving; from whence I inferred that he sided with the author against me; though all the time, I believe, the true motive for his conduct was, that he wanted, if he could, to think favourably of the state of a departed friend, who had some years before destroyed himself, and whose death had struck him with the deepest affliction. But this solution of the matter never once occurred to me, and the circumstance now weighed mightily with me."

And he made several attempts to execute his purpose, all which are related with curious minuteness in a "Narrative," which he drew up after his recovery; but of which the elaborate detail shows a strange and most painful tendency to revive the slightest circumstances of delusions which it would have been most safe and most wholesome never to recall. The curiously careful style of the narrative, as elegant as that of the most flowing and felicitous letter, reminds one of nothing so much as the studiously, beautiful, and compact handwriting in which Rousseau used to narrate and describe the most incoherent and indefinite of his personal delusions. On the whole, however—for a long time at least—it does not seem that the life of Cowper was in real danger. The same hesitation and indeterminateness of nerve which rendered him liable to these fancies, as well as unequal to ordinary action, also hindered him from

carrying out these terrible visitations to their rigorous and fearful consequences. At last, however, there seems to have been possible if not actual danger:—

"Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends; by the help of the buckle I formed a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it: the other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

"The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; by the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "*'Tis over!*" Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

"When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet; and, reeling and staggering, tumbled into bed again.

"By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past, broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle round my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter, but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation; for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I, in my fall, received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause; for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

"Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in

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the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire; she had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask me if I was well; adding, she feared I had been in a fit.

"I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room; and apprized him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me! To be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate,—where is the deputation?" I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited; and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connexion with the Parliament office."

It must have been a strange scene; for, so far as appears, the outward manners of Cowper had undergone no remarkable change. There was always a mild composure about them which would have deceived any but the most experienced observer; and it is probable that Major Cowper, his "kinsman" and intimate friend, had very little or any previous suspicion or idea of the conflict which was raging beneath his tranquil and accomplished exterior. What a contrast is the "broad piece of scarlet binding" and the red circle, showing plainly that I had been on the "brink of eternity," to the daily life of the easy gentleman "who contributed some essays to the 'St. James's Magazine,' and more than one to the 'St. James's Chronicle,'" living "soft years" on a smooth superficies of existence, away from the dark realities, which are, as it were, the skeleton of our life,—which seem to haunt us like a death's head throughout the narrative that has been quoted!

It was doubtless the notion of Cowper's friends, that when all idea of an examination before the Lords was removed by the abandonment of his nomination to the office in question, the excitement which that idea had called forth would very soon pass away. But that notion was an error. A far more complicated state of mind ensued. If we may advance a theory on a most difficult as well as painful topic, we would say that religion is very rarely the proximate or impulsive cause of madness. The real and ultimate cause (as we speak) is of course that unknown something which we variously call pre-disposition, or malady, or defect. But the critical and exciting cause seems generally to be some comparatively trivial external occasion which falls within the necessary lot and life of the person who becomes

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mad. The inherent excitability is usually awakened by some petty casual stimulant, which seems positively not worth a thought—certainly a terribly slight agent for the wreck and havoc which it makes. The constitution of the human mind seems to be such, that the great general questions, problems, and difficulties of our state of being do not commonly seem capable of producing that result. They appear to lie too far in the distance, to require too great a stretch of imagination, to be too apt (for the very weakness of our minds' sake perhaps,) to be thrust out of view by the trivial occurrences of this desultory world,—to be too impersonal, in fact, to cause the exclusive anxious aching occupation, which is the common prelude and occasion of insanity. Afterwards, on the other hand, when the wound is once struck, when the petty circumstance has been allowed to work its awful consequence, religion very frequently becomes the predominating topic of delusion. It would seem as if, when the mind was once set apart by the natural consequences of the disease, and secluded from the usual occupations of, and customary contact with other minds, it searched about through all the universe for causes of trouble and anguish. A certain pain probably exists; and even in insanity, man is so far a rational being that he seeks and craves at least the outside and semblance of a reason for a suffering, which is really and truly without reason. Something must be found to justify its anguish to itself. And naturally the great difficulties inherent in the very position of man in this world, and trying so deeply the faith and firmness of the wariest and wisest minds, are ever ready to present plausible justifications for causeless depression. An anxious melancholy is not without very perplexing sophisms and very painful illustrations, with which a morbid mind can easily obtain not only a fair logical position, but even apparent argumentative victories, on many points at least, over the more hardy and vigorous part of mankind. The acuteness of madness soon perverts these, as it were, to its own wretched and terrible justification. No originality of mind is necessary for that purpose. Great and terrible systems of divinity and philosophy lie round about us, which, if true, might drive a wise man mad—which read like professed exculpations of a contemplated insanity.

"To this moment," writes Cowper, immediately after the passage which has been quoted, "I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind." But now a conviction fell upon him that he was eternally lost. "All my worldly sorrows," he says, "seemed as if they had never been; the terrors which succeeded them seemed so great and so much more afflicting. One moment I thought myself expressly excluded by one chapter; next by another."

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He thought the curse of the barren fig-tree was pronounced with an especial and designed reference to him. All day long these thoughts followed him. He lived nearly alone, and his friends were either unaware of the extreme degree to which his mind was excited, or unalive to the possible alleviation with which new scenes and cheerful society might even then have been attended. He thought the people in the street stared at and despised him—that ballads were made in ridicule of him—that the voice of his conscience was externally audible. He then bethought him of a Mr. Madan, an evangelical minister, at that time held in much estimation, but who afterwards fell into disrepute by the publication of a work on marriage and its obligations (or rather its *non*-obligations), which Cowper has commented on in a controversial poem. That gentleman called on Cowper at his request, and began to explain to him the gospel.

"He spoke," says Cowper, "of original sin, and the corruption of every man born into the world, whereby every one is a child of wrath. I perceived something like hope dawning in my heart. This doctrine set me more on a level with the rest of mankind, and made my condition appear less desperate.

"Next he insisted on the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus, and his righteousness, for our justification. While I heard this part of his discourse, and the scriptures on which he founded it, my heart began to burn within me; my soul was pierced with a sense of my bitter ingratitude to so merciful a Saviour; and those tears, which I thought impossible, burst forth freely. I saw clearly that my case required such a remedy, and had not the least doubt within me but that this was the gospel of salvation.

"Lastly, he urged the necessity of a lively faith in Jesus Christ; not an assent only of the understanding, but a faith of application, an actually laying hold of it, and embracing it as a salvation wrought out for me personally. Here I failed, and deplored my want of such a faith. He told me it was the gift of God, which he trusted He would bestow upon me. I could only reply, 'I wish He would:' a very irreverent petition; but a very sincere one, and such as the blessed God, in His due time, was pleased to answer."

It does not appear that previous to this conversation he had ever distinctly realized the tenets which were afterwards to have so much influence over him. For the moment they produced a good effect, but in a few hours their novelty was over—the dark hour returned, and he awoke from slumber with a "stronger alienation from God than ever." The remarkable tenacity with which the mind in moments of excitement appropriates and retains very abstract tenets that bear even in slight degree on the topic of its excitement, is as remarkable as the facility and

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accuracy with which it apprehends them in the midst of so great a tumult. Many changes and many years rolled over Cowper—years of black and dark depression, years of tranquil society, of genial labour, of literary fame, but never in the lightest or darkest hour was he wholly unconscious of the abstract creed of Martin Madan. At the time, indeed, the body had its rights, and maintained them.

"While I traversed the apartment, expecting every moment that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me, my conscience scaring me, and the city of refuge out of reach and out of sight, a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud, through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and incoherent; all that remained clear was the sense of sin, and the expectation of punishment. These kept undisturbed possession all through my illness, without interruption or abatement."

It is idle to follow details further. The deep waters had passed over him, and it was long before the face of his mind was dry or green again.

He was placed in a lunatic asylum, where he continued many months, and which he left apparently cured. After some changes of no moment, but which by his own account evinced many traces of dangerous excitement, he took up his abode at Huntingdon, with the family of Unwin; and it is remarkable how soon the taste for easy and simple, yet not wholly unintellectual society, which had formerly characterized him, revived again. The delineation cannot be given in any terms but his own:—

"We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I either read, in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we

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make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read, and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns, or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you*, that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life, above all for a heart to like it."

Mr. Unwin, the husband of Mrs. Unwin, was suddenly killed soon after, and Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney, where a new epoch of his life begins.

The curate of Olney at this time was John Newton, a man of great energy of mind, and well known in his generation not only for several vigorous works, but still more for a very remarkable life. He had been captain of a Liverpool slave ship—an occupation in which he had quite energy enough to have succeeded, but had left it from serious motives, and become one of the strongest and most active of the Low Church clergymen of that day. He was in truth one of those men who seem intended to make excellence disagreeable. He was a converting engine. The whole of his own enormous vigour of body—the whole steady intensity of a pushing, impelling, compelling, unoriginal mind—all the mental or corporeal exertion he could exact from the weak or elicit from the strong, were devoted to one sole purpose—the effectual impact of the Calvinistic tenets on the parishioners of Olney. Nor do we wish to hint or suggest that his exertions were futile or useless. There is no denying that there is a certain stiff, tough, agricultural, clayish English nature on which the aggressive divine produces a visible and good effect. The hardest and heaviest hammering seems required to stir and warm that close and coarse matter. To impress any sense of the supernatural on so secular a substance is a great good, though that sense be expressed in false or perplexing or irritating theories. It is unpleasant, no doubt, to hear the hammering; the bystanders are in an evil case; you might as well live near an iron ship yard. Still the blows do not hurt the iron. Something of the sort is necessary to beat the coarse ore into a shining and useful shape. But the case is different when the hundred-handed divine desires to hit others. The very system which, on account of its hard blows, is adapted to the tough and ungentle, is by that very reason unfit for the tremulous and tender. The nature of many men and many women is such that it will not bear the daily and incessant repetition

of some certain and indisputable truths. The universe has of course its dark aspect. Many tremendous facts and difficulties can be found which often haunt the timid and sometimes incapacitate the feeble. To be continually insisting on these, and these only, will simply render both more and more unfit for the duties to which they were born. And if this is the case with certain fact, and clear truth, how much more with uncertain error and mystic exaggeration! Mr. Newton was alive to this consequence of his system: "I believe my name is up about the country for preaching people mad; for whether it is owing to the sedentary life women lead here, &c., &c., I suppose we have near a dozen in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them, I believe, *truly gracious people*." He perhaps found his peculiar views more generally appreciated among this class of young ladies than among more healthy and rational people, and clearly did not wholly condemn the delivering them even at this cost from the tyranny of the "carnal reason."

No more dangerous adviser, if this world had been searched over, could have been found for Cowper. What the latter required was prompt encouragement to cheerful occupation, quiet amusement, gentle and unexhaustive society. Mr. Newton thought otherwise. His favourite motto was *Perimus in licitis*. All that easy and simple round of daily pleasures and genial employments which are the sources of instinctive happiness to the happiest natures, and most effectually cheer and vary the common life of common men, were studiously watched and scrutinized with the energy of a Puritan and the watchfulness of an inquisitor. Mr. Newton had all the tastes and habits which go to form what in the Catholic system is called a spiritual director. Of late years it is well known that the institution, or rather practice of confession, has expanded and developed into a greater and more potent and more imperious organization. You are expected by the priests of the Roman church not only to confess to them what you have done, but to take their advice as to what you shall do. The future is under their direction just as the past was beneath their scrutiny. This was exactly the view which Mr. Newton took of his relation to Cowper. A natural aptitude for dictation—a steady, strong, compelling decision,—great self-command, and a sharp perception of all impressible points in the characters of others,—made the task of guiding "weaker brethren" a natural and pleasant pursuit. To suppose a shrinking, a wounded, and tremulous mind like that of Cowper's would rise against such bold dogmatism, such hard volition, such animal nerve, is to fancy that the beaten slave will dare

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the lash which his very eyes instinctively fear and shun. Mr. Newton's great idea was that Cowper ought to be of some use. There was a great deal of excellent hammering hammered in the parish, and it was sinful that a man with nothing to do should sit tranquil. Several persons in the street had done what they ought not; football was not unknown; cards were played; flirtation was not conducted "improvingly." It was clearly Cowper's duty to put a stop to such things. Accordingly he made him a parochial implement; he set him to visit painful cases, to attend at prayer meetings, to compose melancholy hymns, even to conduct or share in conducting public services himself. It never seems to have occurred to him that so fragile a mind would be unequal to the burden—that a bruised reed does often break; or rather if it did occur to him, he regarded it as a subterranean suggestion, and expected a supernatural interference to counteract the events at which it hinted. Yet there are certain rules and principles in this world which seem earthly, but which the most excellent may not on that account venture to disregard. The consequence of placing Cowper in exciting situations was a return of his excitement. It is painful to observe, that though the attack resembled in all its main features his former one, it was several months before Mr. Newton could be brought to allow any proper physical remedies to be applied, and then it was too late. We need not again recount details. Many months of dark despondency were to be passed before he returned to a simple and rational mind.

The truth is, that independently of the personal activity and dauntless energy which made Mr. Newton so little likely to sympathize with such a mind as Cowper's, the former lay under a still more dangerous disqualification for Cowper's predominant adviser, viz., an erroneous view of his case. His opinion exactly coincided with that which Cowper first heard from Mr. Madan during his first illness in London. This view is in substance that the depression which Cowper originally suffered from was exactly what almost all mankind, if they had been rightly aware of their true condition, would have suffered also. They were "children of wrath" just as he was; and the only difference between them was, that he appreciated his state and they did not,—showing in fact that Cowper was not, as common persons imagined, on the extreme verge of insanity, but, on the contrary, a particularly rational and right-seeing man. So far, as Cowper says, with one of the painful smiles which make his "Narrative" so melancholy, "my condition was less desperate." That is, his counsellors had persuaded him that his malady was rational, and his sufferings befitting his true posi-

tion,—no difficult task, for they had the poignancy of pain and the pertinacity of madness on their side: the efficacy of their arguments was less when they endeavoured to make known the sources of consolation. We have seen the immediate effect of the first exposition of the evangelical theory of faith. When applied to the case of the morbidly-despairing sinner, that theory has one argumentative imperfection which the logical sharpness of madness will soon discover and point out. The simple reply is, "I do not feel the faith which you describe. I wish I could feel it, but it is no use trying to conceal the fact. I am conscious of nothing like it." And this was substantially Cowper's reply on his first interview with Mr. Madan. It was a simple denial of a fact solely accessible to his personal consciousness; and, as such, unanswerable. And in this intellectual position (if such it can be called) his mind long rested. At the commencement of his residence at Olney, however, there was a decided change. Whether it were that he mistook the glow of physical recovery for the peace of spiritual renovation, or that some subtler and deeper agency were, as was supposed, at work, the outward sign is certain; and there is no question but that during the first months of his residence at Olney and his daily intercourse with Mr. Newton, he did feel, or supposed himself to feel, the faith which he was instructed to deem so desirable, and he easily lent himself with natural pleasure to the diffusion of it among those around him. But the theory in question requires a metaphysical postulate, which to many minds is simply impossible. A prolonged meditation on unseen realities is sufficiently difficult, and seems scarcely the occupation for which common human nature was intended; but more than this is alleged to be essential. The meditation must be successful in exciting certain feelings of a kind peculiarly delicate, subtle, and (so to speak) unstable. The wind bloweth where it listeth; but it is scarcely more partial, more quick, more unaccountable, than the glow of an emotion excited by a supernatural and unseen object. This depends on the vigour of imagination which has to conceive that object—on the vivacity of feeling which has to be quickened by it—on the physical energy which has to maintain and support it. The very watchfulness, the scrupulous anxiety to find and retain it, are exactly the most unfavourable to it. In a delicate disposition like that of Cowper, such feelings revolt from the inquisition of others, and shrink from the stare of the mind itself. But this is not the worst. The mind of Cowper was, so to speak, naturally terrestrial. If a man wishes for a nice appreciation of the details of time and sense, let him consult Cowper's miscellaneous letters. Each simple event of

every day—each petty object of external observation or inward suggestion, is there chronicled with a fine and female fondness, a wise and happy faculty, let us say, of deriving a gentle happiness from the tranquil and passing hour. The fortunes of the hares—Bess who died young, and Tiney who lived to be nine years old—the miller who engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat having charms that were irresistible—the knitting-needles of Mrs. Unwin—the qualities of his friend Hill, who managed his money transactions—

> "An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within"—

live in his pages, and were the natural, insensible, unbiassed occupants of his fancy. It is easy for a firm and hard mind to despise the minutiæ of life, and to pore and brood over an abstract proposition. It may be possible for the highest, the strongest, the most arduous imagination to live aloof from common things—alone with the unseen world, as some lived their whole lives in memory with a world which has passed away. But it seems hardly possible that an imagination such as Cowper's, which was rather a detective fancy, perceiving the charm and essence of things which are seen, than an eager, actuating, conceptive power embodying, enlivening, empowering those which are not seen, should leave its own home—the *domus et tellus*—the sweet fields and rare orchards which it loved,—and go out alone apart from all flesh into the trackless and fearful and unknown Infinite. Of course, his timid fancy shrank from it at once, and returned to its own fireside. After a little, the idea that he had a true faith faded away. Mr. Newton, with misdirected zeal, sought to revive it by inciting him to devotional composition; but the only result was the volume of "Olney Hymns"—a very painful record, of which the burden is

> "My former hopes are fled,
> My terror now begins;
> I feel, alas! that I am dead
> In trespasses and sins.
>
> Ah, whither shall I fly?
> I hear the thunder roar;
> The law proclaims destruction nigh,
> And vengeance at the door."

"The Preacher" himself did not conceive such a store of melancholy forebodings.

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The truth is, that there are two remarkable species of minds on which the doctrine of Calvinism is a deadly and fatal poison. One is the natural, vigorous, bold, defiant, hero-like character, abounding in generosity, in valour, in vigour, and abounding also in self-will, and pride, and scorn. This is the temperament which supplies the world with ardent hopes and keen fancies, with springing energies, and bold plans, and noble exploits; but yet, under another aspect and in other times, is equally prompt in desperate deeds, awful machinations, deep and daring crimes. It one day is ready by its innate heroism to deliver the world from any tyranny; the next it "hungers to become a tyrant" in its turn. Yet the words of the poet are ever true and are ever good, as a defence against the cold narrators who mingle its misdeeds and exploits, and profess to believe that each is a set off and compensation for the other.

> "Still he retained,
> 'Mid much abasement, what he had received
> From Nature, an intense and glowing mind."

It is idle to tell such a mind that by an arbitrary irrespective election it is chosen to happiness or doomed to perdition. The evil and the good in it equally revolt at such terms. It thinks, "Well, if the universe be a tyranny, if one man is doomed to misery for no fault, and the next is chosen to pleasure for no merit—if the favouritism of time be copied into eternity—if the highest heaven be indeed like the meanest earth,—then, as the heathen say, it is better to suffer injustice than to inflict it, better to be the victims of the eternal despotism than its ministers, better to curse in hell than serve in heaven." And the whole burning soul breaks away into what is well called Satanism—into wildness, and bitterness, and contempt.

Cowper had as little in common with this proud Titanic aspiring genius as any man has or can have, but his mind was equally injured by the same system. On a timid, lounging, gentle, acquiescent mind, the effect is precisely the contrary—singularly contrasted but equally calamitous. "I am doomed, you tell me, already. One way or other the matter is already settled. It can be no better, and it is as bad as it can be. Let me alone; do not trouble at least these few years. Let me at least sit sadly and bewail myself. Action is useless. I will brood upon my melancholy and be at rest;" the soul sinks into "passionless calm and silence unreproved," flinging away "the passionate tumult of a clinging hope," which is the allotted boon and happiness of mortality. It was, as we believe, straight towards this terrible state that Mr. Newton

directed Cowper. He kept him occupied with subjects which were too great for him; he kept him away from his natural life; he presented to him views and opinions but too well justifying his deep and dark insanity; he convinced him that he ought to experience emotions which were foreign to his nature; he had nothing to add by way of comfort when told that those emotions did not and could not exist. Cowper seems to have felt this. His second illness commenced with a strong dislike to his spiritual adviser, and it may be doubted if there ever was again the same cordiality between them. Mr. Newton, too, as was natural, was vexed at Cowper's calamity. His reputation in the "religious world" was deeply pledged to conducting this most "interesting case" to a favourable termination. A failure was not to be contemplated, and yet it was obviously coming and coming. It was to no purpose that Cowper acquired fame and secular glory in the literary world. This was rather adding gall to bitterness. The unbelievers in evangelical religion would be able to point to one at least, and that the best known among its proselytes, to whom it had not brought peace — whom it had rather confirmed in wretchedness. His literary fame, too, took Cowper away into a larger circle, out of the rigid decrees and narrow ordinances of his father-confessor, and of course the latter remonstrated. Altogether there was not a cessation, but a decline and diminution of intercourse. But better, as Lord Brougham used to say in divorce cases, had they never met or never parted. If a man is to have a father-confessor, let him at least choose a sensible one. The dominion of Mr. Newton had been exercised, not indeed with mildness, or wisdom, or discrimination, but, nevertheless, with strong judgment and coarse acumen—with a bad choice of ends, but at least a vigorous selection of means. Afterwards it was otherwise. In the village of Olney there was a schoolmaster, whose name often occurs in Cowper's letters,—a foolish, vain, worthy sort of man: what the people of the west call a "scholard," that is, a man of more knowledge and less sense than those about him. He sometimes came to Cowper to beg old clothes, sometimes to instruct him with literary criticisms, and is known in the "Correspondence" as "Mr. Teedon, who reads the Monthly Review," "Mr. Teedon whose smile is fame." Yet to this man, whose harmless follies his humour had played with a thousand times, Cowper, in his later years, and when the dominion of Mr. Newton had so far ceased as to leave him, after many years, the use of his own judgment, resorted for counsel and guidance. And the man had visions, and dreams, and revelations!! But enough of such matters.

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The peculiarity of Cowper's life is its division into marked periods. From his birth to his first illness he may be said to have lived in one world, and for some twenty years afterwards, from his thirty-second to about his fiftieth year, in a wholly distinct one, and much of that time was spent in hopeless despondency. His principal companions during that time were Mr. Newton, about whom we have been writing, and Mrs. Unwin, who may be said to have broken the charmed circle of seclusion in which they lived by inciting Cowper to continuous literary composition. Of Mrs. Unwin herself ample memorials remain. She was, in truth, a most excellent person—in truth and years much older than the poet—as it were by profession elderly, able in every species of preserve, profound in salts, and pans, and jellies; culinary by taste; by tact and instinct motherly and housewifish. She was not, however, without some less larderiferous qualities. Lady Hesketh and Lady Austen, neither of them very favourably-prejudiced critics, decided so. The former has written, "She is very far from grave; on the contrary, she is cheerful and gay, and laughs *de bon cœur* upon the smallest provocation. Amidst all the little puritanical words which fall from her *de tems en tems*, she seems to have by nature a great fund of gaiety. . . . . I must say, too, that she seems to be very well read in the English poets, as appears by several little quotations which she makes from time to time, and has a true taste for what is excellent in that way." This she showed by persuading Cowper to the composition of his first volume.

As a poet, Cowper belongs, though with some differences, to the school of Pope. Great question, as is well known, has been raised whether that very accomplished writer was a poet at all; and a secondary and equally debated question runs side by side, whether, if a poet, he were a great one. With the peculiar genius and personal rank of Pope we have in this article nothing to do. But this much may be safely said, that according to the definition which has been adventured of the poetical art, by the greatest and most accomplished of the other school, his works are delicately-finished specimens of artistic excellence in one branch of it. "Poetry," says Shelley, who was surely a good judge, "is the expression of the imagination," by which he meant of course not only the expression of the interior sensations accompanying the faculty's employment, but likewise, and more emphatically, the exercise of it in the delineation of objects which attract it. Now society, viewed as a whole, is clearly one of those objects. There is a vast assemblage of human beings, of all nations, tongues, and languages, each with ideas and a personality and a cleaving mark of its own, yet each

having somewhat that resembles something of all, much that resembles a part of many—a motley regiment, of various forms, of a million impulses, passions, thoughts, fancies, motives, actions; a "many-headed monstered thing;" a Bashi Bazouk array; a clown to be laughed at; a hydra to be spoken evil of; yet, in fine, our all—the very people of the whole earth. There is nothing in nature more attractive to the fancy than this great spectacle and congregation. Since Herodotus went to and fro to the best of his ability over all the earth, the spectacle of civilization has ever drawn to itself the quick eyes and quick tongues of seeing and roving men. Not only, says Goethe, is man ever interesting to man, but "properly there is nothing else interesting." There is a distinct subject for poetry—at least according to Shelley's definition—in selecting and working out, in idealizing, in combining, in purifying, in intensifying the great features and peculiarities which make society as a whole, interesting, remarkable, fancy-taking. No doubt it is not the object of poetry to versify the works of the eminent narrators, "to prose," according to a disrespectful description, "o'er books of travelled seamen," to chill you with didactic icebergs, to heat you with torrid sonnets. The difficulty of reading such local narratives is now great—so great that a gentleman in the reviewing department once wished "one man would go everywhere and say everything," in order that the limit of his labour at least might be settled and defined. And it would certainly be much worse if palm trees were of course to be in rhyme, and the dinner of the migrator only recountable in blank verse. We do not wish this. We only maintain that there are certain principles, causes, passions, affections, acting on and influencing communities at large, permeating their life, ruling their principles, directing their history, working as a subtle and wandering principle over all their existence. These have a somewhat abstract character, as compared with the soft ideals and passionate incarnations of purely individual character, and seem dull beside the stirring lays of eventful times, in which the earlier and bolder poets delight. The tendency of civilization is to pare away the oddness and license of personal character, and to leave a monotonous agreeableness as the sole trait and comfort of mankind. And this very effect obviously tends to increase the efficacy of general principles, to bring to view the daily efficacy of constant causes, to suggest the hidden agency of subtle abstractions. Accordingly as civilization augments and philosophy grows, we commonly find a school of "common-sense poets," as they may be called, arise and develop, who proceed to describe what they see around them, to describe its *natura naturans*, to delineate its *natura naturata*

to evolve its productive agencies, to pursue their subtle ramifications. Complete, as the most characteristic specimen of this class of poets, stands Pope. He was the sort of person we cannot even conceive existing in a barbarous age. His subject was not life at large, but fashionable life. He described the society in which he was thrown—the people among whom he lived. His mind was a hoard of small maxims, a quintessence of petty observations. When he described character, he described it not dramatically, nor as it is in itself; but observantly and from without, calling up in the mind not so much a vivid conception of the man, of the real, corporal, outward, substantial being, as an idea of the idea which a metaphysical bystander in an elaborate moment might refine and excruciate concerning him. Society in Pope is scarcely a society of people, but of pretty little atoms, coloured and painted with hoops or in coats—a miniature of metaphysics, a puppet-show of sylphs. Yet exactly on this account it the more elucidates the doctrine that the tendency of civilized poetry is towards an analytic sketch of the existing civilization. Nor is the effect diminished by the pervading character of keen judgment and minute intrusive sagacity; for no great painter of English life can be without a rough sizing of strong sense; or he would fail from want of sympathy with his subject. In short, Pope does but the more represent the class and type of "common-sense" poets who substitute an animated "*catalogue raisonné*" of working thoughts and operative principles—a sketch of the then present society, as a whole and as an object, for the κλεα ανδρων the tale of which is one subject of early verse, and the stage effect of living, loving, passionate, impetuous men and women, which are special topics of another.

What Pope is to our fashionable and town life, Cowper is to our domestic and rural life. This is perhaps the reason why he is so national. It has been said no foreigner can live in the country. We doubt whether any people, who felt their whole heart, and entire exclusive breath of their existence to be concentrated in a great capital, could or would appreciate such intensely provincial pictures as are the entire scope of Cowper's delineation. A good many imaginative persons are really plagued with him. Everything is so comfortable; the tea-urn hisses so plainly, the toast is so warm, the breakfast so neat, the food so edible, that one turns away, in excitable moments, a little angrily from anything so quiet, tame, and sober. Have we not always hated this life? What can be worse than regular meals, clock-moving servants, a time for everything, and everything then done, a place for everything, without the Irish alleviation, "Sure, and I'm rejiced to say,

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that's jist and exactly where it isn't," a common gardener, a slow parson, a heavy assortment of near relations, a placid house flowing with milk and sugar—all that the fates can stuff together of substantial comfort, and fed and fatted monotony? Aspiring and excitable youth stoutly maintains it can endure anything much better than the "gross fog Bœotian"—the torpid, in-door, tea-tabular felicity. Still a great deal of tea is really consumed in the English nation. A settled and practical people are distinctly in favour of heavy relaxations, placid prolixities, slow comforts. A state between the mind and the body, something intermediate, half-way from the newspaper to a nap—this is what we may call the middle-life theory of the influential English gentleman—the true aspiration of the ruler of the world.

> "Tis then the understanding takes repose
> In indolent vacuity of thought,
> And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
> Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
> Of deep deliberation."

It is these in-door scenes, this common world, this gentle round of "calm delights," the trivial course of slowly-moving pleasures, the petty detail of quiet relaxation, that Cowper excels in. The post-boy, the winter's evening, the newspaper, the knitting-needles, the stockings, the waggon—these are his subjects. His sure popularity arises from his having held up to the English people exact delineations of what they really prefer. Perhaps one person in four hundred understands Wordsworth, about one in eight thousand may appreciate Shelley, but there is no expressing the small fraction who do not love dulness, who do not enter into

> "Homeborn happiness,
> Fireside enjoyments, intimate delights,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening know."

His objection to the more exciting and fashionable pleasures was perhaps, in an extreme analysis, that they put him out. They were too great a task for his energies—asked too much for his spirits. His comments on them rather remind us of Mr. Rushworth—Miss Austen's heavy hero's remark on the theatre, "I think we went on much better by ourselves before this was thought of, doing, doing, doing *nothing*."

The subject of these pictures, in point of interest, may be

what we choose to think it, but there is no denying great merit to the execution. The sketches have the highest merit—suitableness of style. It would be absurd to describe a post-boy as sonneteers their mistress—to cover his plain face with fine similes—to put forward "the brow of Egypt,"—to stick metaphors upon him as the Americans upon General Washington. The only merits such topics have room for is an easy and dextrous plainness—a sober suit of well-fitting expressions—a free, working, flowing, picturesque garb of words adapted to the solid conduct of a sound and serious world, and this merit Cowper's style has. On the other hand, it entirely wants the higher and rarer excellencies of poetical expression. There is none of the choice art which has studiously selected the words of one class of great poets, or the rare, untaught, unteachable felicity which has vivified those of others. No one, in reading Cowper, stops as if to draw his breath more deeply over expressions which do not so much express or clothe poetical expressions as seem to intertwine, coalesce, and be blended with the very essence of poetry itself.

Of course a poet could not deal in any measure with such subjects as Cowper dealt with, and not become inevitably, to a certain extent, satirical. The ludicrous is in some sort the imagination of common life. The "dreary intercourse" of which Wordsworth makes mention, would be dreary, unless some people possessed more than he did the faculty of making fun. A universe in which Dignity No. I. conversed decorously with Dignity No. II. on topics befitting their state, would be perhaps a levee of great intellects and a tea-table of enormous thoughts; but it would want the best charm of this earth—the medley of great things and little, of things mundane and things celestial, things low and things awful, of things eternal and things of half a minute. It is in this contrast that humour and satire have their place—pointing out the intense unspeakable incongruity of the groups and juxtapositions of our world. To all of these which fell under his own eye, Cowper was alive. A gentle sense of propriety and consistency in daily things was evidently characteristic of him; and if he fail of the highest success in this species of art, it is not from an imperfect treatment of the scenes and conceptions which he touched, but from the fact that the follies with which he deals are not the greatest follies—that there are deeper absurdities in human life than John Gilpin touches upon—that the superficial occurrences of ludicrous life do not exhaust or even deeply test the mirthful resources of our minds and fortunes.

As a scold, we think Cowper failed. He had a great idea of the use of railing, and there are many pages of laudable in-

vective against various vices which we feel no call whatever to defend. But a great vituperator had need to be a great hater; and of any real rage, any such gall and bitterness as great and irritable satirists have in other ages let loose upon men, of any thorough brooding, burning, abiding detestation he was as incapable as a tame hare. His vituperation reads like the mild man's whose wife eat up his dinner, "Really, Sir, I feel quite *angry!*" Nor has his language any of the sharp intrusive acumen which divides in sunder both soul and spirit that is necessary for fierce and unforgettable reviling.

Some people may be surprised, notwithstanding our lengthy explanation, at hearing Cowper treated as of the school of Pope. It has been customary, at least with some critics, to speak of him as one of those who recoiled from the artificiality of that great writer, and at least commenced a return to a simple delineation of outward nature. And of course there is considerable truth in this idea. The poetry (if such it is) of Pope would be just as true if all the trees were yellow and all the grass fish-colour. He did not care for "snowy scalps," or "rolling streams," or "icy halls," or "precipice's gloom." Nor for that matter did Cowper either. He, as Hazlitt most justly said, was as much afraid of a shower of rain as any man that ever lived. At the same time, the fashionable life described by Pope has no reference whatever to the beauties of the material universe, never regards them, could go on just as well in the soft, sloppy, gelatinous existence which Dr. Whewell (who knows) says is alone possible in Jupiter and Saturn. Indeed, a good deal of Pope would perhaps suit a warm and refined polyp. But the rural life of Cowper's poetry has a constant and necessary reference to the country, is identified with its features, cannot be separated from it even in fancy. Green fields and a slow river seem all the material of beauty Cowper had given him. But what is more to the purpose, his attention was well concentrated upon them. As he himself said, he did not go more than thirteen miles from home for twenty years, and very seldom as far. He was, therefore, well able to find out all that was charming in Olney and its neighbourhood, and as it presented nothing which is not to be found in any of the fresh country parts of England, what he has left us is really a delicate description and appreciative delineation of the simple essential English country.

However, it is to be remarked that the description of nature in Cowper differs altogether from the peculiar delineation of the same subject, which has been so influential in more recent times, and which bears, after its greatest master, the name Wordsworthian. To Cowper nature is simply a background, a

beautiful background no doubt, but still essentially a *locus in quo*—a space in which the work and mirth of life pass and are performed. A more professed delineation does not occur than the following:—

> "Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
> Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
> Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
> Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
> Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
> A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
> A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
> But urged by storms along its slippery way;
> I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
> And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest the sun
> A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
> Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
> And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
> Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
> Compensating his loss with added hours
> Of social converse and instructive ease,
> And gathering, at short notice, in one group
> The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
> Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
> I crown thee King of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening know.
> No rattling wheels stop short before these gates."

After a very few lines he returns within doors to the occupation of man and woman—to human tasks and human pastimes. To Wordsworth, on the contrary, nature is a religion. So far from being unwilling to treat her as a special object of study, it would seem that he hardly thought any other equal or comparable. He was so far from holding the doctrine that the earth was made for men to live in, that it would rather seem as if he thought men were created to see the earth. The whole aspect of nature was to him a special revelation of an immanent and abiding power—a breath of the pervading art—a smile of the Eternal Mind—according to the lines which every one knows,—

> "A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused;
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,

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A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Of this haunting, supernatural, mystical view of nature Cowper never heard. Like the strong old lady who said, "*She* was born before nerves were invented," he may be said to have lived before the awakening of the detective sensibility which reveals this deep and obscure doctrine.

In another point of view, also, Cowper is curiously contrasted with Wordsworth, as a delineator of nature. The delineation of Cowper is a simple delineation. He makes a sketch of the object before him, and there he leaves it. Wordsworth, on the contrary, is not satisfied unless he describe not only the bare inanimate outward object which others see, but likewise the reflected high-wrought feelings which that object excites in a brooding self-conscious mind. His subject was not so much nature, as nature reflected by Wordsworth. Years of deep musing and long introspection had made him familiar with every shade and shadow in the many-coloured impression which the universe makes on meditative genius and observant sensibility. Now these feelings Cowper did not describe, because, to all appearance, he did not perceive them. He had a great pleasure in watching the common changes and common aspects of outward things, but he was not invincibly prone to brood and pore over their reflex effects upon his own mind.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

According to the account which Cowper at first gave of his literary occupations, his entire design was to communicate the religious views to which he was then a convert. He fancied that the vehicle of verse might bring many to listen to truths which they would be disinclined to have stated to them in simple prose. And however tedious the recurrence of these theological tenets may be to the common reader, it is certain that a considerable portion of Cowper's peculiar popularity may be traced to their expression. He is the one poet of a class which have no poets. In that once large and still considerable portion of the English world, which regards the exercise of the fancy and the imagination as dangerous—snares, as they speak—distracting the soul from an intense consideration of abstract doctrine, Cowper's strenuous inculcation of those doctrines has obtained for him a certain toleration. Of course all verse is perilous. The use of single words is harmless, but the

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employment of two, in such a manner as to form a rhyme—the regularities of interval, and studied recurrence of the same sound, evince an attention to time, and a partiality to things of sense. Most poets must be prohibited; the exercise of the fancy requires watching. But Cowper is a ticket-of-leave man. He has the chaplain's certificate. He has expressed himself "with the utmost propriety." The other imaginative criminals must be left to the fates, but he may be admitted to the sacred drawing-room, though with constant care and scrupulous *surveillance*. Perhaps, however, taken in connexion with his diseased and peculiar melancholy, these tenets really add to the artistic effect of Cowper's writings. The free discussion of daily matters, the delicate delineation of domestic detail, the passing narrative of fugitive occurrences, would seem light and transitory, if it were not broken by the interruption of a terrible earnestness, and relieved by the dark background of a deep and foreboding sadness. It is scarcely artistic to describe "the painted veil which those who live call life," and leave wholly out of view and undescribed "the chasm sightless and drear," which lies always beneath and around it.

It is of the "Task" more than of Cowper's earlier volume of poems that a critic of his poetry must more peculiarly be understood to speak. All the best qualities of his genius are there concentrated, and the alloy is less than elsewhere. He was fond of citing the saying of Dryden, that the rhyme had often helped him to a thought—a great but very perilous truth. The difficulty is, that the rhyme so frequently helps to the wrong thought—that the stress of the mind is recalled from the main thread of the poem, from the narrative, or sentiment, or delineation, to some wayside remark or fancy, which the casual resemblances of final sound may suggest. This is fatal, unless either a poet's imagination be so hot and determined as to bear down upon its objects, and to be unwilling to hear the voice of any charmer who might distract it, or, else, the nature of the poem itself should be of so desultory a character that it does not really matter about the sequence of the thought—at least within great and ample limits, as in some of Swift's casual rhymes, where the sound itself does seem really and truly the connecting link of unity. Now Cowper is not usually in either of these positions; he always has a thread of argument on which he is hanging his illustrations, and yet he has not the exclusive interest or the undeviating energetic downrightness of mind which would ensure his going through it without idling or turning aside; consequently the thoughts which the rhyme suggests are constantly breaking in upon the main matter, destroying the emphatic unity which is essential to rhythmical delineation.

His blank verse of course is exempt from this defect, and there is perhaps something in the nature of this metre which fits it for the expression of studious and quiet reflection. The "Task" was, in fact, composed at the healthiest period of Cowper's later life, in the full vigour of his faculties, and the additional spur that he was well aware the semi-recognition of his first volume had made it a common subject of literary discussion, whether he was a poet or not. Many men could endure—as indeed all but about ten do actually in every generation endure—to be without this distinction, but few could have an idea that it was a frequent point of argument whether they were duly entitled or not, without at least a strong desire to settle the question by some work of decisive excellence. This the "Task" achieved for Cowper. Since its publication his name has been a household word—a particularly household word in English literature. The story of its composition is connected with one of the most curious incidents in Cowper's later life, and has given occasion to a good deal of writing.

In the summer of 1781 it happened that two ladies called at a shop exactly opposite the house at Olney where Cowper and Mrs. Unwin resided. One of these was a familiar and perhaps tame object,—a Mrs. Jones,—the wife of a neighbouring parson; the other, however, was so striking, that Cowper, one of the shyest and least demonstrative of men, immediately asked Mrs. Unwin to invite her to tea. This was a great event, and it would appear that few or no social interruptions, casual or contemplated, then varied what Cowper called the "duality of his existence." This favoured individual was Lady Austen, a person of what Mr. Hayley terms "colloquial talents;" in truth an energetic, vivacious, amusing, and rather handsome lady of the world. She had been much in France, and is said to have caught the facility of manner and love of easy society, which is the unchanging characteristic of that land of change. She was a fascinating person in the great world, and it is not difficult to imagine she must have been an excitement indeed at Olney. She was, however, most gracious; fell in love, as Cowper says, not only with him but with Mrs. Unwin; was called "Sister Ann," laughed and made laugh, was altogether so great an acquisition that his seeing her seemed in his view to show "strong marks of providential interposition." He thought her superior to the curate's wife, who was a "valuable person," but had a family, &c., &c. The new acquaintance had much to contribute to the Olney conversation. She had seen much of the world, and probably seen it well, and had at least a good deal to narrate concerning it. Among other interesting matters she one day recounted to Cowper the story

of John Gilpin, as one which she had heard in childhood, and in a short time the poet sent her the ballad, which every one has liked ever since. It was written, he says, no doubt truly, in order to relieve a fit of terrible and uncommon despondency; but altogether, for a few months after the introduction of this new companion, he was more happy and animated than at any other time after his first illness. Clouds, however, began to show themselves soon. The circumstances are of the minute and female kind, which it would require a good deal of writing to describe, even if we knew them perfectly. The original cause of misconstruction was a rather romantic letter of Lady Austen, drawing a sublime picture of what she expected from Cowper's friendship. Mr. Scott, the curate of Olney, who had taken the place of Mr. Newton, and who is described as a dry and sensible man, gave a short account of what he thought was the real embroilment. "Who," said he, "can be surprised that two women should be daily in the society of one man and then quarrel with *one another?*"

"From a scene of the most uninterrupted retirement," he says to Mr. Unwin, "we have passed at once into a state of constant engagement. Not that our society is much multiplied; the addition of an individual has made all this difference. Lady Austen and we pass our days alternately at each other's *chateau*. In the morning I walk with one or other of the ladies, and in the afternoon wind thread. Thus did Hercules, and thus probably did Samson, and thus do I; and were both those heroes living, I should not fear to challenge them to a trial of skill in that business, or doubt to beat them both. As to killing lions and other amusements of that kind, with which they were so delighted, I should be their humble servant and beg to be excused."

Things were in this state when she suggested to him the composition of a new poem of some length in blank verse, and on being asked to suggest a subject, said, Well, write upon that "sofa," whence is the title of the first book of the "Task." According to Cowper's own account, it was this poem which was the cause of the ensuing dissension.

"On her first settlement in our neighbourhood, I made it my own particular business, (for at that time I was not employed in writing, having published my first volume, and not begun my second) to pay my devoirs to her ladyship every morning at eleven. Customs very soon become laws. I began the Task; for she was the lady who gave me the Sofa for a subject. Being once engaged in the work, I began to feel the inconvenience of my morning attendance. We had seldom breakfasted ourselves till ten; and the intervening hour was all the time that I could find in the whole day for writing; and occasionally it would happen that the half of

that hour was all that I could secure for the purpose. But there was no remedy. Long usage had made that which at first was optional, a point of good manners, and consequently of necessity, and I was forced to neglect the Task, to attend upon the Muse who had inspired the subject. But she had ill health, and before I had quite finished the work was obliged to repair to Bristol."

And it is possible that this is the true account of the matter. Yet we fancy there is a kind of awkwardness and constraint in the manner in which it is spoken of. Of course, the plain and literal portion of mankind have set it down at once that Cowper was in love with Lady Austen, just as they married him over and over again to Mrs. Unwin. But of a strong passionate love, as we have before explained, we do not think Cowper capable, and there are certainly no signs of it in this case. There is, however, one odd circumstance. Years after, when no longer capable of original composition, he was fond of hearing all his poems read to him except "John Gilpin." There were recollections, he said, connected with those verses which were too painful. Did he mean, the worm that dieth not —the reminiscence of the animated narratress of that not intrinsically melancholy legend?

The literary success of Cowper opened to him a far larger circle of acquaintance, and connected him in close bonds with many of his relations, who had looked with an unfavourable eye at the peculiar tenets which he had adopted, and the peculiar and recluse life which he had been advised to lead. It is to these friends and acquaintance that we owe that copious correspondence on which so much of Cowper's fame at present rests. The complete letter-writer is now an unknown animal. In the last century, when communications were difficult and epistles rare, there were a great many valuable people who devoted a good deal of time to writing elaborate letters. You wrote letters to a man whom you knew nineteen years and a half ago, and told him what you had for dinner, and what your second cousin said, and how the crops got on. Every detail of life was described, and dwelt on, and improved. The art of writing, at least of writing easily, was comparatively rare, which kept the number of such compositions within narrow limits. Sir Walter Scott says he knew a man who remembered that the London postbag once came to Edinburgh with only one letter in it. One can fancy the solemn conscientious elaborateness with which a person would write, with the notion that his letter would have a whole coach and a whole bag to itself, and travel two hundred miles alone, the exclusive object of a red guard's care. The only thing like it now—the deferential minuteness with which one public office writes to another

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conscious that the letter will travel on her Majesty's service three doors down the passage—sinks by comparison into cursory brevity. No administrative reform will be able to bring even the official mind of these days into the grave inch-an-hour conscientiousness with which a confidential correspondent of a century ago related the growth of apples, the manufacture of jams, the appearance of flirtations, and other such like things. All the ordinary incidents of an easy life were made the most of; a party was epistolary capital, a race a mine of wealth. So deeply sentimental was this intercourse, that it was much argued whether the affections were created for the sake of ink, or ink for the sake of the affections. Thus it continued for many years, and the fruits thereof are written in the volumes of family papers which daily appear, are praised as materials for an historian at present in a crib, and consigned, as the case may be, to posterity or oblivion. All this has now passed away. Mr. Rowland Hill is entitled to the credit, not only of introducing stamps, but also of destroying letters. The amount of annotations which will be required to make the notes of this day intelligible to posterity is a wonderful idea, and no quantity of comment will make them readable. You might as well publish a collection of telegraphs. The careful detail, the studious minuteness, the circumstantial statement of a former time, is exchanged for a curt brevity or only half-intelligible narration. In old times, letters were written for people who knew nothing and required to be told everything. Now they are written for people who know everything except the one thing which the letter is designed to explain to them. It is impossible in some respects not to regret the old practice. It is well that each age should write for itself a faithful account of its habitual existence. We do this to a certain extent in novels, but novels are difficult materials for an historian. They raise a cause and a controversy as to how far they are really faithful delineations. Mr. Macaulay is even now under criticism for his use of the plays of the seventeenth century. Letters are generally true on these points. The least veracious man will tell truly the colour of his coat, the hour of his dinner, the materials of his shoes. The unconscious delineation of a recurring and familiar life is beyond the reach of a fraudulent fancy. Horace Walpole was not a very scrupulous narrator; yet it was too much trouble even for him to tell lies on many points. His set stories and conspicuous scandals are no doubt often unfounded, but there is a gentle under-current of daily unremarkable life and manners which he evidently assumed as a datum for his historical imagination. Whence posterity will derive this for the times of Queen Victoria it is difficult to fancy. Even

memoirs are no resource; they generally leave out the common life, and try at least to bring out the uncommon events.

It is evident that this species of composition exactly harmonized with the temperament and genius of Cowper. Detail was his forte and quietness his element. Accordingly, his delicate humour plays over perhaps a million letters, mostly descriptive of events which no one else would have thought worth narrating, and yet which, when narrated, show to us, and will show to persons to whom it will be yet more strange, the familiar, placid, easy, ruminating, provincial existence of our great grandfathers. Slow, Olney might be,—indescribable, it certainly was not. We seem to have lived there ourselves.

The most copious subject of Cowper's correspondence is his translation of Homer. This was published by subscription, and it is pleasant to observe the healthy facility with which one of the shyest men in the world set himself to extract guineas from every one he had ever heard of. In several cases he was very successful. The University of Oxford, he tells us, declined, as of course it would, to recognize the principle of subscribing towards literary publications; but other public bodies and many private persons were more generous. It is to be wished that their aid had contributed to the production of a more pleasing work. The fact is, Cowper was not like Agamemnon. The most conspicuous feature in the Greek heroes is a certain brisk, decisive activity, which always strikes and always likes to strike. This quality is faithfully represented in the poet himself. Homer is the briskest of men. The Germans have denied that there was any such person; but they have never questioned his extreme activity. "From what you tell me, sir," said an American, "I should like to have read Homer. I should say he was a go-ahead party." Now this is exactly what Cowper was not. His genius was domestic, and tranquil, and calm. He had no sympathy, or little sympathy, even with the common, half-asleep activities of a refined society; an evening party was too much for him; a day's hunt a preposterous excitement. It is absurd to expect a man like this to sympathize with the stern stimulants of a barbaric age, with a race who fought because they liked it, and a poet who sang of fighting because he thought their taste judicious. As if to make matters worse, Cowper selected a metre in which it would be scarcely possible for any one, however gifted, to translate Homer. The two kinds of metrical composition most essentially opposed to one another are ballad poetry and blank verse. The very nature of the former requires a marked pause and striking rhythm. Every line should have a distinct end and a clear beginning. It is like martial music, there should be a tramp in the very versification of it:—

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" Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance,
Bear me to the heart of France.
Is the longing of the shield
Tell thy name, thou trembling field,
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory."

And this is the tone of Homer. The grandest of human tongues marches forward with its proudest steps: the clearest tones call forward—the most marked of metres carries him on;—

" Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar—"

he ever heads, and will head, "the flock of war." Now blank verse is the exact opposite of all this. Dr. Johnson laid down that it was verse only to the eye, which was a bold dictum. But without going this length it will be safe to say, that of all considerable metres in our language it has the least distinct conclusion, least decisive repetition, the least trumpet-like rhythm; and it is this of which Cowper made choice. He had an idea that extreme literalness was an unequalled advantage, and logically reasoned that it was easier to do this in that metre than in any other. He did not quite hold with Mr. Cobbett, that the "gewgaw fetters of rhyme were invented by the monks to enslave the people;" but as a man who had due experience of both, he was aware that it is easier to write two lines of different endings than two lines of the same ending, and supposed that by taking advantage of this to preserve the exact grammatical meaning of his author, he was quite indisputably approximating to a good translation. "Whether," he writes, "a translation of Homer may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme is a question in the decision of which no man finds difficulty who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those kinds of versification. . . . No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense, of the original." And if the true object of translation were to save the labour and dictionaries of construing schoolboys, there is no question but this slavish adherence to the original would be the most likely to gain the approbation of those diminutive but sure judges. But if the object is to convey an idea of the general tone, scope, and artistic effect of the original, the mechanical copying of the details is as likely to end in a good result as a careful

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cast from a dead man's features to produce a living and speaking being. On the whole, therefore, the condemnation remains, that Homer is not dull, and Cowper is.

With the translation of Homer terminated all the brightest period of Cowper's life. There is little else to say. He undertook an edition of Milton—a most difficult task, involving the greatest and most accurate learning, in theology, in classics, in Italian—in a word, in all ante-Miltonic literature. By far the greater portion of this lay quite out of Cowper's path. He had never been a hard student, and his evident incapacity for the task troubled and vexed him. A man who had never been able to take any real responsibility was not likely to feel comfortable under the weight of a task which few men indeed would be able to accomplish. Mrs. Unwin too fell into a state of helplessness and despondency; and instead of relying on her for cheerfulness and management, he was obliged to manage for her, and cheer her. His mind was unequal to the task. Gradually the dark cloud of melancholy, which had hung about him so long, grew and grew, and extended itself day by day. In vain Lord Thurlow, who was a likely man to know, assured him that his spiritual despondency was without ground; he smiled sadly, but seemed to think that at any rate he was not going into Chancery. In vain Hayley, a rival poet, but a good-natured, blundering, well-intentioned, incoherent man, went to and fro, getting the Lord Chief Justice and other dignitaries to attest, under their hands, that they concurred in Thurlow's opinion. In vain, with far wiser kindness, his relatives, especially many of his mother's family, from whom he had been long divided, but who gradually drew nearer to him as they were wanted, endeavoured to divert his mind to healthful labour and tranquil society. The day of these things had passed away—the summer was ended. He became quite unequal to original composition, and his greatest pleasure was hearing his own writings read to him. After a long period of hopeless despondency he died on the 25th of April, in the first year of this century; and if he needs an epitaph, let us say, that not in vain was he Nature's favourite. As a higher poet sings:—

"And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense,
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how nor whence,
Nor whither going.

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"If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn,
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, on nature breeds
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure."

Art. III.—THE PLANETS.

1. *Essays on the Spirit of Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the Rev. Baden Powell. London: Longman. 1855.
2. *The Plurality of Worlds: an Essay. Also a Dialogue on the same subject.* Third Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1854.
3. *More Worlds than One. The Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.* By Sir David Brewster. London: Murray. 1854.
4. *Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life.* By T. C. Simon. Bosworth. 1855.
5. *Astro-Theology; or, the Religion of Astronomy.* By Edward Higginson. London: Whitfield. 1855.

THE number of "blue" books issued on the planets bids fair to rival that of those earthly blue books on parliamentary affairs. They are a striking contrast, however, in the nature of their information. The former are all conjectural and somewhat ornamental, the latter all authoritative statements of fact, and very plain. Even the red book by Mr. Baden Powell, which has closed the series, and which, in scientific spirit and the extent of its knowledge, is in advance of them all, has but little to communicate on the question so skilfully stated by the first essayist, beyond the pictorial refutation prefixed to the second part of the second essay, where Mr. Baden Powell presents the essayist's conception to the eye of his readers by drawing the earth in her orbit hovering beneath the regal crown which has been awarded to her by the theologians. The lists have been entered with little advantage to either party. None of the replicants, however, have at all rivalled in

courage* or address the picturesque and generous knight-errantry displayed on behalf of the Earth by the challenger. The contest has ended nearly where it began. The two first combatants *cared* more about the result than Mr. Baden Powell, and had better weapons than any other of their successors.

There was some apparent want of clearness in the minds of both Dr. Whewell† and Sir David Brewster, as to the exact scope of the argument on which they took up opposite sides. On the one hand, Dr. Whewell's thesis assumed that no argument from analogy for the existence of beings like ourselves, in other worlds, can be adequate, unless the analogy in physical conditions be proved to be exact. On the other hand, Sir David Brewster reasoned as if no amount of difference in those conditions, however gigantic, at all affects the presumption that beings of moral and intellectual natures, like to man, exist there. Now, of course such an assumption as this last destroys the possibility of reasoning on the subject at all, as we can easily show by putting an extreme case. Why, then, is the argument confined, one might ask, to the material globes at all? Of course it is quite possible and conceivable, that all the vacant spaces *between* the stars, as well as the stars and planets themselves, may be peopled by beings morally and intellectually, though not physically, like man. Clearly the true scope of the argument from analogy is just this: what grounds *taken from physical analogies* have we to suppose that beings with similar organizations to ourselves exist beyond the earth? The only reason why our minds fix on the bright points in the heavens rather than on the dark void in which they lie, is, that there at least we know *bodily* creatures might live; and this naturally suggests to our minds that their inhabitants, if any, would be more likely to resemble man,

* The little volume by Mr. Simon, indeed, is very bold, and makes claim for Neptune that he has as much light from the sun as our earth. In this respect, however, Mr. Simon is himself in darkness, and his courage is the courage of mistake. His book is written under the impression that the absorption of light *by a medium* is the only cause of its diminution as the distance from the sun increases, and after endeavouring to prove that the planetary spaces are empty, he contends that Neptune receives very nearly as much of the sun as we. But of course the law of diminution is geometrical not physical. When the solar light is distributed over the orbit of Neptune, there can only be nine hundred times as few rays on any given space as when it is distributed only over the orbit of the earth.

† We suppose there can be no impropriety in speaking by name of a writer of whose authorship no one has any sort of doubt. Circumlocutions used in respect for an etiquette of which the natural reasons have ceased to exist when every one speaks what only a title-page conceals, are surely a needless ceremonial yoke.

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than the spiritual beings who should be able to exist without any solid footing on which to tread. So far, then, if there be any possibility of an argument at all, as distinguished from mere conjecture, it is essentially an argument from the likeness, or probable likeness, of the physical conditions which we are able to investigate. If we can say, "Here are the prior conditions of a physical life not unlike that of man," it is more natural and easy for the imagination (which is essentially a faculty that strives to complete the half-seen, according to the law previously observed in like cases that have been wholly seen), to sketch-in the hidden fragment of the circle, and add, "Here also may exist the mental and moral organizations which on this earth, at least, accompany such conditions." We think that Sir David Brewster has not quite clearly apprehended this, and should admit, therefore, that so far as Dr. Whewell proved that the physical conditions of other worlds are absolutely different from those of the earth, so far he *tended* to destroy the only positive argument from analogy which is accessible to us; for so far at least he *tended* to place us in the attitude of mere conjecture in which we must already be with respect to the vacancy of absolute space, where the physical conditions cannot in *any* respect resemble our own. On the other hand, Dr. Whewell was certainly guilty of an equally considerable inaccuracy of thought, on the other side of the question; for he assumed, all through his essay, that to our minds discrepancy, even in *degree* only, between the physical conditions of other worlds and that of our earth, ought to be a real difficulty in the way of conceiving that any inhabitants, in any respect organized like ourselves, exist there. Now such an assumption appears to us to violate the argument from analogy, as much, on the one side, as Sir David Brewster's implicit assumption does on the other. The argument from analogy, looked at in its broadest and truest form, would lead us to *expect* that at least some differences in degree would accompany any existence on a different sphere of being, instead of militating against that hypothesis. No doubt the greater the seen similarity, the greater the expectation of unseen similarity. But one of the things we do see, even upon this earth, is, that general similarity with some variations in our antecedent experiences, conducts us to general similarity with some variations in our consequent experiences, not to utter dissimilarity. If I travel into Eastern countries, and find inhabitants with eyes wide apart and somewhat sloping, I am not reasonable in expecting, when I travel westwards into new countries, either that the inhabitants' eyes must be similarly formed, or else that

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there can be no inhabitants at all. Yet this is the kind of assumption Dr. Whewell made. He proved the impossibility of an exact similarity, and argued that it is therefore altogether irrational to assume any similarity at all in the condition of the other planets and our own. On the other hand, we should say, the argument is all the other way. The mere change from one point in space to another, even if I knew nothing at all about the sun, or light, or heat, or other such circumstances, would rightly lead me to expect some further changes not only in the general condition of the planet, but also in the general constitution of its inhabitants, if any; but also, if I *knew* that many general facts remained similar, I ought to *expect* that many general facts, that I could not know, would also remain similar. We know, for example, on the earth, that a great variety of physical conditions is accompanied by a great variety of moral characteristics in the inhabitants. And where the change is greater than from one part of the same planet to another part, the natural expectation is—not that no moral and intellectual phenomena will exist there at all—but that the change in them will be in proportion, and only in proportion, to the change in the physical phenomena. We apprehend that Dr. Whewell might admit this criticism, but reply that this very assumption was in his own favour. He would say that geology proves the duration of intellectual and moral phenomena on the earth to be a mere point of time, as compared with its whole duration as a planetary world; and hence, that it is infinitely more probable—if we reason only from analogy—that any other world should be now devoid of intellectual beings than that it should possess them. And this would be good reasoning, probably, for any *one* of them at a given time; but certainly it is very bad reasoning for all of them at all times. If we find that the earth has been gradually prepared for receiving moral beings, throughout numberless past ages, the natural assumption is, that the numberless worlds scattered throughout space are all of them in infinitely various stages of a similar process, and that some of them are in higher, some in lower stages of that process than the earth itself. Admit even that a spectator of the universe, knowing the general providential purpose with regard to the earth, but utterly ignorant at what point of time he had alighted upon it, would be warranted in assuming that his chance of finding it in the intellectual stage would be infinitely small, (and this admits too much, for we have some reason to think that the moral and intellectual stage will have a future infinity that will balance the past infinity of the unmoral stage, so as to make it really an even chance in which of the two stages he finds it); yet, the number of world-

being infinitely great, there would be a finite probability that a certain proportion of all he thus visited would be in the moral stage. No doubt this assumes all the worlds to be intended for development, until a presumption is shown to the contrary. But this is really what strict analogy suggests. The geological argument goes *against* Dr. Whewell, because it tends to suggest to our mind successive stages (of indefinite length), ending in a moral and intellectual stage (of indefinite length) as the only law of the world of which we have had any experience, and, therefore, as that which it is natural and rational for us to assume, till we have something shown us that tends to destroy this expectation. Analogy, as we have said, gives us a licence to assume that observed similarities with observed differences will be accompanied by a similar proportion in the similarities and differences which we cannot observe. In the case of the only globe we can observe, one fact we observe is a law of ascent in the nature of the beings by whom it is occupied, and clearly this gives us an antecedent right to expect that, amongst the infinite number of unobserved cases, there will be *some at least* on which the same law is to be found. This presumption might, of course, be rebutted by any observed dissimilarities tending to prove that the other worlds differ in this respect—(namely, that of a regular ascent in their condition)—from our earth. But no such dissimilarities have been, or are likely to be, observed; and we do not know how Dr. Whewell could, on his own analogical principles, meet the force of this remark. Physically, the earth can exhibit to observers in distant worlds no conditions more favourable to the supposition of progressive change than distant worlds exhibit to us. Revolving for ever in the same orbit, and subject to the same solar influences century after century, there could be no further reason to an astronomer in Venus or Mars for assuming any regular law of progression on the earth's surface, than we have for assuming such a change in Venus or Mars. Dr. Whewell's rejoinder would virtually be that we are excluded from much of the force of this presumption by two sets of circumstances—one set moral, viz., that we do know the earth to be specially favoured by the Creator, as being the scene of the incarnation and atonement —a fact which renders it probable that a special law of progress might be found on its surface which does not apply elsewhere; and another set of physical circumstances, viz., that in our next neighbour in space—the moon—the only world which we can examine at all closely, the argument against the existence there of beings like ourselves appears to be overwhelming, so that the presumption in favour of *all*

worlds being thus inhabited is, at least, overturned. As regards the other planets and suns, all that Dr. Whewell shows, or attempts to show, is, that only organizations more or less different from ours could exist there; and this, of course, does not in the least tend to break the force of the analogy in favour of some progressive law by which they are prepared for the higher forms of intellectual and moral life.

Now, let us take first Dr. Whewell's religious difficulties. Admitting, for the sake of argument, his premisses that the earth has been selected for the scene of a *special* act of divine grace, which marks out her case as unique, we do not see the least ground for saying that this gives us a presumption that she has the highest moral situation in the universe. It might be that, as Dr. Chalmers suggested, other and better worlds have never *needed* such an intervention,—a supposition that Sir David Brewster, somewhat drily, terms "a painful conclusion," so jealous is he for the glory of our private station in the universe —but, putting aside such a guess, should not theological humility rather be disposed to look the other way? Is it not a common subject for pulpit remark that there was a special inferiority in the "chosen race," as regarded the gifts of this world? Are they not carefully contrasted with the Greeks, and the Romans, and the Egyptians, to show that the divine care singles out the weak things of this world as the instruments of His mightiest acts? Shall not the same be true of the "weak things" of the *universe* also? and, if so, would it not rather tend to *prove* that the earth is only a subordinate moral situation, that it has been selected for such a purpose? Might not the Saturnian theologians contrast the earth in terms as disparagingly (as regards purely natural gifts) with Jupiter and themselves, as our divines are in the habit of applying to Israel, when they contrast that despised race with Greek wisdom and Roman power? As to the difficulty of understanding how an incarnation and atonement, of which this earth has been the scene, could avail for inhabitants of another world, there is at least no more difficulty about it, as Sir David Brewster aptly remarks, than in understanding how it has availed for those—such as the Tartars, or the Kamschatkans, or the Patagonians—who through these eighteen centuries have never heard of these events. An announcement of the truth would surely be as effectual four hundred millions of miles off, in Jupiter, as a few thousand miles away, in America or China. If the law of forgiveness be the same in all worlds, and dependent on the same fact,—as we must surely suppose,—the inhabitants of Uranus or Sirius cannot lose their privileges by mere distance of space! And if, as some theo-

logians believe, salvation depends on the *announcement* of these truths, surely the same Power which gives the revelation is as able to announce it throughout the universe, as to prompt human beings to go as missionaries for that purpose to Burmah or Thibet. Altogether the attempt to show scriptural theology to be adverse to the hypothesis that other moral worlds exist besides our own, appears to us to have signally failed.*

Turning to Dr. Whewell's ingenious physical arguments against extending the analogy derived from the earth to other worlds, we find objections of a more tangible character. He ingeniously breaks, or tries to break, the force of the natural presumption, that the earth is only one amongst many worlds subject to similar laws, by showing that this cannot be the case with the moon, nor, as he imagines, with Neptune (the most distant of the planets), and thence he infers, that all *antecedent* presumption is taken away directly any one world has been proved to be created without regard to the existence of moral life upon its surface. We freely admit that there can exist but little analogy between the conditions of life on our earth, and those which might be possible on the moon in its present state. The physical constitution of its inhabitants—if inhabitants there be—must be so different from ours, that very little analogy between them, beyond the mere fact of living on a solid surface, could probably exist. Bodies they might have, but surely not lungs; nor could they be subject to the same physiological laws. Dr. Whewell seems to us right in arguing that the physical analogy is so slight that we have very little more reason for believing our satellite to be inhabited by beings of similar mental and moral organization to ourselves, than we have for believing vacant space to be so peopled—in other words, very little at all. If we argue—as we must do—for or against the existence of beings like us in mental and moral nature, from the likeness or unlikeness of their physical conditions—then we must admit that the dissimilarity is in so many respects wider than the similarity between the lunar and terrestrial state of things, that any presumption of the sort would be very rash indeed. We remember reading in the famous German Astronomer Mädler's delightful book on Astronomy, a speech supposed to be delivered by an inhabitant of the moon to his fellow-countrymen, on a visit he had been enabled to pay to our earth, and on the great difference of physical life in the two planets. There can

* Mr. Higginson's able lectures deal very well with Sir David Brewster's extraordinary assertion that the inspired writers *knew* the other worlds to be inhabited, and evinced that knowledge in their casual mention of the stars.

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be no doubt that there is no rain at least on this side of the moon—no sensible atmosphere that reaches so high as the lunar mountains, though a few astronomers do fancy they have perceived one on the flatter edges of the moon's surface—no water—and of course no fire, if there be no gas in which it might burn. Now, without these things the lunar people must be a good deal unlike us. The moon being much less dense than the earth, and about one-fiftieth of its size, the creatures there must be five or six times as light on their legs, and Mädler represents, we remember, his traveller as describing the oppressiveness of walking here, but as speaking of a slight alleviation to the pain he had experienced in ascending when he reached the top of the Alps, both from the diminution of atmospheric pressure, and the decrease in his own weight. Clearly, both on account of the dust (as there is no water there), and on account of the cold, it is well that the moon has no wind, and the possible inhabitants no lungs, or else the consumptive hospitals would be largely stocked. On the other hand, the possible lunites must have great advantages over the earth in several respects. The dark side of the moon, which has always a night of fourteen days, being without the compensating earth-light, (which is indefinitely more brilliant than our moon-light,) must be an excellent place for penal colonies and observatories, so that they perhaps chain their convicts to mural circles, and confer tickets of leave on the most successful users of the transit instrument. Having no obscuring clouds or atmosphere, the celestial phenomena must be extremely brilliant, and being visible uninterruptedly for about 327 hours, it is likely that these problematic neighbours of ours, if actually existing, have surpassed us as far in astronomical science as we have surpassed them in all the arts to which steam and water are necessary elements. On the near side of the moon, on the other hand, there must be an excellent supply of light, since the whole light of our own world (which turns to her a face about fourteen times as large as that which she presents to us) is available during the long fortnight between sunrise and sunset. We must suppose, therefore, that building-leases must differ very considerably in value on the two sides of our satellite, especially as—if there be no atmosphere—neither gas nor candles can be in use. Architecture, too, must be a difficult lunar art as compared with terrestrial architecture, since gravity is by no means so favourable to the solidity of their buildings as it is with us. Again, their vegetable life, without rain or moisture, must be of an anomalous kind; and birds and fish being out of the question, there would be a good deal of sameness about the food, as als-

about the trades and sports which are concerned with procuring food, amongst our lunar brethren, if we might judge by our own condition. If there be no atmosphere, there can be no fire and no operation that depends on fire; so that we may say there are probably no lunar cooks, bakers, or smiths: and, again, there can be no lunar grocers, greengrocers, poulterers, fishmongers, sailors, or shipwrights. In a vacuum, also, they cannot probably talk or sing; as any one may know who has tried to hear a bell ring in an exhausted receiver. Music, therefore, cannot be a lunar fine art: they can have no Handel or Beethoven. On the other hand, dancing may exist on a much greater scale, but time must be beaten to the eye. Also, painting can scarcely be imagined to have attained much perfection. Light and shadow they certainly have, and so may possibly have a daguerreotyping process (though, without nitrates and oxides, their chemistry must be very different), but though they may possess a Claudet they surely have no Claude. To any one who knows how almost entirely colour depends on the air and its refracting process, it must seem almost impossible that the lunar people can possess an art of colour. Sunset must be a dull affair, and even the sky is not blue but black. Turner and Claude might be exiled there for their sins. They have no cloud and no rainbow. On the other hand, they might have a Phidias and a Thorwaldsen, as well as a Michael Angelo. Philology must be based entirely on the hieroglyphic principle of an imitation of forms, as they have no sounds to imitate; but they might converse, like our deaf and dumb, on their fingers. Possibly they make up for the want of shooting and fishing by the much superior character of their hunting, since their horses and dogs, if as strong as our own, must be able to gallop at an amazing speed, and take twenty-barred gates with ease. However, the sensation of meeting a breeze is even then denied to them.

Again, we know that the heat of our earth depends so much upon the atmospheric blanket round us, which gathers and keeps the solar heat, that even the long day of 327 hours upon the moon can scarcely be temperate without it, and the nights must be severe enough. But possibly their animal heat is considerable, and as the cold is quite dry, it may not be so objectionable. Altogether we cannot feel much doubt that there is no case derived from *physical* analogies, for supposing mental and moral constitutions, like that of man, to exist upon this side of the moon. And so much we willingly yield to Dr. Whewell.* On the other hand, we must say that while nothing

* We are told, however, by Mr. Baden Powell that recent calculations

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is known about the physical causes which produce an atmosphere, while some astronomers believe that the moon already possesses one of extreme rarity, and is likely to increase it at the expense of cometary gases by attracting them to her surface as they pass near her, and while also (as is supposed of the earth), there may be a central fire deep beneath the surface of the moon, and consequently, imprisoned gases which only need to be set free, there is no ground for asserting that she is always to be what she now is, in relation even to terrestrial kinds of organic life, (the only organic life of which we know anything). Nothing is known of the changes by which the earth has been prepared for man. If we could see what it was in the lifeless or azoic stage, as the geologists call it, would not even Dr. Whewell despair of ever seeing a University Press and Inductive sciences established upon it?

But even if the moon be regarded, as Dr. Whewell proposes to lay down, not only at present, but for all time, as a mere "beautiful ash," it by no means helps him to break through the analogical argument for moral constitutions like that of man existing upon worlds where atmospheres and all the conditions of our own organic life, though in various degrees, certainly exist. As we have before observed, the *à priori* presumption would be rather favourable to a considerable variety in the forms of existence in different planets from the observed discrepancies of this kind on the earth. If the change from the pole to the equator, from the Esquimaux to the Hindoos, be so considerable, we should expect that a much greater change would exhibit a much greater scope for variety in organic moulds. Nevertheless, we should expect that dissimilarities of moral type would be connected together by fundamental similarities in moral laws, if with considerable change in physical condition, we discern the action of the same invariable physical laws. To prove, as Dr. Whewell attempts, that Venus and Mercury are intolerable furnaces, Mars an arctic wilderness, the little asteroids shapeless lumps, Jupiter, Saturn and the further planets mere masses of ice, water, or vapour, is possible only by a method which would easily enable us to prove that no part of the earth is tenantable by beings in any degree like man, except

go to prove this side of the moon to be more elevated by twenty-nine miles above its centre of gravity than the opposite side; so that the non-existence of an atmosphere on this side would only prove that it does not extend to the top of a mountainous elevation twenty-nine miles high, which could hardly be expected, even if there *were* an atmosphere on the other side. In this case the other side may be already inhabited by beings like ourselves. It would be curious if the vacuous side should have the benefit of the earth's light, and the inhabited side be deprived of it.

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that where we have demonstrated its possibility by prosperously living ourselves.

Neptune, says Dr. Whewell, beginning cheerfully with the most cheerless planetary spot, receives only $\frac{1}{900}$th part of the solar light and heat which reaches our earth; the sun would appear to an observer there about the size of Jupiter as it is seen by us, although vastly more bright. Now unless we have *à priori* grounds for assuming all planets to contain organic beings like to man, would any one suppose that such beings could live under the partial illumination of a sun about as big as Jupiter? The natural reply is, first, that unless we are to expect rational existence to be absolutely linked with not only a certain class of physical conditions, but also with an utterly invariable amount of each of these physical conditions, such a variety in the latter need not shake our belief at all, that such a planet, or at least planets in like circumstances, might be inhabited. The argument does not depend on the case of a single planet. The strict presumption rather is, that some planets, in each of the various possible classes, are probably the abodes of beings in whom a mental accompanies a physical organization, while some in each of these classes are not. If the earth has arrived at such a stage after an indefinitely long career of irrationality, we may reasonably expect that some other planets are, and some are not, similarly circumstanced, after passing through a variety of circumstances more or less different in kind and duration from the irrational infancy of the earth. All we mean to assert is, that the argument from analogy is not sensibly affected by the different physical condition of Neptune,—not that the probability is that this *one* planet is inhabited,—but that if *many* planets in the universe were similarly circumstanced, we might reasonably expect that some of them were. The improbability, if it exist at all, is not in its physical condition, but simply in the fact that the presumption is perhaps against supposing that any one *given* planet is, at a *given* time, the abode of rational beings, looking to our own knowledge of what the history of the earth has been—and this is not the point Dr. Whewell's argument touches. We should deny entirely that the argument has any of the strength against the other planets which it certainly has against the moon: there, as we have seen, the probable non-existence of an atmosphere would imply such an absolute difference in the physical organization of its inhabitants, if any, and consequently in their whole sensitive constitution and existence, that all we can say is that physical analogies give us not very much more ground for assuming, during its present condition, rational inhabitants in the moon, than for assuming inhabitants to exist in vacant space itself.

The case, however, seems to be entirely different with regard to the atmosphered planets. There all the physical conditions of our organic life exist in kind at least, and the only difference is as to degree. A different station in the universe gives an almost certain presumption, without any reasoning upon it, that the physical constitution will be different, just as for almost every different habitat the botanist expects and finds a different plant, though he cannot discern the causes of the difference. The argument against the moon is so strong because the difference is not merely in variety of *combination*, but in the probably total absence of one radical condition that directly or indirectly affects the whole physical, most of the sensitive, and a great part of the intellectual life of man, as we have seen in the relation of the atmosphere to nature and the fine arts. There is, therefore, one radical element wanting, and the analogy is destroyed, just as it would be for the existence of vegetable life in a region which could be shown to have a surface of smooth, impenetrable metal. A plant without a root in the ground would to our botanists not be a plant: and so a man without lungs, or ears, or speech, with his senses reduced to touch and eyesight, without winds and clouds and seas, with half the materials or substratum of terrestrial thought removed, would scarcely be man, or at all events would be so different that he must be quite as physically unlike us in *fundamental* constitution, as like. It would not be a variation of the same *type*, but a totally different type. The same elements in different proportions would not exist, but fewer elements. The absence of any one *universal* condition of life, rightly undermines the argument from analogy. The varied proportion of those elements is quite in harmony with it. Columbus certainly never expected to find new races of men unless he found a new *terra firma;* but an *à priori* demonstration that the *terra firma*, so found, would be very different in its properties (much heavier or lighter suppose), than the crust of the old world, would no more have surprised him than the discovery of quite new forms of vegetation surprised him, and would only have induced him to expect similar modifications in the races of inhabitants. Dr. Whewell's argument about the planets is very like to that of a man who had *à priori* means of proving that no known European tree was to be found indigenous in New Zealand (which is, we believe, true), and should then argue from it that New Zealand must be utterly devoid of timber, on the ground that it would be purely gratuitous to assume the existence of entirely new species.

What we object to is, not so much the over-statement of particular discrepancies between the state of Jupiter or the other planets and our earth, as the virtual assumption carried

all through Dr. Whewell's essay that such discrepancies are *per se* difficulties in the way of supposing that beings on the whole resembling us, because subject to the same fundamental laws, exist there. The variations proved only appear to us to be in kind and degree what the different station in the universe might lead one antecedently to expect in the constitution of such beings, if existing; and the same course of argument carried into terrestrial matters might enable us to disprove *à priori* almost any unknown form of human existence. It would have been much easier for a Dyak to have disproved the possibility of an Esquimaux, or an Esquimaux of a Dyak, given the law of communication of solar heat to the terrestrial poles and the equator, than for Dr. Whewell to show the impossibility that Mercury, or even Jupiter, should contain human beings. The Dyak might argue that *no* light or heat from the sun (instead of twenty-five times as little, which is the Jovian amount) could reach the Arctic regions by direct radiation during the long months of winter; while during the summer the solar rays, never falling less obliquely than at 45°, and generally far more obliquely, could not impart much of the heat which he himself receives. Adding to these facts his own dependence on the rapid growth and teeming life of the equatorial regions, which he might plausibly argue to be absent among the everlasting frosts, we think he could make out a better case against his possible Hyperborean neighbours than Dr. Whewell has achieved against a Martial or Jovian type of humanity. Besides, knowing, as Dr. Whewell does, how exceedingly cold unatmosphered space is, even vastly nearer to the sun than we are,—in short, that far more depends on the atmospheric wrapper than on the solar distance,—Dr. Whewell might almost as well argue that no one could sleep in a fireless attic because it was so far from the kitchen-fire without having regard to the possible accumulation or thickness of the blankets in the remoter apartments, as argue that Jupiter must be uninhabitable from his remoteness to the sun. And if he says that we *can* only argue on terrestrial analogies, the reply is, that changes of this trivial nature, especially changes in the constitutional necessities of the inhabiting beings, are agreeable to terrestrial analogy without assuming any radical changes in the laws to which they are subject. It would be very much easier to make out an *à priori* case against the possibility of a Cornish miner living where he does, than against a human inhabitant of Neptune.

We think it is likely to be universally held, in spite of Dr. Whewell's argument, that rational life is the highest general end of physical organization, that where we discern clearly the

existence of the only elements of a similar physical organization which we could, under the circumstances, possibly discern,—and this in a large number of cases,—there we discern the traces of present or future similar rational life,—and that differences only affecting those minor physical conditions which it is utterly impossible to connect with more important differences in the character of the rational organization, do not, in the least, even *tend* to shake this presumption.

To illustrate the exceeding poverty of Dr. Whewell's argument, let us take a parallel case to his own, but one far more favourable to his side of the question in several circumstances. Suppose that a resident by the Lake of Tiberias were trying to investigate, on scientific principles, whether or not all seas contained fishes, like his own. We will suppose him and his countrymen unable actually to reach the Mediterranean, which they see in the distance, or to experiment on the mountain lakes from which Tiberias is fed. He knows that his own lake abounds in fish, and that these creatures seem to have the highest kind of organized life to which such accumulations of water are subservient. This has hitherto been sufficient with his fellow-countrymen. They have quietly assumed, that as it was in the Sea of Tiberias, so it probably was in all other seas, until reasons were shown to the contrary. This does not satisfy the learned doubt of our investigator, and he writes an Essay on the Plurality of Fish-worlds to show that the argument lies the other way. He begins with stating that the whole force of the analogy is broken, if in any case it can be clearly shown that a sea exists, but not the fish. The *onus probandi* will then lie with the other party who believe in the plurality of fish-reservoirs. Now, first, he finds that this must have been the case for an indefinitely long duration of time with all the known waters. It is a scientific certainty that the water must pre-exist before the fish. 'All the known (inland) waters spring up from a depth which implies a pressure under which no fish could live, as can be shown by actual experiment. The water then is a mineral, and geologically can be shown to exist long before the traces of their modern inhabitants can be found. Moreover, to gain a notion of the time during which Tiberias itself may have been unpeopled, he remarks that no new species of fish has appeared in it within the memory of man, though a few may have disappeared. Hence it is natural to suppose that animal creation is an age-long process, and it is impossible to say how long the inorganic water waited for the first organic inhabitant, probably for ages in comparison with which the life of the piscatory species is short. If, then, Tiberias may have been fishless during a period indefinitely

longer than that during which it has sustained fishes, is not the presumption in the case of another sea *against*, not *for*, its possession of like tribes? But this is not all. There is, he observes, fortunately for the special guidance of scientific thought, an actual sea within reach, of which it can be all but demonstrated that it is fishless,—that it, at least, was not created on purpose to sustain fish. In the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan empties itself, not the most minute observation has been able to detect living fish. Moreover, it can be shown that the nature of the water is such that it will not support the life of those tribes at least which inhabit Tiberias. Now, with these evidences against any *à priori* presumption in favour of fishes always existing wherever there is a sea, derived from the certainly indefinite duration of the water before the fish in the cases under their own observation, and the almost certain fact that there is at least one sea where fishes cannot live, is it reasonable, he asks, to assert that fishes live in all the waters which we cannot examine? Look at the Mediterranean, he continues: from observation of the vessels riding on its surface, which seem to be of the same materials as the boats of Tiberias, it can be calculated that its density must be decidedly greater than that of the inland lake, and this points rather to a resemblance in composition to the Dead Sea, which is known to be fishless. Moreover, the colour of its water gives to some extent the same impression. Is there not, then, reason to suppose that at the first sources and springs of water in the earth, it is too mineral and too fresh, from great pressure, to support animal life,—that after a certain stage of its course it attains that power,—but that when waters have collected from many sources and press on each other in a basin from which there is no exit, the density again increases, and the chemical properties change, so that piscatory life again becomes impossible? This is clearly the case with the waters of the Jordan. At Tiberias they now support plentifully the tribes of fishes, but at their rising from the earth this would be impossible, so that Merom and the higher lakes are probably too near the source to allow of fishes. Again, it is known that in the Dead Sea that impossibility returns. Does it not seem a most probable theory that Tiberias is, so to say, the moderate or "temperate zone" of the fish-creation? In the higher basins the water is too cold, dense, and pure,—in the lower it is again too dense from the accretion of foreign material or from other causes; and hence the existence of fishes, at least at all resembling the tribes here found, is most improbable in the gigantic sea on which observers can only gaze and guess? Really we think the force of such an argument would be in

many respects far *stronger* than that Dr. Whewell has presented with regard to a plurality of worlds. At all events the Dead Sea would afford a plausible ground of reasoning to such a theorist far stronger than the Moon to Dr. Whewell. For we know that the Moon *is* exceptional in not having an atmosphere, which all the planets from Venus to Saturn are almost certainly known to possess. But the Dead Sea could not be shown to be thus exceptional in relation to fishes, and might be plausibly maintained to be rather an illustration of the rule. Yet we know that the scientific investigator would have been wrong, and the popular mind of Tiberias right.

The theory on which Dr. Whewell has discussed the planets appears to have been to assume a constant degree of heat and light, and a fixed density in the material of the planet as the test of the possibility of human life upon its surface.* Yet there is nothing so likely to be variable as the amount of heat and light necessary to beings of a similar organization, or as the amount of internal animal heat they may have, and nothing so likely to vary as the specific gravity of animal bodies. Nothing varies more amongst animal tribes on the earth, even when they have organs similarly constituted in *kind*, than the amount of light and heat which they require for equal quicksightedness and comfort.

We have said how hazardous and random Dr. Whewell's theory appears to us to be; its plausibility, however, appears to lie only in its giving a connected scale of thought of some

* Yet even thus he often makes very unwarrantable assumptions. What case he makes against Mars it is difficult to see. The solar heat and light received there are only half that of the *average* terrestrial heat and light, probably considerably *more* than that on many parts of the earth. The inclination to the sun being much greater, the globe is more equably warmed than the earth; and the snow appears to extend only to six degrees from the pole even at the close of winter, and, if we may believe the astronomers, disappears during the summer season. If so, the arctic explorers in Mars are better off than our own. Again, Dr. Whewell always assumes that everything as little or less dense than water is *fluid*, even though it be a much more consistent assumption to suppose it a light solid. If it be lighter than water, he supposes it vapour; if as light, certainly water. Thus he makes Jupiter and Saturn big clouds with vapour wound round them. Yet good authorities say that Jupiter's surface must be far lighter than his centre, and if it follows the terrestrial analogy, it will be about twice as light as the average density. In this case it is greatly too light to be mostly water or ice, and greatly too heavy to be mostly vapour. And though even on the earth's surface there are several kinds of substance, and even of stone (mentioned by Sir David Brewster), which would suit this state of the case, Dr. Whewell is too anxious to make Jupiter out to be a gigantic bath or skating pool to lend countenance to anything but cloud and ice. Surely the thick permanent belts of cloud both indicate something warmer than ice, and tend to preserve that warmth by preventing radiation. Are not our coldest regions comparatively little clouded both as a cause and an effect of that cold?

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kind by which to judge the solar system. We will, therefore, suggest another, which, if equally hazardous and random, is yet, we conceive, quite as fair an hypothesis on which to think about the possible existences in the solar system as his. We do not, of course, attach any real importance to it. But a small force will neutralize a small force. The appeal on both sides is rather to that imaginative side of the reason which loves to have *some* consistent view; so here, accordingly, we detach a weak theory to hold Dr. Whewell's weak theory in check, until some more reliable troops come up on one side or the other. Let us ask how the various planets are constituted with regard to the detection of the secrets of celestial physics, which is the only attainable measure of what we may call the possible stages of planetary knowledge. We shall find that the most favourably situated bodies for the detection of the laws of gravitation, of the velocity of light, of the aberration of light, of tidal laws, of the causes of the trade-winds and the figure of the planets, and of the theory of eclipses and occultations,—for the acquisition of astronomical and geographical knowledge, to which these last offer facilities,—and finally to some not very slight extent for the examination of comets and the fixed stars, are the large distant planets of our system — Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and probably Neptune. There are great resources for astronomical inquiries in these planets which none of the nearer planets possess; most of the phenomena we have referred to are exhibited on a gigantic scale there, and are as much more legible to the opening intellect of their inhabitants (if any) than the same phenomena here, as the early large-print lesson-books of children than the intricate and complex characters of running-hand. For example, the laws which Kepler discovered with so much labour with regard to the period of the planetary revolution round the sun, must have been suggested much earlier to our astronomers had we had a plurality of moons to compare together, like Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. Seeing that the more distant moon revolved more slowly in an easy and definite ratio than the nearer, must have suggested the improbability of the sun's revolving in ten hours round Jupiter, (quicker far than the nearest moon), and must thus have led to the discovery of the Copernican system; whereas we, with only one moon, and Mars or Venus with none, had no similar means of determining any relation between distance and the time of revolution. Again, it is well known that the discovery of the velocity of light, which has led to such various astronomical inferences, was due to the observation that the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter did not take place when he

was in opposition so soon by about a quarter of an hour as the times calculated from observations taken when he was at his nearest to the earth. The inference was, that light took that period to travel over the diameter of the earth's orbit. Now this same error would have been observed on a far greater scale by an observer on the surface of Jupiter watching the eclipses of Saturn's satellites (Saturn being, when nearest to Jupiter, roughly about the same distance from him as Jupiter from us), inasmuch as light would then have to travel over the whole orbit of Jupiter, and the error would, consequently, have been an hour and a quarter, and might have attracted much earlier observation. Again, looking to the more striking character and magnitude of the satellites' motions in Jupiter, and their use, not only as fixing exact astronomical times, but as a gigantic planetary clock, we may call to mind that Jupiter's nearest moon moves round her whole orbit in less than two days, so that its motion in the heavens is as visible as that of the hand of a time-piece, the second moon, which revolves once to two revolutions of the first, serving as a kind of short hand. At Saturn the nearest moon revolves with nearly twice the speed of the most rapid Jovian moon, so that the phenomena of lunar periods—the study *which was the first to occupy our terrestrial astronomers*—would be likely to have fixed far earlier attention, and led to far more rapid results, had we been similarly circumstanced. The same fact of the multiplicity of moons must lead also to far more remarkable tidal laws than those of our earth. Again, owing to the much more rapid revolution of Jupiter and Saturn, the causes which produce our trade-winds, and the error called the aberration of light (which arises from our estimating the direction of the rays which reach our eye as if our position were stationary when we are really moving), are multiplied there about twenty-seven fold. Hence they must have been, *cæteris paribus*, far easier to discover, and the trade-winds themselves must have considerably hastened the discoveries of the Jovian or Saturnian Columbus. Finally, even the magnitude of several of the fixed stars must be calculable from these stations in the universe with considerable precision. Our most recent astronomers profess to observe the altered relative place of several of them, owing to the movement of the earth in her (relatively) small orbit of a hundred millions of miles. If this be so, the star-gazers of Jupiter and Saturn—still more those of Uranus and Neptune —must have had comparatively accurate means of noticing the same change during their much vaster movements. For every mile the earth moves during the year, Neptune is known to move nearly thirty during his great year, and consequently the

relative changes of the fixed stars, due to his change of place, which alone affords any clue to their distance, and therefore to their magnitude, is thirty times as great. It is therefore probable enough that the Astronomers Royal of Neptune would be able to throw some light for us upon the fixed stars,—dreary and cold as their planetary observatories seem to us who like to combine sun even with science. And now shall we not say that these stations in the universe—where celestial laws are stamped on the very face of the heavens and the worlds in a type that is large and clear, compared with the small and cramped hieroglyphics from which our learned men, during so many centuries, have partially deciphered them here—are the stations of intellectual beings meant to read that writing as well as ourselves? May we not even say, looking to the probably simpler organic stage of these huge planets,—their very short intervals of day and night—their lightness, indicating, perhaps, less complexity of material structure—and the slighter seasonal changes on some of them,—that probably the elements of universal knowledge and inductive reason are thus made more patent and legible to them because they have been provided with a scantier supply of those means by which, with us, Art has eked out and goaded on the slow movements of thought? Is it not a kind of testimony to the fact that the same universal laws are meant to be the common basis of thought for all the planetary brotherhood—that those planets whose organic structure may probably be less advanced, so that they can derive less help from artistic skill, have a magnified and clearer celestial chart to study, while those like ourselves, for whom that chart is complex and obscure, are thereby driven to explore and exhaust the resources of their own home? The organisms of Mars, the Earth, and the inferior planets, are possibly more fine and complex than those of the exterior; but the connecting intellectual order, or, so to speak, the celestial truths of universal application, are intended alike for all; and however the prior physical organization may differ,—at the point where the intellectual (and probably the moral) organization begins, an equal footing is provided for all,—Jupiter and Saturn, looking forth on a grander scale of phenomena, and being provided with special clues to their interpretation—while the planets more closely veiled in the solar light have perhaps had special facilities, in the higher stage of their organization, for assisting the baffled insight of pure understanding with the artificial glasses of human skill. But however uncertain this suggestion of ours may be, that, notwithstanding varieties in the stage of organization, an equal level for universal intellectual thought is provided for all

the planetary worlds,—it suggests, we think, quite as good an explanation why they may be more nearly on a rational level after all, as Dr. Whewell can show why they cannot.

Finally, we must remark that Dr. Whewell has made very skilful use of the fact of God's vast expenditure of creative energy on inchoate and, as it seems, subsequently abandoned forms of life. For every acorn that grows, a thousand rot, he reminds us; for every ovum that ends in a fish, millions end in no fish; and so forth. Then why should it not be so also with worlds? There must be a highest apex somewhere; why not here on the earth? Is there any irrationality in assuming that the Earth is the focus of creation, that Neptune is the frozen world-seed, that Jupiter is rotting with too much moisture, Venus and Mercury parched by too much heat? It is possible, certainly, but the presumption is infinitely against it. In all other cases, if the extinguished or inchoate existences are infinitely more numerous than the completed and perfect ones, still these latter also constitute an infinity of a lower order; and if the odds are great against an acorn becoming an oak, the odds are morally quite as great against any one oak's being the only survivor of the created species. If of "fifty seeds" Nature "only brings but one to bear," yet she provides an infinitude of "fifties," that no one may find itself alone. To suppose that no world has succeeded in attaining a moral organization but our own, is an assumption the vast improbability of which nothing but an exhaustive argument against the majority of the other numberless worlds we see, could warrant. Besides, this lavish expenditure of power is only true of physical life. God's moral providence seems as frugal as his physical providence is prodigal. True, Dr. Whewell may say, but these stars and planets are merely physical germs; and this may be true; yet knowing, as we do, that these are but "parts of his ways," and that even in these parts what He *cares for most* is our moral culture, it is no mere guess to assume that his activity *elsewhere* will be directed to the same end. If we know that a friend's conversation *with us* is always directed to one subject, we almost unconsciously *assume* that at other times and with other persons the same cause will operate. Yet Dr. Whewell, admitting that *here* God's energy is all directed to our spiritual discipline, supposes that throughout the infinite residue of his universe this object, so to say, *escapes* his attention, and is entirely passed over in his works. Surely this form of the argument from *moral* analogy is no uncertain one.

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Art. IV.—EWALD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Geschichte Christus und seiner Zeit, von Heinrich Ewald. (The History of Christ and his Time. By Henry Ewald.) Göttingen. 1855.

WE opened this work with high expectations. The world-wide fame of its author, as the first Orientalist of his day,—his profound insight into the genius of the Semitic or Syro-Arabian family of nations, and the thorough, comprehensive scholarship with which he has traced the history, the literature and the characteristic beliefs of the Israelitish people, from their first dim mythical rudiments through the subsequent stages of the national life,—had led us to hope, that he would throw a fresh and a fuller light on the last and most mysterious term in this unparalleled series of mental and social developments. In some respects that hope has been fulfilled; in still more we must confess ourselves disappointed. Our regret is the greater, because we hold that Ewald has approached the subject on the side which is indispensable to a true apprehension of its historical significance. Christianity, no doubt, is an idea as well as a fact; nor can it be fully understood till we disengage it from the conditions of time and place which mark and limit its historical genesis, and contemplate it from our own point of view—as a spiritual influence which has modified, age after age, and in every part of the earth, men's conception of their relations to the invisible and the infinite—as the expression of a trust and an aspiration, which are inseparable from our higher nature, and to which it has given new force and vividness by their embodiment in a holy and beautiful life, realizing the possibility of harmony between the Human and the Divine. Still, to possess a Christianity, we must be sure there was a Christ. In estimating the capacity and destination of humanity, a myth cannot have the same value as a fact; and to acquire a strong, clear conviction of the reality of the earthly life of Jesus,—to seize the actual fibres which attach it to a definite point in the living development of the ages,—we must penetrate the depths and grasp the fulness of that peculiar nationality out of which it emerged as the providential result, the consummate fruit, and the preordained dissolution. We have no sympathy with that resuscitated gnosticism, though sanctioned in the last generation by no less a name than that of Schleiermacher, which would divorce as widely as possible the Old Testament from the New; which looks on Christianity as an original and independent outburst of the

Spirit, asserting its genuine character and proper energy in the same degree that it shakes itself free from every adhesion of the ancient law and antecedent prophecy. The deep significance of the past must, it is true, be kept distinct from the mere hieroglyph under which it is hid; still less must we confound the narrow sacerdotalism and the rabbinical subtlety of an age verging rapidly to decline, with the great idea that vibrated in the thought of an earlier and a nobler time: but we are persuaded, that no one can have penetrated to the inner heart of the old religious poetry and prophetic lore of the Hebrews, or ever bent his spiritual ear with reverent heed to the grand, solemn undertones of the harmonious inspiration which pervades them, without being perpetually conscious of the presence of those great seminal truths which expanded into full life in the Gospel—without experiencing from time to time, under all the heat and oppression of the dark and lowering passions which overcloud such extensive tracts of this wonderful literature, a breath, as it were, of fragrance and refreshing from some distant land of liberty and love, towards which we cannot but feel that we are journeying. Nor can any one, we think, cast a reflective eye on the pages which we have already turned over in the great book of human history, and not recognize the specific function which God has assigned to different nations in evolving the destinies of our race, and ripening the elements of its future civilization. Strike out of that record the few paragraphs which exhibit the inward and the outward life of the Israelitish people, and our present condition becomes a perfect riddle; in the wide expanse of the past we cannot find a place for the living root of Christianity; and we are surrounded by phenomena of which all the depth and beauty and refinement of Hellenic wisdom afford no adequate explanation.

"The violent severance," says our author, "of the two Testaments, through a misunderstanding and even a contempt of the Old, has in modern times done only too much mischief. For thirty years past, at the two universities * where I have been a teacher, I have constantly resisted it; and yet I still find it as necessary as ever to place again continually in the clearest possible light, the close connexion between them, which was comprehended in the original design of the present work. The general history of the people is precisely the place where we discover this connexion to be the most intimate and necessary—where we are, therefore, obliged to acknowledge it in the distinctest manner, as it existed from the first in facts themselves. In both Testaments so many similar thoughts and words occur repeatedly:—yet these alone

* Göttingen and Tübingen.

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could not furnish the best and the most direct proof of this close connexion. It is only the progress and consequential development of the entire general history itself, which teaches, beyond dispute, how necessarily the Old leads on to the New, and how the latter has a retrospective effect on the former. Particular instances of a nearer or remoter connexion between them, which on other grounds might be truly affirmed, are themselves set, for the first time, in their proper light, through this undeniable coherence which binds together the whole general history. For this reason, the ensuing history, which might have been given separately as 'the history of primitive Christianity,' we have chosen to unite closely with the entire work. From this whole history and the general contents of the Bible, Christ cannot be so completely disengaged, as to permit us to look upon him and treat him as the exclusively Holy One, and every thing in the Bible external to him as unconsecrated land: what is truly great and unique in him, grows up on the broad, firm, general ground of that holy territory to which he originally belonged. But like everything else which can truly be considered holy, neither he, nor any particular relating to him, pass into the clearness and vividness of historical presentment, only to become subjects of misapprehension and misapplication."—(Preface, pp. viii. x.)

Ewald has too much learning and too much genius to be capable of writing anything without interest and value. Passages full of instruction and richly suggestive are largely interspersed through the present volume. But the author has not fulfilled, as might have been expected, the promise held out in the preceding extract, nor exhibited with sufficient amplitude and clearness the concrete realities which link the age of Jesus with the co-existing civilization and with the foregoing periods of Jewish history. When we close the narrative, a certain haziness and indistinctness of impression remains on the mind, more like that of a dream than of a history. We seem less to have been made acquainted with positive facts than introduced to the grand and vague ideas which the narrator has associated with them, and which invest them in a sort of gleaming mist. The author appears to have anticipated this objection to his work, when he tells us in his preface that it would have gone much more into detail, but for some preliminary researches contained in his "Translation and Explanation of the Three First Evangelists,"* and in his disquisitions "On the Origin and Constitution of the Gospels,"† which he wishes to be considered as supplementary to the present undertaking. In the

* Published in 1850.

† These disquisitions have appeared in the "Jahrbücher der Biblischen Wissenschaft," and were not completed when the present work was published.

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volume before us he professes to give us simple results, not the critical processes which have led to them; and this is right enough; only a history, to deserve its name, should be a clear and intelligible relation of facts, not a mere exposition of principles which they are presumed to illustrate, or the display of a theory of Providence which has been woven out of them. The more recent historical school of Germany is chargeable, we think, with this tendency to excess of idealism; it is too subjective to satisfy a mind that is craving for objective truth. We must also thus early enter our protest against the author's style. It is entangled, knotted, and obscure, beyond anything we ever before encountered in German, even in the pages of Niebuhr, and betrays a reckless disregard for the reader's time and temper, which no merits of another kind, however great, can excuse. The sense does not offer itself spontaneously, but has to be hunted up, often after painful and repeated re-perusal, from the holes and corners of a straggling, loosely-jointed sentence, spread perhaps over a considerable portion of an octavo page. As if gratuitously to increase the difficulty of deciphering his meaning, Ewald has discarded the good old German practice of marking substantives by capitals, and is fond of running two or three particles into one many-syllabled word; so that verbs and nouns, adverbs and conjunctions, float in one undistinguished mass before the eye. These are small matters to remark in so important a work; but we observe a growing disposition to neglect style as wholly beneath the notice of instructive and original writers, which ought to be checked. A perspicuous and expressive style, if not the unerring sign, is certainly the fitting medium of clear and earnest thought; and when a thinker opens direct communication with other minds, the least that can be demanded of him is, to put his ideas in such a form as shall not expose them to needless difficulty of apprehension. Another feature of the present work we cannot pass over without animadversion; its inordinate pretension to originality, and its ungenerous ignoring of the fruits of other labourers in the same field. From anything that appears in its pages, no one could infer that such writers as Schleiermacher, De Wette, Neander, or even Strauss, had ever existed. But for a passing sneer at some anonymous innovators of the Tübingen school, it might be supposed that the "History of Christ" was now for the first time critically treated. With the exception of the ancients, almost the only works cited as authorities are the author's own. He seems determined to owe everything to himself. He marches triumphantly through the country with the air of a discoverer, as if no one had set foot in it before, and boldly breaks up its surface, and erects arbi-

trary landmarks, as if there were not a trace of previous occupation. Such absurd arrogance brings its own punishment, by spoiling the use of the highest faculties. We could point, we think, to more than one instance, where his natural acuteness and fine sense of historical truth have been withheld from the conclusion to which they must else have led, by simple aversion to follow in the track which others had already trodden. If he sees one footprint in the soil before him, it is a sufficient reason for going out of his way, and forsaking the shortest and straightest road to the truth. This is one of the circumstances which give an unsatisfactory character to his work. Great and noble qualities are damaged by this extravagant self-love; for Ewald, with all his faults, is not a mere philologist or theologian. We cannot open his book without feeling that he is deeply imbued with the spirit at once of poetry and of religion. Amidst the freest historical criticism, he never loses sight of the high spiritual purpose of Christianity, and the exalted sanctity of the life in which it is revealed. His attachment to truth, in the largest sense, in spite of the besetting infirmity to which we have alluded, it is impossible to doubt; for he has attested it as few have done, by the fearless sacrifice, on a memorable occasion, of his worldly prospects to his convictions.

It is a pregnant suggestion with which Ewald opens his subject, that the future condition of this western world was involved in the providential relationship of Israel and Rome, each cherishing the deep consciousness of destination to a world-wide rule, though conceiving its object under a very different aspect, and looking to means entirely diverse for its accomplishment. Christianity acquired the conditions essential to its existence from their inevitable collision, and emerged from the disruption of the old national chrysalis as the immortal spirit of a glorified Israel.* Such is the text on which the present work may be regarded as an expanded commentary. The author has traced at some length the steps by which the Romans attained their ascendency in Palestine, and has set in a clear light the difficulties with which the predominance of a wild Messianic spirit in its population, embarrassed the usually cautious and conciliatory policy of the conquerors. Of ancient and established religions the Romans were always tolerant; it was only when religion was mixed with a fanaticism which might ferment the seeds of political innovation, that they viewed it with jealousy and checked it with rigour. But never before had they encountered a fanaticism so deadly and in-

* Das neuverklärte unsterbliche Israel, p. 9.

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vincible as that which was now working in large masses of the Jewish people; they regarded it with a loathing allied to dread, as something demoniacal and unearthly. It was their obvious policy, as it had been that of the Herods, who paved the way for their dominion, to bring the high-priesthood completely under their control, and to allow it no semblance of authority but what was derived openly from the civil governors of the country. The Sanhedrim was reduced to the mere shadow of a tribunal. Its members might wrangle to their hearts' content on rabbinical subtleties, and regulate the minor points of domestic law; but all substantial power was taken out of their hands; they retained no political jurisdiction whatever. This subjection of the Church to the State was symbolically expressed, as we learn from Josephus, in the following way:—The high priest's robes of state—his pontifical insignia—were kept under lock and key by the civil governor, who gave them out on the eve of each of the great festivals, and received them back into custody when it was over; as if our bishops, before they could ordain or confirm, hold a visitation, or preside in convocation, must go to Downing-street for their rochets and lawn sleeves, and deliver them up again when the occasion for which they were required had passed.* This encroachment on the theocratic principle of the constitution produced a vehement reaction in the party whose distinguishing doctrine it was—based, as they believed, on the express authority of the Law and the Prophets—that Jehovah was their only Ruler and Lord, and that to call any earthly sovereign by the same title was treason to Him. Men holding these views formed a kind of sect (reckoned by Josephus as the fourth sect of Jewish philosophy†), agreeing with the Pharisees in everything but their accommodating worldliness of spirit. The founder of this sect was Judas the Gaulonite,‡ whose peculiar principles,

* Joseph. Antiquit. XVIII. iv. 3. These sacerdotal robes were deposited in the tower Antonia, adjoining the Temple, in charge of the commander of the garrison (*τῶν φρουράρχου*) in a stone vaulted chamber, where a lamp was constantly burning; just as the regalia of England are kept in the Tower of London. They were delivered seven days before the feast; when the high priest having purified them (for they were considered as defiled by heathen custody,) wore them for one day ("the great day of the feast," John vii. 37), and then replaced them where they were before. The Herods, whose power was built on the overthrow of the sacerdotal rule of the Maccabees, had previously introduced this method of signifying their authority over the priesthood. When Vitellius was proconsul of Syria, to gratify the Jews, he remitted the pontifical garments into their own keeping; but the nation was now so completely subdued, that the concession might be made without danger.

† Antiquit. XVII. i. 6.

‡ Acts v. 37. Gamaliel's speech to the Sanhedrim; where he is called

which appear to have been systematized with considerable learning and subtlety, were first called into action against the census conducted by Cyrenius, in the reign of Augustus. This measure he boldly resisted, as an invasion of hereditary liberty, and a dishonour to God; and for a time he drew numbers after him, though the movement was finally suppressed. But its principle survived unaltered; and gathering new strength and fierceness in the progress of the conflict with Rome, especially under the oppressive and irritating government of Gessius Florus, assumed its extreme form in the faction of the Zealots, who precipitated the downfall of the temple and nation by forcing the intense and concentrated hostility of both sides into direct antagonism.* These Zealots formed a secret society, animated by a desperate fanaticism, which justified all methods deemed essential to their ends—sworn to put to death, at all hazards and in spite of all pre-existing relationship or obligation, every one whom they regarded as an enemy of their country and their God. Ewald has compared this terrible association with the Assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain, so formidable in the time of the crusades, and with the secret emissaries of the mediæval Vehm in Germany. We may find a parallel nearer home in the Fifth Monarchy Men, whose remorseless fanaticism excited the apprehensions of Cromwell, and disturbed with plots the opening years of the Restoration. The influence and working of this party deserve notice, as among the most powerful and immediate of the causes which effected the ruin of the Jewish state and priesthood. They indicate the issue to which a perversion and misapplication of the Messianic idea inevitably led; and they bring out more clearly, through force of contrast, the purity and simplicity of that "wisdom from above," with which the Author of Christianity undeviatingly pursued the high purposes of his mission amidst the conflict and bewilderment of that perilous time.

Christianity being thus viewed in its origin, as an irrepressible tendency towards the full development of the rudimental principles of true religiousness, that were latent in Israelitish law and prophecy—Ewald has impressed an *à priori* character on his construction of this history, by assuming certain preconditions (*Vorbedingungen*) as indispensable to the accomplishment of the great transition which it records: that the new

Judas of Galilee. Josephus designates him in the same way, Antiquit. XX. v. 2, and XVIII. i. 6. Ewald observes, that in Jerusalem he would probably be described, without any particular reference to his birthplace, as the Galilean—one known to belong to the restless and excitable population of the north (p. 23, 5).

* "Spitze gegen Spitze," is Ewald's forcible expression.

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and immortal spirit, for instance, should be effectually disengaged from the perishable body of the old nationality; that Messiah should be conceived from a spiritual point of view, as the ideal of humanity, the archetypal man, "Urmensch," having his root and essence eternally in God—the complete antithesis, therefore, of Adam, the terrestrial man, sunk deep in weakness and sin; that there should come forth in actual history some man, greater than any former prophet, and corresponding to the spiritual ideal of a Messiah or Christ, capable of realizing in his person and work the two former pre-conditions. In the historical development of these three conditions lie the meaning and value of the life of Christ, as understood by Ewald. He has remarked, that, in Daniel and in the apocryphal Book of Enoch, which exhibit the latest phase of the Messianic idea before the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, Christ is contemplated solely under his heavenly aspect, and no allusion occurs to his earthly descent from the root of David; and he contends, in opposition to the prevalent opinion, that the notion of the Logos or Divine Word, so closely identified in process of time with that of the Messiah, was altogether an indigenous product of the Hebraic religious philosophy.*

So peculiar is the relation of the narrative in the three first gospels to that which is contained in the fourth, that, unless we reject both as equally undeserving of trust, we must assume one as normal and corrective for the other. Ewald, with the natural preference of a poetical and somewhat mystical temperament for the gospel of John, as the most deeply spiritual of all the books in the Bible,† and affirming its genuineness on grounds which he has stated in the dissertations already referred to—puts the order of events exhibited by it as the basis of his own history. We cannot say, that we are convinced of the propriety of this course.

The fullest admission of the genuineness of John's gospel does not involve the further concession, that it must therefore be an authoritative rule in matters of simple history for the synoptical three. It was evidently conceived and executed from a point of view, in which the objective precision and certainty of history were less thought of than the subjective development of trains of thought, which, however truly expressing the essential spirit of Christ's mission and character, can hardly have failed to exert some disturbing influence on the apprehension and arrangement of outward events. Ewald allows, that John has used previous evangelists, but in

* pp. 78 and 86.

† "Unter allen Biblischen büchern das am reinsten durchgeistete," p. 416.

such a way, that in the free utterance of his own deep feelings respecting Christ, he supposes him to set out continually from some radical idea or characteristic expression of the earlier narration, and to come back to it again; and to be thus linked, as it were, by memory, at ever-recurring points, to the fundamental truth and reality of the primitive history: and he compares this expansion of certain germs of thought, transmitted from the discourses of Christ, which distinguishes the fourth gospel—with the variations of a performer of genius on a given musical theme.* But a narrative so constructed cannot be appealed to as a criterion for determining the external relations of the manifold incidents involved in the broken, irregular, and richly diversified history of Christ. Indeed, in both forms of the narration, that given by John, and that contained in the three first gospels—all chronological data, except of the most general kind, are remarkably wanting. Nothing more clearly indicates this, than the great diversity of opinion among scholars respecting the duration of Christ's ministry. It is plain, that his simple-hearted biographers never dreamt of observing the most obvious laws of historical composition, but gathering up all information accessible to them, whether written or oral, with affectionate eagerness, cast it into the form in which it most readily arranged itself in their minds, or which seemed to them best fitted to subserve the ends of instruction that they had immediately in view. The materials of the three first evangelists are arranged on one general plan, of which the gospel of Mark furnishes the simplest type. This plan embraces the whole public ministry of Christ, from his baptism to his crucifixion and resurrection, divided into two periods, clearly marked off from each other, each introduced by a similar manifestation of divine approval, and each attached to a different locality. We might distinguish them as the Galilean and Judean periods, or as the records of Christ's ministry in northern and in southern Palestine. Commencing

* "In solchen reden dieses Evangeliums ist unverkennbar, dass Johannes von gewissen grundworten früherer Evangelien ausgeht and dahin zurückkehrt, etwa wie ein geistesmächtiger spieler welcher die wenigen ihm einmal gegebenen grossen grundlaute durch die freiesten und doch treffendsten und bezauberndsten wechsel verklärt," p. 416.

Ewald considers Mark as the oldest of our existing gospels, and supposes it to have been used by Matthew and Luke, though in an earlier and perhaps ampler form than that in which we now possess it (Pref. ix. 1). Freely abandoning himself to the suggestions of the "höhere kritik," he thinks some of the speeches in John imply a reference to evangelical narratives now lost, and states his general conviction, that we can hardly place the commencement of evangelical writing (Evangelische schriftthum) sufficiently early, or conceive of it as sufficiently manifold and rich. Ibid. and p. 416.

with his baptism and subsequent temptation, the first of these divisions of the history represents Jesus as entering on his ministry, immediately after the imprisonment of the Baptist, in Galilee, and constantly remaining there—choosing Capernaum for his head-quarters, and confining his principal missionary efforts to the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth, but occasionally making wider excursions into the neighbouring districts, even as far north as Tyre and Sidon. His ministry during this first period is distinguished by one common type in all the three evangelists: he goes from town to town and from village to village, teaching the multitudes, exhorting them to repentance in consequence of the approach of the Kingdom of Heaven, and preaching to them in the style of the Sermon on the Mount. As the Passover draws nigh, at which he proposes to be present with his disciples, we observe a marked change in the tone of his address. He speaks of approaching sufferings and death which he must encounter at Jerusalem, but intermingles encouraging assurances of his speedy restoration from the dead. Previous to his departure from the north, an extraordinary occurrence takes place, which seems clearly designed to mark the commencement of a new period of his ministry. Going up into a mountain with his confidential followers, he is transfigured, and the same voice which was heard at his baptism, in nearly the same words repeats its benediction, and sends him forth strengthened and sanctified for this fresh season of trial. He commences this period of his public life under very different circumstances from those with which he had opened it in Galilee. His fame had gone before him; great and anxious expectation awaited his approach; and his entrance into the Holy City, amidst the loud hosannahs of his followers, resembled a triumph. In Galilee his converse had been with simple and docile multitudes; in Jerusalem he was brought into direct collision with the hierarchy, and daily in the courts of the Temple he had to meet the captious objections of jealous priests and rabbis. The result was inevitable. Betrayed by one of his own attendants, he was apprehended, condemned for blasphemy by the Sanhedrim, and executed at their suggestion by the Roman procurator. Such in its leading outline is the narrative of the synoptical gospels. The later histories of Luke and our present Greek Matthew, prefix an account of the birth and infancy of Jesus; and, besides a much ampler report of discourses, give in more abundant detail the particulars of the crucifixion and resurrection. But from all the three, had we no other source of information, we should gather most distinctly, that Jesus, from the beginning to the end of his ministry, was only once in Jerusalem, when he went

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up to the Passover; and we should naturally infer, that we had before us the story of a Galilean reformer, who had produced in his native country a wide and deep persuasion that he was the Christ, and who fell a victim to the suspicious apprehensions of the priesthood that they might be compromised with the Roman government by any strong religious movement among the excitable population of those northern districts.

With some of the most characteristic features of this Galilean tradition, the narrative of John is remarkably at variance. In the introductory chapters of Matthew and Luke, the birth of Jesus, after miraculous conception by a virgin, with many other supernatural accompaniments, differing considerably in the two evangelists—is placed at Bethlehem: in John, there is nothing to lead us to infer that he was not born in Galilee; and twice in this evangelist is he addressed, without the slightest indication of doubt, as Jesus, or Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.* In John, there is no trace of allusion to the Temptation or the Transfiguration; on the other hand, the three first evangelists have omitted all mention of the resurrection of Lazarus, the most wonderful, and as given by John, the most distinctly recorded of all the miracles of Jesus. In the synoptical gospels, only one feast, the Passover, is recorded; and once only, on occasion of it, is Christ represented as quitting the scene of his early ministry in Galilee for Jerusalem: in John, no less than six feasts are mentioned, and of these, three are Passovers.† In Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple is placed among the last acts of the public life of Jesus: John puts it at the very opening of his ministry, in immediate connexion with the "beginning of his miracles," on his going up to Jerusalem at the first Passover recorded. We should infer from the three first gospels, that Christ passed the earlier and far greater portion of his ministry in Galilee and the adjoining districts—labouring among the multitudes quietly and unobtrusively, though with profound spiritual impression on individual minds, as a provincial missionary; and that it was not till circumstances took him up to Jerusalem, that he assumed without reserve the higher character of a national prophet, and encountered face to face the great civil and spiritual powers of his age and nation. According to John, on the contrary, Christ's intercourse with

* John i. 45; vi. 42. In the last of these passages his parentage is spoken of as a fact of universal notoriety: "whose father and mother we know." Mark, i. 9, simply introduces Jesus as coming "from Nazareth of Galilee." His agreement with John in this particular renders it probable that they both give us the primitive tradition, which was conformable to the truth.

† John ii. 13; vi. 4; xi. 55.

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Jerusalem begins soon after the opening of his ministry, and is never again interrupted; successive feasts constantly take him up to it; and we should naturally infer from the order of the narrative, that his time was almost equally divided between Galilee and Jerusalem. From the first, too, in John, we find him invested with the same high prophetic character. There is no perceptible growth in his fame and influence. From the day of his baptism he stands on the same elevated ground; assumes and exercises the same great authority; and disputes in the same calm and lofty tone of conscious dignity, with the cavillers of the Temple and the Sanhedrim.* Between narratives constructed on such opposite principles, it is vain to look for a chronological harmony; and why Ewald should have laboured to make it out, even to the extent that he has attempted it, we are unable to comprehend, except it be that the most eminent interpreters of the Life of Jesus before him, had abandoned the effort as hopeless.

We do not indeed suppose, that all which John has recorded of Christ's sayings and doings at Jerusalem, previous to his visit at the last Passover, is totally devoid of historical truth, through a complete failure or dislocation of memory. The three first evangelists clearly make the opening of Christ's public ministry coincide with the cessation of that of John;† but before the way was in a measure cleared for his own mission by that event, and before he felt himself called upon openly to avow and exercise his prophetic office, he may have passed much time in Jerusalem and its surrounding district, while the conviction of his high function under Providence was ripening in his mind. The preaching of John had attracted him southward from Galilee, and he would naturally linger in the neighbourhood which afforded him frequent opportunity of attending on his earnest and awakening ministry. Jerusalem being so near at hand, he would of course be regularly present at its oft-recurring festivals, eager to receive and impart all that was of the deepest religious interest in that anxious and exciting time. His baptism by John, as yet the most solemn event of his life, had kindled to the highest pitch all his religious sympathies and aspirations, and awakening the dim consciousness of his Messianic destination, had already perhaps stirred into incipient action those mysterious gifts of healing and of

* It may be noticed, that the prohibition so constantly enjoined by Jesus on the subjects of his miraculous healing, to tell no man of it, is limited to the first of the two periods included in the narrative of the synoptical gospels, and occurs nowhere in John.

† Compare Matthew iv. 12, 17; Mark i. 14; Luke iii. 20; vii. 19 (Matthew xi. 2); ix. 7.

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command over physical laws, which were latent in his wonderfully endowed nature. It was during this period, when he first became aware of the vast powers which had been entrusted to him, that we may suppose those proofs and trials of his faithfulness to have occurred, of which we have a condensed summary in the symbolical narrative of the Temptation. Ewald himself interprets the transaction in this way, as a representation, under that dramatic form, of what must always take place in the mind at the commencement of any great enterprise where large discretion and high responsibility are involved.* All this time, while his mind was agitated by unformed plans and by all the doubts and fears which accompany the imperfect recognition of a great end, slowly shaping itself before the mental eye, as he mingled with the worshippers in the synagogue, or encountered friends and acquaintance in the streets of the Holy City, or paced the sacred porticoes of the Temple in high converse with the doctors of the law, he must have been often engaged in discussions respecting the Messianic hope of his time, which brought him to see more clearly day by day, in conflict with spiritual dulness and worldly pride, the one eternal truth of the kingdom of God. These experiences of his early life—these memories of grateful and solemn hours passed in the hallowed shade of the national sanctuary, amidst the songs and sacrifices of time-honoured festivals, when he felt the first breathings of prophetic inspiration, and first ventured tremblingly on the exercise of the mysterious powers which attended it—were doubtless among the confidential communications vouchsafed to the beloved disciple, though unknown perhaps to those who only undertook to record the events of his public ministry. As John looked back in advanced age on that wonderful life, the dim line of separation between incipient and full Messiahship vanished to his ken; he recalled his revered Lord from the first, as only the Christ; under the fervid glow of admiring love, all recollections were fused down into one common quality; the word of heavenly wisdom and love, the act of benignant power, stood out distinctly to the remembrance, but the minuter particulars of time, perhaps even of place, were overlooked and forgotten:—and thus the whole of that grand and awful retrospect was stamped from beginning to end with the same clear and definite characters of high Messianic authority.† This supposition, that the por-

* Geschichte Christus, pp. 244—47.

† The intervening experience of a long life may colour with the hues of later years, an individual's reminiscences of his own youth. "When Goethe," says Kästner, "presented us at a subsequent period with the picture of his life, as 'Truth and Fiction,' he thereby himself expressed a

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tion of Christ's life which elapsed between his baptism and the imprisonment of the Baptist, was incipient and preparatory, and as such did not enter into the narrative of the three first evangelists, while John, viewing it from afar, after an interval of half a century, no longer clearly distinguished it from the period which followed, and has therefore unwittingly assigned to it some events which belong to a later time—removes some difficulties from the history which might else appear insuperable, and yet makes no great demand on our critical forbearance; and while it leaves the good faith of the authors of both narratives unchallenged, places in at least an intelligible light the relation subsisting between them. But Ewald goes beyond this: he supposes John to exhibit the real order of events, and to place Christ's ministry in its true light from the time of his baptism, and thus to furnish a standard by which the statements of the other evangelists may be controlled. In pursuit of this harmony, he finds a chronological coincidence, and traces the same incident under another form, in the cure of the nobleman's son (John iv. 46—54) and the healing of the centurion's servant (Matthew viii. 5—13, and Luke vii. 1—10). This unqualified assumption of the historical authority of John compels him to admit, against all probability, as it seems to us, that Christ opened his ministry on a large scale and with very high pretensions in Judea and Jerusalem, and afterwards, on withdrawing into Galilee, reduced it within narrower limits, and confined his instructions to a more select body of followers.* Ewald's explanation is, that a reformer, in the first

doubt whether, in the nebulous dimness of the past, it was the actual which appeared to him, or only the idea of the poet (*das Geschehene oder die Idee des Dichters*); whether his aged eye was still able to recognize in the young man the colours of youth." (Goethe und Werther. Briefe Goethe's aus seiner Jugendzeit, von A. Kästner, p. 2.) Yet from such an intermingling of idea and fact in the biographical retrospect, we obtain a more adequate conception of the whole man—of the living *mind* which formed and inspired other minds—than from the most exact chronicling of outward events according to time and place. We take in the bud and the fully developed flower at one view.

* Ewald remarks that twelve was of yore a holy number in Israel; and that the twelve apostles formed the basis of a new congregation, which was to supersede the old. The tradition of seventy missionaries is limited to Luke x. 1, where their relation to the twelve, previously mentioned vi. 13, is indicated by the words καὶ ἑτέρους. Ewald has distributed the apostles into three groups of four each, with the observation, that, in all the evangelical narratives, the same name invariably stands at the head of each group, though the arrangement under it slightly varies: Simon Peter at the head of the first; Philip, of the second; James, the son of Alpheus, of the third. p. 283. The author of a recent learned, but exceedingly wild and fanciful work (Jasher. Fragment. Archet. Carm. Hebr. auctore J. G. Donaldson, 1854), has ingeniously endeavoured to show, that in the two first of these

outburst of enthusiasm for a noble object, always aims at too much, but taught by experience, contracts his field of action and pursues fewer objects.* But we reply, that such conduct is utterly at variance with the calm and sober wisdom that enters into the very heart of the character of Jesus. It is opposed, moreover, to the plainest indications of the three first evangelists, who have given a radically false impression of Christ's ministry, if this view be correct; and it is certainly very remarkable, to us perfectly inexplicable, that this alleged contraction of the Messianic activity of Christ should have coincided in time, on our author's own showing, with the cessation of the ministry of the Baptist, which, according to the other gospels, was the immediate occasion of its assuming a more avowed publicity and a wider extent. In perfect consistency with these views, Ewald not only defends the historical occurrence of the scourging of the traffickers out of the Temple, where it is placed by John, at the commencement of our Lord's ministry, but even argues that it was a more probable event than at a later period.† To us such an event appears little less than an impossibility at that early time, when as yet there was no development of popular enthusiasm to sustain this violent exertion of prophetic authority; and we may observe, that it is placed, with every evidence of probability, by the synoptical evangelists, in the height of Christ's Galilean fame, just after he had been conducted in triumph by multitudes, chanting the *Benedictus* as they went, from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem.‡

Ewald's supposition, that Jesus entered on the full exercise of his Messianic functions in Jerusalem immediately after his baptism, and from the first was unhesitatingly recognized by John the Baptist as the Christ—is difficult to reconcile with some unmistakable indications of the relation between Jesus and his forerunner, scattered over the evangelists. That John's disciples and those of Jesus should have continued to baptize together in the same neighbourhood (John iii. 22—24), and that the Baptist should have retained, apparently to the last, his doubts respecting the true character of Christ (Matthew

groups of the apostles, we have four pairs of brothers, and in the last, two pairs of father and son; and that this explains, why Jesus sent them forth "by two and two." (Mark vi. 7, *ἀποστέλλειν δύο δύο.*) p. 9.

* Gesch. Christ. p. 247.

† Yet Ewald admits (p. 229, note), that Mark's is the earlier account.

‡ Ewald calls the jubilant acclaim which accompanied the Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, a little Messianic song suddenly *improvised* in the enthusiasm of the moment,—"das Urlied der neuen Gemeinde,"—which there is every reason, he says, to believe was constantly sung in the earlier ages of the church, p. 383.

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xi. 3; Luke vii. 19, 20), is scarcely reconcilable with the attestation of Messiahship borne to him by John, on the evidence, by implication, of all the evangelists, but most distinctly and emphatically on that of the fourth (Matthew iii. 14; Mark i. 7—11; Luke iii. 15—17; John i. 15, 26, 27, 29, 34, 36), at the time of the baptism.* Herod's apprehension, when he first heard of the mighty works of Jesus, that it was John the Baptist, whom he had beheaded, but who was risen from the dead, is inconsistent with the fact, assumed by Ewald, of Christ's having previously acquired a great prophetic name in Judea and Jerusalem, and of his having been publicly acknowledged as Messiah in the presence of multitudes by the martyred Baptist; but is quite intelligible on the supposition, that the interval between the baptism of Jesus and the imprisonment of John, which Ewald calculates could not have exceeded a year,† was, as we have before intimated, incipient and preparatory; and that the former did not enter on the full exercise of his ministry, nor avow the whole extent of his claims, till the retirement of the latter from public view. The evangelist John, reverently contemplating the whole life of his Master and Lord, at a time when its divine character had been completely displayed, and when its true relation to that of the Baptist, as his appointed forerunner, was clearly discerned—has let the profound earnestness of his own personal conviction modify—it may have been, quite unconsciously—his remembrance of those earlier incidents in the lives of the two prophets, when the Messiahship of Jesus was as yet only in the bud and not fully disclosed, and John impressed with the wonderful promise of the young novitiate, and convinced that Messiah was shortly to appear, could not finally make up his mind whether Jesus of Nazareth was he or not: and the same feeling, we think, must be admitted to have influenced, though in a less degree, the representations of the three first evangelists, in order to introduce perfect consistency between the earlier and later statements of the gospel narrative. Ewald has noticed, what is in itself remarkable and significant, that the fourth gospel does not mention the death of the Baptist, and passes over without comment the doubts which in the other three are said to have preceded it. Of this fact he offers the following explanation :—

* It should be noticed as an indication of the relation of the fourth gospel to the three first, that while the latter clearly affirm the baptism of Jesus by John, their testimony is not so distinct to the recognition of his Messiahship by the Baptist; on the other hand, while the evidence of the fourth gospel on this point is most explicit, it does not contain one passage which plainly asserts that Jesus was baptized by John.

† Gesch. Christ. p. 215.

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"Important and interesting as it is, to be made fully acquainted with this final crisis in the inner life of the Baptist; still this gradual overshadowing of his declining star, once so bright, was a fact of no great importance for the now risen day of pure Christian truth, and could exert but little influence on its wider diffusion. It is the dark side of the Baptist's memory, important for the completeness of the historical narration, and in itself, like every other particular respecting the great heroes of humanity, full of instruction, but for one who is simply the Christian friend and admirer of the Baptist, better to be left in obscurity and passed over in silence. We cannot therefore be surprised, that the apostle John, who had once been a disciple of the Baptist himself, should not have alluded in his gospel either to his death or to the light cloud which passed over his mind just before it occurred. While he does not deny what the earlier evangelists contained on this point, he prefers in his own gospel not to speak of it, and brings out into view more distinctly than preceding writers, every good and Christian trait which he could record of the Baptist; especially as the disciples of John, who were the evangelists' contemporaries, studiously passed over the words of acknowledgment which John pronounced on Jesus after his baptism, and dwelt rather with one-sided prejudice on his last dark words of doubt and mistrust." *

There are some peculiarities in Ewald's treatment of his subject which connect him rather with the earlier than with the later and bolder expounders of the "Life of Jesus," and are so far evidence of the conservative reaction which is taking place in this branch of theological learning. He adopts, for example, the old notion, that the fourth gospel is supplementary to the three first.† There is truth, doubtless, in this statement, but not the whole truth; nor does it adequately express the just relation between the different evangelical narratives. Again, while he allows the impossibility of fully reconciling the accounts of Matthew and Luke, respecting the birth and infancy of Jesus—viewing the latter as the record of a peaceful and happy time, the former as filled with images of terror and flight—he supposes Matthew's narrative to contain more of the elements of the real story, and thinks with Neander,‡ that a census actually occurred in Judea in the time of Herod the Great, which Luke has confounded with the later one under Quirinus, the president of Syria.§ Ewald attempts to determine proximately the commencement of Christ's ministry by the following data:—Modern astronomical researches have rendered it probable, that the fourteenth of the Jewish month Nisan occurred on a Friday, in the year 33 of our vulgar

* Gesch. Chr. p. 315. † Ibid. p. 213.
‡ Leben Jesu, p. 24, note. 3rd edition.
§ Gesch. Chr. p. 153. 4.

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era.* This fixes the *terminus ad quem:* the Baptist opened his mission, according to the express statement of Luke, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, which is the year 28 or 29 of the same era, and allows about five years for the united ministries of John and Jesus. This reckoning he confirms by a passage in the Gospel of John (ii. 20). In the early part of his ministry, the Jews observed to Jesus, pointing to the temple, which they understood him to say he would destroy, and in three days raise it up again, "Forty-and-six years has this temple been building,"† for the work was still in progress. Now we learn from Josephus (Antiquit. XV. xi. 1) that the new temple was commenced by Herod, in the eighteenth year of his reign, which, as he began to rule 38 or 39 B.C., occurred about twenty years before the commencement of our era: adding these years to the twenty-eight, already assigned for the commencement of John's ministry, and taking both these sums as round numbers, we get very nearly the period of forty-six years, during which the Jews said this temple had been in process of construction, at the time of their disputing with Jesus.‡ It would follow from these premisses, that the ministry of Jesus must have extended over three or four years. But all such data appear to us very uncertain, and to involve many assumptions. We cannot fix with precision the exact year of the birth of Christ. As the basis of a firm historical faith in him, we know enough in the indisputable fact, that his public ministry occurred in the closing years of the reign of Tiberius.

Ewald has some notions peculiar, so far as we know, to himself. He thinks, for instance, that Jesus resided at first with his mother and brethren at Nazareth; that the family afterwards removed to Cana of Galilee, where John states that Christ's first miracle was performed; and then settled finally in a house of their own, in the neighbourhood of friends who also resided there (the families of Zebedee and of the two brothers, Andrew and Peter), in the more important town of Capernaum.§ From a window of his mother's house in Capernaum, and not, according to the usual explanation, in the

* Ewald refers to some astronomical papers by Worm, in Bengel's Archiv für Theologie, Bd. ii. He assumes, it will be observed, the correctness of the statement in John's gospel, that the Friday on which our Lord suffered, and not the preceding day, according to the representation of the other evangelists—was the 14th of Nisan.

† This must be the rendering of ᾠκοδομήθη ὁ ναὸς οὗτος, to justify the argument which Ewald founds on the words.

‡ Gesch. Chr. p. 116.

§ The houses of Jesus and Simon Peter were a general rendezvous, according to Ewald, of the earliest disciples in Capernaum. Gesch. Chr. p. 284.

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interior court, he supposes Jesus to have been addressing the multitude, when they brought the paralytic, who was taken to the house-top, and let down through the roof where he was (Mark ii. 4). This supposition renders the conception of the ordinary life of Jesus more vivid; but it seems at variance with his own express declaration, that the Son of man had not where to lay his head. The earliest scene of his Galilean ministry, Ewald confines to the district including the three neighbouring towns of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida; and from the denunciatory language used towards them (Matt. xi. 20—24), it may be inferred that the success of his ministry there, any more than at Nazareth, was not at first very great. It may be noticed, in passing, that Ewald considers the celebrated passage in Josephus respecting Christ (Antiquit. XVIII. 3) to have been interpolated. He thinks that in its original form, it probably spoke of Jesus as one of the Goetes of the time, and expressed perhaps some Pharisaic regret for his surrender to execution by Sadducean influence in the Sanhedrim. The other passage in the same work (Antiquit. XX. ix. 1), alluding to the death of Jesus the Just, he treats as genuine.* Such criticism, excepting only where internal evidence compels a negative conclusion, is altogether arbitrary and subjective.

Ewald's conception of the supernatural element, so closely interwoven with every fibre of the evangelical narrative, is not very clearly expressed. This is one of the least satisfactory parts of his volume; for it is a subject which cannot be evaded. Let him, however, speak for himself:—

"It is necessary," he says, "to distinguish from the 'wonderful works,' which, according to every account, belonged to the daily labours of Jesus, and the boundless profusion of which is hardly indicated in the gospels—the few special cases which greatly exceed them in character, such as the raising of the dead, the feeding of many thousands with a few loaves and fishes, the analogous case of the conversion of water into wine, the calming of the storm, the walking on the sea, and the instances of healing from a distance, as it were by the effluence of the simple spirit. For though it cannot be doubted, that all these remembrances formed a part of the very earliest constituents of the evangelical narrative, yet they plainly cannot be put on the same footing with the former. As in themselves they rise higher than the rest, so do they appear at wider intervals; and as understood by the oldest tradition itself, shoot up aloft like solitary peaks, to which in certain rare moments, Christ's concentrated power on outward things has elevated itself. And in truth there is not only an ordinary working, the individual efforts, facts and consequences of which

* Gesch. Chr. p. 107, note.

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repeat themselves to infinity, but from all working, the more living, active and uniform it is, there fly out unexpectedly ever higher and higher new sparks and flashes; and every working of this kind pushes, as it rises, against another higher than itself, till at length perhaps it stirs and agitates the furthest limit that is possible. In Christ the common labours of every day were an unbroken series of mighty works: what, therefore, must those actions of his be, which, in certain rare moments, as if out of the concentration of spiritual forces already roused into the highest activity, sprang forth above the ordinary level of his life! So far, then, we have no reason whatever to limit the measure of spiritual forces, and arbitrarily determine how far in Jesus they might reach in the course of their highest operation; we must rather admit, that the highest spiritual effort continually presses forward beyond the customary effects to others still higher; and we cannot but rejoice that this is a general law which the life of Christ so powerfully illustrates. But then this mighty effort and agitation of the inmost powers of the purest and loftiest spirit, as it wrought in Christ, moving the world by his deeds, was so promptly met on the other hand by the highly-raised expectation and willing faith of his disciples, that in those rare moments of which we have spoken, they saw all the infinite greatness realized which they dreamed of and hoped for in him. It was only out of the concurrence of these two spiritual movements, that there arose into visible shape the conception and description of those rarer displays of the highest results and mightiest signs, in which, as in some mysterious foreboding or rapt vision, a deep-rooted faith can alone express its true sense of the actual manifestations of the highest in Jesus. Here already in actual history, although in only a few of its more favoured moments, the intensest longing had found its satisfaction; even as the purely divine, where it is discernible by mortal eyes, can only in certain sparks of light, as it were, shoot forth, and leave traces of itself behind; and if in former days, a like feeling had striven to still its cravings with the far lower manifestations of Elijah and Elisha, how much purer satisfaction was opened to it in the history of Christ!" *

Some further light may be thrown on his views by a passage in his Preface (p. xi.):—

"If every great history, especially when it lies before us in its completed form, has the power of revealing to the spiritual eye

* Gesch. Chr. pp. 196, 7. Ewald's note to this passage curiously illustrates his practice of wholly repudiating in form the theories of his predecessors, while in all essential points he adopts them:—"That the narratives of the New Testament" (he means the miraculous narratives,) "have altogether grown out of those of the Old" (Strauss's theory) "is a view completely at variance with history; nevertheless, it is true, that the facts of the former were expected in consequence of the latter, and the narratives of them, therefore, the more easily formed themselves."

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which contemplates it, ever new heights and depths of sublime truth, which the mind will eternally strive to express in corresponding grandeur and glory, what truths of this nature may not this greatest of all possible histories, to the end of time, disclose to the eye which looks back on it from the right point of view, and what truths did it not open, immediately after its completion, on the quickened eye of the apostolic age! The gospels display to us, plainly enough, this remoter, secondary halo, which has gathered itself from without around the denser nucleus of this history, and for us of this later day, as necessarily belongs to it, as his outer ring to the planet Saturn. But however right and necessary are these truths, which, after the complete formation of the historical nucleus, and as it were shooting forth from it, have arranged themselves in permanent masses around it; there are yet particular aspects of the subject, in themselves of yet higher character, which, to obtain the clothing of a more determinate form, have sought out those passages of the Old Testament with which they might fuse themselves into the most appropriate expression, as if only the long-consecrated words of antiquity could fully substantiate them; and thus the narratives which have so arisen, possess as it were, *à priori*, a double life and a double meaning; since without the words of the Old Testament, which acquire now a significance they never had before, they could never have appeared at all. What, for instance, is a greater truth than this—that the Holy Spirit could not for the first time, at the baptism or at any conceivable earlier moment of the life of Christ, have come into contact with him; that it must rather have imbued with its creative force, and as it were engendered, him who appeared afterwards in the public life of history as ever inspired and actuated by it? This is a beam of thought which could only in the first instance shoot forth from the luminous mass of the whole biblical history, and might then, though admitted first into the somewhat later gospels, properly help to form that outermost circle of glory."

As far as we can make out our author's meaning, it amounts to this—that Jesus possessed, and continually exercised in every part of his ministry, some extraordinary gifts of healing and curative power, which combined with the deep earnestness of his discourse, and the benignant sanctity of his life, to attract towards him the religious veneration of the multitudes, and to invest his whole being with a supernatural mystery; that the devout contemplation of him in this light, by those who first busied themselves to collect and reduce to writing their own remembrances, and all extant traditions respecting him, caused them to misapprehend and erroneously combine certain incidents in his history, and to ascribe to him exertions of power, which far exceed in deviation from the known and accessible laws of nature, his ordinary and constant agencies of healing,

and which do not, therefore, bear upon them the same characters of strict historical truth; and that the miraculous, with which the ancient history of Israel is so thickly interspersed—the belief imbibed with the earliest lessons of the home and the synagogue, that the God of their fathers was ever present in the midst of them, and might at any moment directly interfere for their benefit—predisposed the Jewish people to behold in the words and acts of Jesus a repetition of the old prophetic wonders, and to interpret everything which related to him from the supernatural point of view. This statement excludes from the domain of proper history, some of the most remarkable miracles recorded in the gospels, and, with regard to the rest, leaves the line between the natural though extraordinary and exceptional, and the strictly supernatural, very indistinctly drawn. In the application of these views, Ewald is often extremely whimsical and arbitrary. He seems, for instance, to understand Christ's first miracle at Cana of Galilee in a symbolical sense. It was the joyous influence of his spirit which made the guests drink water as wine.* The story in Matthew (xvii. 27), about Peter's finding a piece of money in the fish's mouth for the payment of the tribute, is not accepted by our author as historical fact, though it is the obvious purport of the original text that it should be so understood.† So again, the destruction of the swine, and the cure of the demoniac, narrated in Mark (v. 11—16), are regarded as having been originally mere coincidences, afterwards connected as cause and effect by the ingenuity of the popular belief; for the region where the transaction occurred was inhabited by heathens.‡ In these instances we discern a partial recurrence to the old rationalistic method of reducing by interpretation the miraculous to the natural, which we supposed had reached its acme in Paulus, and been since abandoned. The raising of Lazarus, the most stupendous miracle narrated in the New Testament, and described with the utmost particularity by John, is idealized, against the plain meaning of the passage, into a strong assurance inspired by the presence of Christ, of the resurrection of all his friends at the last day. To

* "Das Wasser selbst wird unter seinem Geiste zum besten Weine." "Soll denn das Wasser im besten Sinne des Wortes nicht überall auch jetzt noch zu Weine werden, wo sein Geist in voller Kraft thätig ist?" p. 224.

† p. 344.

‡ "Nur der Judäische Volkswitz konnte mitten in dem lebendigen Wogen der Vorstellungen über die unreinen Geister und ihr Gelüste an den unreinen Schweinen, diesen Zusammenhang so eng ziehen und so in diese Erzählung verflechten." p. 299.

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guard against possible misrepresentation, we give Ewald's own words:—

"Who can read this long and most affecting narrative, and not experience in his own breast, from its whole form and character, a reflection of that infinite and triumphant joy with which the first Christians looked on the death of the friends of Christ, and anticipated his own appearance at the appointed season as the restorer of life? It was only the look forwards into that great future, which could penetrate the apostle's remembrance of this insulated occurrence of the past, with so elevated a joy, and clothe his words in this passage as with a celestial glory. The most beautiful feature in the narration is misunderstood, when this fact is overlooked or denied." * p. 361.

It is in perfect consistency with this mode of treating the subject, that the resurrection of Christ, on which the mass of Christians build their chief hope of a future life, should be considered simply as an "eternal glorification" (*ewige Verherrlichung*), which belongs to the belief of the apostolic period, and cannot, therefore, as a *fact*, enter into the proper "History of Christ." We are far from denying the difficulties which surround this mysterious subject, nor are we at all indisposed to lend a candid ear to any suggestion proceeding from so thoughtful and reverent an inquirer as Ewald; but the question is one which adheres to the very substance of historical Christianity as set forth in the New Testament; and what we miss in Ewald, is the statement of any definite and intelligible principle to which his interpretation of the miraculous can be referred. His mode of procedure is altogether arbitrary and gratuitous.

Unless we are prepared to regard the miraculous element of the Biblical narratives as the result of wanton and shameless fabrication, depriving the book in which it is so thickly strewed of all claim to belief and respect (and there are few of the most hardy unbelievers who will go to this extent), there are only three methods by which we can dispose of this most

* It is remarked by Ewald, that John's gospel contains one well-selected example of each of Christ's principal exertions of supernatural power: viz. (1) A transformation of substances, ii. 1—10; (2) Cure of a fever, iv. 47—54; (3) Healing of the lame, v. 1—9; (4) Feeding of multitudes, vi. 4—13; (5) Walking on a stormy sea, vi. 16—21; (6) Restoration of sight to the blind, ix. 1—7; (7) Raising the dead, xi. 1—46. All these miracles are described with great fulness of detail, and the series is terminated by the most wonderful of them, the resurrection of Lazarus. The number seven may be accidental, but it should not be unnoticed. From the eleventh chapter no miracle is recorded by John till the resurrection of Christ himself. Gesch. Chr. p. 359, note.

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difficult part of scriptural interpretation—perhaps, also, a fourth, which consists of a certain combination of the former three. (1). There is the attempt which was made with great earnestness at the close of the last, and the commencement of the present, century, to explain away all the miraculous histories of the Bible into a misconception or exaggerated representation of natural events and appearances. This was the favourite procedure of the old German rationalism, assuming the general authenticity and credibility of the Scriptures, and finding under every apparent expression of the supernatural, a positive nucleus of historical fact. This system was carried out with unflinching consequentiality by Paulus, in his celebrated "Leben Jesu;" and he had at least the merit of fairly testing it, and proving how utterly baseless it was, by the forced interpretations and the absurd evasion of inevitable results which it necessarily involved. (2). There is the mythical theory, adopted by those who see the impossibility of converting the supernatural into common history by a simple process of exegesis. It is the essence of this theory, to view the miraculous of Scripture as originating from the first in a sensuous or symbolical conception of what is in itself simply ideal and spiritual—an apprehension of mental states and operations as outward events—a conversion of thought into history—a rendering of the *subjective* into the *objective*. This mythical working of the mind marks a necessary phase of human development; for it is the only way in which rude and simple natures are capable of realizing to themselves the relations which they are dimly conscious of sustaining to the spiritual and the unseen: and those who uphold this theory of scriptural interpretation, would refer to the accounts of Christ's baptism, temptation, and transfiguration, as notable examples of it. George Laurence Bauer, in his "Hebrew Mythology of the Old and New Testaments,"* where he has compared the miraculous narratives of the Bible with the myths of other histories and literatures, indicates the transition from the old rationalism of Paulus to the mythical theory which succeeded it, and which, to a certain extent, and for certain portions of Scripture, has been approved and applied by some of the most distinguished theologians of the last generation—amongst whom it may suffice to specify Schleiermacher and De Wette. But the individual who has the most decidedly adopted the mythic system, and developed it with the most thorough consistency in relation to Christianity, is David Frederic Strauss, who has done for this theory what Paulus did for the old rationalistic—taken it as far as it will go, and put its sufficiency to the proof. And it is of ulti-

* Leipzig, 1802.

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mate service to truth, that there should always be some resolute and one-sided minds that will fearlessly follow out any hypothesis which they have adopted, and push it to its last possible result. No candid inquirer will henceforth deny, that there are parts of the sacred narrative where the mythic principle has been clearly in operation: but that the rich and varied story, so full of life in its minutest veins, so expressive of deep and earnest reality in its most unguarded and unconscious aspects, which is set before us in the New Testament, is one floating web of myth, loosely connected with the smallest central point of historical fact—a mere reflection of the supernatural wonders of the past in the dreamy consciousness of a small enthusiastic sect—that the creative fantasy of the church generated Christ and his history, and not Christ's personality the church—has ever struck us as the very wildest extravagance of theory—the most singular inversion of the natural order of ideas—the most curious instance of a critical ὕστερον πρότερον that is to be found in the pathology of literature—an abnormal effort of learning and ingenuity, which only the fascination of preconceived theory could have rendered possible to a mind so acute and logical, and in other respects so dispassionate and truth-seeking, as that of Strauss. (3). There remains the system of supernaturalism, which accepts the miraculous narratives of Scripture, just as they are given, in their literal truth, as evidence of God's sanction of the doctrine delivered by men whom he had empowered to perform wonderful works in his name. This is still the idea involved in the prevalent conception of revealed religion—the belief, at least the avowed and recognized belief, of the great majority of professing Christians in this country: and it must be admitted, that, as a simple question of scriptural exegesis, this theory is attended with the fewest difficulties, and is most consistent with itself. Nevertheless, on a broader view, connecting Christianity with the general history of our race, and with the dominant laws which govern the administration of the universe, the subject confessedly has its difficulties, which have been felt by the most religious minds, and have led them to the inquiry, whether it might not be possible, without weakening their trust in the great doctrines of which the Bible is the vehicle, to escape the necessity of taking as simple historical fact the whole mass of the miraculous contained in Scripture. Yet the real difficulties are not precisely those which most obviously suggest themselves; they are neither metaphysical nor religious. A believer in a God of boundless power must allow his perfect command over laws which he himself established; nor can a believer in his infinite wisdom and goodness refuse to admit, that he may occasionally

control their ordinary operation, when the well-being of his creatures can in this way be more effectually accomplished: any objection founded on either of these considerations is, at bottom, atheistic—at least pantheistic. The difficulty, as we conceive it, lies in the application and the extent of the principle which the admission of the miraculous involves. Does supernatural interference impress an absolute character of divine approval on the entire system of actions and events in the midst of which it occurs, so as to suspend the exercise of all moral judgment respecting them? If not, where does the weight of its presumed sanction fall? Can it in this case confer any *specific* sanction whatever? Must not reason and the moral sense decide after all independently on the claims of every case for which these supernatural credentials are alleged; and then the miraculous can only confirm the sentence of a prior judge? If, on the other hand, it be argued, that the supernatural confines its sanction to the particular act with which it is immediately connected, we are driven to the necessity of regarding, as direct appointments of God, Elijah's merciless slaughter of the prophets of Baal, for following a different faith and worship from his own; Elisha's vengeful sacrifice of little children to wild beasts for a mere outburst of infantine petulance; and even in the New Testament, the gratuitous and uncompensated destruction of another's property in the drowning of a whole herd of swine. Again, to define logically the extent of the supernatural principle in religious history, ever appeared to us a matter of as much difficulty as determining the precise point of its application. It is usual to confine it within the limit of the canonical Scriptures, and to affirm that its manifestations cease with the last of the apostles. But this is a limit, as every one who has studied the subject perfectly well knows, most arbitrarily and uncritically drawn. Evidence of the same kind which suffices for our acceptance of the Scripture miracles, cannot be denied to attach to many statements that we meet with far down in the subsequent ages of ecclesiastical history; and acceptance or rejection of the one seems to require, in consistency, acceptance or rejection of the other.* John Henry Newman has maintained this view of the case with much acuteness in an essay prefixed to a portion of Fleury's "History of the Church;" and it would be difficult to find a satisfactory reply to some of

* See, for instance, as late as the seventeenth century, the extraordinary accumulation of testimony to the cure by the "Holy Thorn," in the establishment of the Port Royal, from men of learning and intelligence, not previously inclined to believe—adduced by Racine in his "Abrégé de l'Histoire de Port Royal." Œuvres de Jean Racine. Paris, 1813. Tom. iv.

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his arguments.* No one, then, can deny that this question of the supernatural in Scripture, assumed as it usually is among the indispensable conditions of a rational belief in divine communications to the human soul, does present very considerable difficulties, on more sides than one, to those who wish to examine it candidly and with openness to conviction. At the same time, it does appear to us, after long and anxious and repeated consideration of the subject, quite impossible, by any critical or exegetical process, altogether to eliminate from the history of Christ the traces of some mysterious power, which transcends the ordinary working of human nature; for they cleave to the minutest fibres of the texture of the narrative; and, on the other hand, to reconcile the imputation of such traces to intentional fabrication, with the indisputable evidence of moral earnestness and rectitude of intention in the writers of the New Testament. Between the horns of this dilemma the solution of the problem is suspended. With Ewald we are fully prepared to believe, that God originally endowed the human nature, which he had selected and predestined for the accomplishment of his highest purposes, with unique and extraordinary powers; that these powers, derived from the fundamental laws of all being, and cherished by most intimate communion with the Eternal Fountain of Life, controlled to a certain extent laws that were subsequent to them in the order of creation, and produced effects which arrested the attention of gross and unreflecting multitudes, and sealed as it were with a supplementary sanction that spoke to the outward sense, doctrines which carried their own authority with them by self-evidencing light, when they had been once admitted into the mind; that it was the vivid remembrance of such powers which formed the supernatural substratum of the gospel history, and meeting with and exciting a previous disposition to find the marvellous in everything relating to the Christ, developed unconsciously and in perfect good faith some traditions of his character and history into a shape that must be distinguished from the fact or thought which suggested it. But the wonderful personality of an actual historical Jesus must be assumed as the living centre of this whole system of belief, or we have an effect without a cause. In the idiosyncrasy of every individual, however humble and unnoticeable, there is something which is properly his own and cannot be communicated; and there is nothing beyond our belief in the supposition, that out of the endless combinations of which the

* Essay on the Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages. By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 1843

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elements of human nature are susceptible, especially in their relation with things spiritual and divine, God may have bestowed on Jesus of Nazareth an idiosyncrasy unapproachable by any other member of our race. Instead, therefore, of assuming that any one of the three theories which have been mentioned, suffices of itself to explain all the difficulties of the question of the miraculous in Scripture, we best meet perhaps all the conditions of the case, by admitting that there is an element of truth in each of them; that there are some narrations, for example, in the Bible—as that of the passage of the Red Sea, and the similar one of the first crossing of the Jordan under Joshua—which may, with great probability, be reduced under the old rationalistic mode of interpretation, as exhibiting a common fact made wonderful by the natural exaggeration of tradition; some, again, like the temptation, and perhaps the transfiguration of Jesus, which must be regarded as mythic or symbolical embodiments of a certain idea or belief; and, lastly, others, such as the innumerable instances of healing and restorative power, described in the New Testament, which allow of no unforced explanation that excludes the presence of some energy above what is ordinarily possessed by man. The recognition of the mythic element is in some respects a relief to the thoughtful, serious reader of the Scriptures; for many statements which are painful and embarrassing, while we are compelled to accept them as historical facts, appear in a very different light, and become pleasing and instructive, as soon as we permit ourselves to regard them as a display of that natural symbolism in which the popular mind, in all ages and countries, but especially in the East, has been accustomed to express its deepest feelings and thoughts.

From what we have now said, it will be evident that we do not dispute the possibility of what exceeds the known and ordinary laws of nature, as a *fact* in the religious history of mankind. Nevertheless we must observe, that both in a philosophical and in a religious point of view, those deep, imperishable instincts of our nature, which through all the phases of human development have clung to a belief in the supernatural, are unspeakably more significant and interesting than the clearest diplomatic proof which documents could yield, of the few insulated facts which, at a given time and place, may outwardly and visibly have satisfied them. The universal presence of such instincts, under some form or other, in humanity, implies beyond all reasonable doubt (unless we assume that our nature is, at bottom, mendacious), that there must be some objective reality corresponding to them; though the intensity of the feelings which they excite, may sometimes fail to discern where it lies,

or look for it in the wrong direction; and though the doctrines heaped on them, when not duly checked and guided by a scientific reason, may run up into wild and fantastic shapes: the question here is not as to the rationality of the *form*, which it is the business of progressive education to correct, but as to the reality of the *substance*. The facts of history are always open to criticism, and to those who learn them by tradition can never exceed a certain amount of probability; but the ceaseless and manifold working of these inherent instincts leaves an indelible impress on humanity, in which the philosophic eye may discern with undiminished evidence from age to age its hidden affinities and the secret of its destiny. The strong and unalterable belief of the first generation of Christians, affecting their whole subsequent course of life, affords convincing proof, that they must have received what appeared to them an unequivocal token of Christ's actual resurrection from the dead: and not only is the evidence of their belief more clear and certain than that of the historical fact which was its subject, but it is of more value to us, and of far wider application; for at once, by its own intensity and by the deep response of sympathy which it has called forth in the hearts of subsequent believers, it witnesses, expresses, and strengthens that dim but deep and inextinguishable sense of immortality, which, next to the trust in a righteous Providence, is one of the closest and most inseparable adjuncts of our being. It is a curious fact, which the historian and the philologist cannot overlook, and which must be embraced in any comprehensive philosophy of religion, that universally with every great development or revival of religious belief, from the commencement of the Christian church down to the most recent phenomena of the present day (and the remark might be extended, we believe, to the history of heathenism), we find associated some assertion of the manifestation of powers similar in kind to those which the first preachers of the gospel are said to have exercised. We are as yet only in the commencement of a true religious psychology; the subject must be traced down to far deeper principles, and surveyed from a wider point of view. We do not think that any one is at present entitled to dogmatise either on the positive or on the negative side of the question. Reverent caution and suspension of hasty judgment constitute the suitable frame of mind for approaching it. While we cannot admit, that the most clearly attested miracle would of itself prove the divine authority of a doctrine (for no impression on the outward sense can have any effect on the inward law of truth and right), and utterly dissent from those who lay miracle on the threshold of the Church of Christ, and demand

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the acceptance of it as a condition of admission, we have as little sympathy with the cavillers, who treat all affirmation of the supernatural as the certain evidence of fraud or folly, who assume their competence to judge the deep, unsearchable ways in which God conducts the mysterious relations of things visible and invisible, and close their eye without further inquiry to what may prove after all the brightest side of the divine economy of things.

But it is time to draw these general observations to a conclusion. There is no feature in Ewald's work more refreshing than his hearty recognition of the historical reality and spiritual value of the person of Christ—so different from the mythical phantoms which recent theories have made to pass over the earliest scene of our religious history. Christ is with him a living man, who descended with patience and humility into the dark depths of human weakness and suffering, that he might regenerate them by the spirit which he brought from God. We have the outer life of Christ in the first three gospels; the inner is revealed to us in that of John; and in both, the image exhibited, though essentially identical, and thus proclaiming its conformity to historical truth, is tinged perceptibly with the hues of admiring recollection and deep subjective sympathy. Yet the very extent to which the evangelical conception of the inner and outer life of Christ has been modified by wonder and love, is itself a measure of its vast moral power, and of the profound impression which it left behind it in the inmost life of others. The character of the effect, so conspicuous in the spirit of the early church, indicates the quality of the cause. We regret that want of space will not allow us to cite some passages from Ewald's book, in which he eloquently expresses his religious veneration for Christ's person and work, and one in particular, where he has given an admirable description of the matter and style of his teaching. (pp. 186—188.)

The innumerable "Lives and Histories of Jesus Christ" which have issued during the last half century from the prolific press of Germany, each putting its own interpretation on the statements of the gospels, and exhibiting every variety of conclusion, from the grossest literalism of the orthodox school to the thinnest rarefaction of the mythic theory, are calculated on a first view to produce a painful impression on the mind, as though the whole question were involved in hopeless uncertainty, and not one solid fact would be left as the residuum of this critical analysis. But this searching process could not be evaded: the result is daily showing more clearly how much—and that of the most precious quality—remains, which is unassailable; and, as a permanent benefit, we shall be able

henceforth to discriminate more exactly the *actual* and the *ideal* in the primitive documents of Christianity, and to found on that distinction a truer and more satisfactory system of scriptural interpretation. What is more important still, men must be weaned, as the approved results of modern learning become more widely known, from their servile worship of the minutest details of the historical letter, to a profounder and more genial appreciation of the spiritual worth of Christianity. The unanswerable argument for this religion, which has carried conviction to the hearts of good men in all ages, is its adaptation to the wants and longings of the human soul. Humanity yearns after a redeemer, a reconciler, a sanctifier—a Christ who should fulfil its highest conceptions of spiritual excellence; for the heart is silently transformed into the image which it habitually loves and reveres. Christianity rests on a broader and stabler basis than technical theologians have arbitrarily assigned it. It has its roots in the depths of our moral being. It is not a fact *sui generis*, cut off from all living affinity with the general conditions of human nature; but it stands out from the page of history as the highest expression of man's inherent and imperishable religiousness. But then its very essence involves belief in a personal God, a historical Christ, an individual and immortal soul. We have a greater dread of the temporary ascendency of a philosophy which impugns these fundamental truths, than of the freest historical criticism exercised on the narratives of the New Testament. To us the pantheistic basis of Strauss's "Leben Jesu" is far more painful and offensive than its mythic superstructure. On this point we subscribe entirely to the words of Neander, in the preface to the third edition of his "Life of Jesus Christ." (p. 25.)

"In our view, this is no longer a contest between an older and a newer mode of conceiving Christianity, but between Christianity and a form of human culture in every respect opposed to it. We cannot otherwise describe it than as a contest between Christian theism and the principle which deifies the world and self—a principle, which from a certain relative necessity in the history of theological and philosophical rationalism, must first express itself in its whole extent, in order to be completely overcome by the power of Christian truth in the natural development of life and thought."

The day of reasoning and criticism will cease when they have done their work; and the great fact of Christianity, neither exaggerated nor depreciated by hostile factions, will preserve uncontested its true place and significance in the

grand providential order of human development; and aiding alike the virtue and happiness of individuals and the progress of the species, will be recognized as divine, from the principles to which it appeals, from the spirit which it has diffused, and from the works which it perpetuates. A church, embodying the great idea of human brotherhood, dissolving the bitterness of our sectarian distinctions in its fervid spirit of comprehensive love, uniting the most diversified forms of speculative belief and intellectual activity in the sympathies of a common trust and hope, and in joint efforts of earnest self-sacrifice for the common weal—a church such as good men in all quarters of the Christian world are now eagerly looking forward to, that would make Christianity a work rather than an idea, and translate a tradition of the past into a present fact—will prove, we have not a doubt, in the generations which are to come, a perpetual and unerring witness to the true divinity that was in Christ, setting in their true light the history and the doctrine associated with his name, which have hitherto been the subject of such conflicting criticism and so many divergent opinions. All who contribute, by the earnest truthfulness of their writings and teachings, to accelerate this blessed issue of present controversy, we regard as real benefactors of mankind; and in this number, notwithstanding our dissent from him on some not unimportant points, we cannot hesitate to place the distinguished author of the work before us.

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Art. V.—THE NOVELS AND POEMS OF THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

The Saint's Tragedy; or, The True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar. London: J. W. Parker. 1848.

Yeast: a Problem. Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from Fraser's Magazine. London: J. W. Parker. 1851.

Alton Locke; Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. Third Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. Reprinted from Fraser's Magazine. London: J. W. Parker. 1853.

Westward Ho! or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Second Edition. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855.

IN all ages of civilization the most thoughtful men must have deemed their own generation the best worth studying, if only as the latest phase of the world familiar to them. And if such men had in all ages left the most conspicuous impress on the records of their time, those records would, we conceive, have manifested this in their form and character. At every epoch these thinkers must have felt—

> "We are ancients of the earth,
> And in the vanward of the time."

The human beings about them were the inheritors of all the legacies left by those that had gone before, in face and form, character, manners, and beliefs. The institutions which these beings formed, and were formed by, whether social, political, or religious, were the latest outcome of the mutual relations of man, the universe, and the power that created and controls it. The doubts and difficulties suggested by the contemplation of these institutions and their working, were the doubts most pressing for resolution, the difficulties most important to grapple with. Before them was the riddle to be read, and the society of which they formed units was the Œdipus to solve that riddle, or fall a sacrifice to the Sphinx that propounded it.

But if this be admitted as probable in conception, it is evident enough that this tendency is very unequally exemplified in such utterances of representative men as have come down to us.

Some periods have left no trace whatever of any need felt to read the world's riddle. Their marking minds are neither metaphysicians, nor poets, nor theologians, but artists—reflectors and reproducers of the strength, beauty, and harmony of the outward creation that surrounded them. In other ages, not less artistically creative, the representation of man, his passions, his achievements, and his fortunes—dramatically or epically set forth—has occupied the most active and enduring intelligences. Some epochs of singular force and various fertility, have combined the artistic with the poetic power, and these again with the speculative or metaphysical. But whatever may have been the ways in which the ages have recorded themselves for the world's education, it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that by the side of the sculptor and the painter, the epic poet and the dramatist, there has not always existed the curious speculator on all that afforded subject-matter for statue or picture, for epic or for drama.

But while time has spared so many of the noblest works of ancient sculpture to grace our museums and galleries, and to be joys for ever to hundreds and thousands—while Homer and Virgil and Dante, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides furnish the best part of the intellectual feast for all times that follow them,—the works of the speculators have, many of them, perished utterly; others have come to us meagrely and shadow-wise in compilations, or have to be painfully recomposed from quotations and allusions; not a few survive in mouldy crypts, or on dusty shelves, in mildewed vellum, or between worm-riddled oaken boards, not read, nor like to be, but seldom wholly unworthy the reading, if life were long enough for looking back. With Plato and Aristotle, indeed, most educated men profess, and many have, considerable familiarity. But the latter, in this country at least, owes such study as he receives mainly to the stubborn adherence of Oxford to the old ways; and as to the former, how many that have got up the regular tale of dialogues for a Cambridge classical tripos, ever reopen the "Phædrus," or the "Protagoras," the "Apology," or the "Republic," after leaving the University?

Ancient history would furnish abundant illustration of the comparatively narrow space in the world's records filled by speculators, but for our immediate purpose it will be enough to refer to modern times and our own country. With relation to the subject of this article, there is indeed a special reason

why we should confine our view to Christian and English history. For if the writer, on whose works we propose to comment, have one distinction, it is that in all he has written the Christian and the Englishman are uppermost. The pictures he paints are eminently English; or, if foreign, chosen for their significance to Englishmen and our own times;—the problems he propounds are problems for men claiming to be Christian, and such solutions as he hints at, or enounces, are derived from the Christian creed, and based on the Christian conception of duty.

Limiting our view, therefore, to England, we shall find speculation on man, his relations to the present, and his destinies in the future, subordinated, at all marking epochs, to some form of action upon things or men, or some representation of them. At least, the names that symbolize the working intellect of such epochs are the names, not of speculators or questioners, but of kings and legislators, of captains and poets. If philosophers are remembered, it is as workers on nature, or investigators of her laws, rather than as speculators or inquirers about man's relations to her, and the power that guides him and her alike. Roger Bacon is little more than a name to the most learned of us. To vulgar apprehension he is neither more nor less than a conjuror. But thousands who only know him in connection with his brazen head are familiar with the bright and living word-pictures of the fourteenth century which Chaucer has left us. With him, indeed, begins, for most of us, all distinct impression of the past of England. Chronologies of reigns, and records of battles, and even collections of statutes, help common minds a marvellous little way towards the conception of manners or comprehension of institutions. But the poet comes; and not an intelligent artizan now-a-days but can ride with him and his four-and-twenty in a company from the Southwark Tabard, that bright May morning, on their pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Open his pages, and there, called up in the magic mirror by the gramarye of his quick spirit and vivid pencil, defiles before us the pageant of the fourteenth century in England—every class depicted, in habit, as it lived, talking, jesting, eating, drinking, story-telling—real men and women, with whom English pulses may beat in tune for ever.

There were speculators, and no common ones, in England at that time, and Chaucer was no stranger to them or their speculations. With Wiclif and his "Poor Priests," he had probably been in intimate relation. With the physical and metaphysical studies of his time, his great poem shews him to have been familiar. Witness his immortal pictures of the "Poore

Persone," and the "Clerk of Oxenforde." Even the wild doctrines and hap-hazard experiments of the Alchemists had evidently occupied his attention. But he insinuates the doctrines of the Lollards in a character, and puts his alchemical knowledge in a tale. The tale of Melibeus is a moral essay, and the Persone's tale is a sermon; but with these two exceptions, Chaucer paints instead of preaching. Travelling down the stream of history, from Edward the Third to Elizabeth, the field of literature is barren to popular apprehensions; nor do we light on really familiar names till Spenser and Shakspere sum up the epic and dramatic power of our most remarkable intellectual era. But what do we know of the voluminous tomes of the Neo-Platonizers, their contemporaries, or of the successors who continued the work of those patient and scholarly men down to the times of the Commonwealth? Francis Bacon towers, alone, among the speculative minds of the seventeenth century. But he, if he did not impress a positive change in the direction of the intellect in physical enquiry, at least indicated the route it was henceforth to follow, and must be regarded less as a speculator than as a guide in positive science.

But besides the speculation which presents itself professedly as such, there is the speculation which disguises itself in the poem, the drama, or the story. Of this we find little trace in the writers under the Tudors and the Stuarts. Creative imagination in the Elizabethan times, found its chief employment in writing for the stage. Shakspere deals with humanity in its broadest characteristics, not with the humanity of his own time. If his successors deviated from his example in this, it was but to paint the *manners* of their own day. There is no trace in any of them of a deep consciousness of the problems presented by contemporary society, or an overmastering impulse to attempt their solution. The novel, throughout those times, never rose beyond the scale and pretensions of the brief tale, translated or imitated from the Italian. Defoe was the first who used the novel as the vehicle for elaborate delineations of individual character and broad pictures of social life. In his "Colonel Jack," his "Roxana," and his "Moll Flanders," he did for his day what Dickens has done for ours. These remarkable fictions embody the experiences of a shrewd and close observer, profoundly conscious of social evils, and working with a deliberate design of awakening attention to those evils, with a view to their remedy. From his time England has never wanted novelists, who have followed in the same track. Fielding and Richardson, Smollett and Goldsmith, worked from the life, with the object of correcting evils and abuses, as well as of interesting and amusing their readers.

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In the hands of Scott the novel assumed a new character, but lost much of this ethical and reformatory aim.

Himself deeply imbued with the picturesqueness of the past, sympathizing in its "healthy animalism," enjoying its sports and pageants and costume, almost losing, in his relish for feudalism, his sense of its systematic cruelties and injustice, Scott carried all England with him from the contemplation of the present to revel in a brilliant but unreal world, from which no lesson was to be derived but that of a kindly and genial sympathy with man and nature. He worked with no higher purpose than to amuse, and he succeeded to admiration. As the nature of the man was healthy, manly, and truthful, the amusement he afforded was in the main wholesome, and the world owes him a debt of gratitude. But the world will not long rest satisfied with amusement. No school of writing can be permanent unless it have an aim beyond amusing. The school that has not such an aim will never attract to its ranks the noblest rising minds. This has been shown in the history of that branch of novel writing which had its root in Scott. It can boast of no really great name but his. It is already effete; and the writer who sets himself to paint the past now, if he wish to attract any attention beyond the poor circle of subscribers to the circulating library, or the hungry members of the country book-club, must read the lesson of his period while he paints its manners.

Since the time of Scott, two men rise eminent above the novel-writing crowd—Dickens and Thackeray.* It is superfluous to say that they both work with a grave and earnest purpose. Their study has lain in different chapters of the book of our life, but it has, in both, been guided by a conviction, avowed or implicit, that every page of that book has its moral, and that the writer's business is, if not to educe it formally, at least to leave his readers impressed by it. The name of Kingsley deserves a place by that of Dickens and Thackeray, for recognition of this duty in the novelist. It is the sense of this which harmonizes the works of the three, different as are the fields in which they have been led to labour. Dickens, setting out with the rough education of adverse circumstance, trained in the newspaper-office, the reporters' gallery, and the thousand and one scenes from which the feeder of our omnipresent and all-recording daily press draws the material for his rapid paragraphs, has taken possession of the life of our streets and

* It is from no want of respect for the merits of Sir Edw. L. Bulwer Lytton, that we omit mention of him here. He too has exhibited a recognition, more marked in each successive novel, of the law, that the writer of fiction now-a-days must be the teacher and preacher, as well as the amuser.

taverns, our law-courts, and prisons and hospitals, our railways and markets. He is at home in the London thoroughfares, the Cockney watering-place, and the Yorkshire school, the side-scenes of the country theatre, the thieves' ken of Jacob's island, the condemned cell, and the Court of Chancery. The streets are his book, and on their mud and misery, their humble joys and squalid sorrows, their broad farce, their tragedies of suffering and of sin, he sheds the strong light of a genial sympathy, and moves ever guided by a high and hallowing purpose. That his humour is apt to run into burlesque, his men and women to grow into bundles of oddities, or abstractions of class peculiarities—that his sentiment is often puling, his pathos maudlin, and his emotion melo-dramatic, we are not concerned to deny. But of the nobleness of his aims and the sincerity of his convictions there can be doubt, and it is by virtue of these that he has taken and will keep his place in the popular heart.

Thackeray has gathered his experiences of life and character under very different conditions. Born to ample means, educated in the regular course of school and university, thrown naturally among the well-to-do on his entrance into life, he has not lacked the schooling of adversity, and has known the necessity of earning his bread by his pen. We have to thank that painful discipline for the most searching, and yet most benevolent, anatomy of what is called "good society," that English literature can boast of. His work has lain among our professional, aristocratic and would-be aristocratic world, in Temple Chambers, West-end Clubs and drawing-rooms, well-appointed country-houses, and free-and-easy barrack-quarters. If he descends to the footman's pot-house or the servants'-hall, it is to get a new view of "master and missus" from "Jeames's" point of observation. But never have the conventional moralities of the "upper classes" been brought to such a standard—never has the pitiless daylight been so let in on the rouge and tinsel and distemper-daubing of the booths in "Vanity Fair," as by this calm, cool, sadly-smiling, sternly-frowning observer. Not a weakness, meanness, or affectation, but has received its lighter or deeper brand-mark from his hand—not a social lie, or tolerated wickedness, but has had to wince under the whip of this executor "*des hautes œuvres*" of social judgment. In his case, again, as in that of Dickens, the critics are ready with their cut-and-dry catalogue of offences. The men are too mean, and the women too silly, or too vile—the skeleton in every house is too eagerly sought for, too complacently paraded and moralized on—the grain of selfishness is sown too broadcast in human motives—mothers are needlessly warned that their sons will be profligate—tuft-hunting and toadyism are too

widely predicated. It may be so. Our business at present is not to defend Thackeray from such charges. What we now wish to insist on is the earnestness of his aim, the inculcation, in and through all his sadly-humorous delineations, of the deep responsibilities of man, and his underlying sense of the awful realities of right and wrong.

Mr. Kingsley, in some respects, holds common ground with both Dickens and Thackeray. Like the former, he is in his place among the poor, the sinful, and the suffering of the humbler class. Like the latter, he is at home in college-rooms and Belgravian boudoirs. But he has one element in which both Dickens and Thackeray are wanting—a naturalist's and artist's familiarity with the fields and woods and rivers. He is a great landscape-painter. Dickens can paint town-pictures, such as no Dutch painter has surpassed for minute truth. Wherever man has set his stamp on the face of earth, Dickens can describe the scene. But his power and sympathy as a painter, end with man's working upon nature. Take him into the heart of the woods, plant him by the lush banks of a Devonshire river, or in the purple heather-flush of a Westland moor, and the Cockney stands revealed. It needs no conjuror to tell the reader that he never held in a hot horse by a cover-side, or threw a fly, or knocked over a grouse on the hill-side or a partridge in the stubbles. Nor has Thackeray ever indicated the power of the landscape-painter, or the sympathies of the sportsman or naturalist. With Kingsley, on the other hand, the love of out-door nature, wild nature, sportsman's nature, reveals itself in almost every page. It is no small distinction to know England as Kingsley knows her. In fact, his knowledge of the parts of our island most distant from each other, and most dissimilar in character, is such that one is puzzled to account for it. The Devonshire readers of "Westward-Ho" will certainly claim him for a Devonian. Wiltshire would put in her title on the strength of his unrivalled descriptions of the chalk country in "Yeast;" while the reader of "Alton Locke" will hesitate whether to set him down for a rank Cockney, or an amphibious fen-man. In another respect, also, Kingsley presents a distinctive characteristic. He is a clergyman, a working parish-priest, of the Church of England. It may be a sad truth, but it is one enforced on us by experience of clerical fictions, that his profession would seem, at first sight, more likely to mar than to mend his success as a novelist. Few of his cloth seem able to get rid of the surplice and the Church Catechism when they take up the pen of the novel-writer. If of the Low Church, their novel is apt to be a tract in disguise; if of the Oxford school, a polemic under false pretences, or a Guide to Rome in three volumes.

The habit of shutting the eyes to men and things as they are, and seeing only the unreal beings and imaginary world hebdomadally referred to from the pulpit, is all but inveterate with the class. Either they lack the courage to face facts, or have lost the habit of doing so. Their books read as if addressed exclusively to the congregation which has the happiness of "sitting under" the author.

But Mr. Kingsley belongs to that section of the Anglican clergy, as yet unhappily a small one, which ranks itself neither under the banners of High nor Low Church. If any section of his brethren can claim him, and his master and friend, Mr. Maurice, it is probably that one which, for want of a better name, has been styled "The Broad Church," of which Dr. Arnold is usually considered the *prophetes*. It is not necessary for the purpose of this article to enter into any detail of the doctrines of this School; but its teaching is inspired by one fundamental and comprehensive belief, that the "Kingdom of God" is not to be looked for in a future state, but lies round about us here, and is visible in all that beautifies, ennobles, and sanctifies life. To what follows on this belief, which is, as it were, the key-note of Mr. Kingsley's fictions, we must ask the attention of our readers. We do so with the more confidence, as we shall borrow for the purpose from the work of an abler hand than ours.

The writer of a remarkable article in the "*Westminster Review** speaks as follows of a contradiction, which is the puzzle of the religiously-minded and the triumph of the irreligious:—

"Expressions abound in the literature of modern Christendom implying an antithesis between temporal and spiritual things, between morality and religion, between the world and God. No one can fail to observe that this antithesis, whether founded in reality or not, has become a social fact. There are two standards of judgment extant for the estimate of character and life: one set up in the pulpit, the other recognized in the forum and the street. The former gives the order in which we pretend, and perhaps ineffectually try, to admire men and things; the latter, that in which we do admire them. Under the influence of the one, the merchant or the country gentleman is professedly in love with the innocent improvidence of the ravens and the lilies; relapsing into the other, he sells all his cotton in expectation of a fall, or drains his farms for a rise of rent. On the Sunday he applauds it as a saintly thing to present the patient cheek to the smiter; on the Monday, he listens with rapture to Kossuth's curse upon the House of Hapsburgh, and the Magyar vow of resistance to the death. He assents when the Apostle John is held up to his veneration, as the beloved disciple, but, if the truth were known, the Duke

* The Ethics of Christendom, No. CXI., Jannary 1852.

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of Wellington is rather more to his mind. Supposing it all true that is said about the vanity of earthly pleasures and ostentations, he nevertheless lets his daughters send out next day invitations to a grand ball, and makes his house busy with dress-makers and cooks. He is accustomed to confess that in him there is no good thing, and that all his thoughts and works are only evil continually; yet he is pleased with himself that he has provided for the family of his gardener who was killed on the railway last week. In these and a thousand other forms may be noticed the competition between two co-existing and unreconciled standards, the relations between which are altogether confused and uneasy."

Which of us has not felt this distracting antagonism? How many has it not driven to rejection of all real belief in the Christian revelation? How many more has despair of explaining it deadened into an apathetic acceptance of Christian doctrines as fatal as their rejection—nay, shall we not say more fatal, because more final? In the article from which we have quoted, the origin of this mischief is traced, as it seems to us, truly to the Apostolic notion that the end of this world was at hand when he wrote,—that Christ had but left his disciples to return, in all the majesty of his second advent, and inaugurate the reign of the saints on earth. Hence the renunciation by the Apostles of worldly ambitions and interests, the indifference they inculcated to human needs, culture, and affections. But this preaching of bare faith as the condition of citizenship in Christ's kingdom assumes a different significance when adopted as a sufficient theory of human nature now. And the consequences, as deduced by the reviewer, are so important, and his statement of them appears to us so felicitous, that we must again quote his own words:—

"It is the peculiarity of modern Christianity that these two codes coexist within the same social body, and even rule over different parts of each individual. The Pauline antithesis between the world and the church was not less sharp than ours: but it was a distinction of persons and classes, and nobody could occupy both the opposite ends of it. Once within a society of disciples, he was out of the world, and belonged to "the assembly of the saints;" and the whole realm of heathendom beyond constituted the contrasted term. He did not stand and move with one leg on holy ground and the other on the common earth; whatever were the principles of the community he had joined, they served him all through, and did no violence to the unity of his nature. Praying or dining, weeping or laughing, in the workshop or the prison, he was the same man in the same sphere. As the circle of the church enlarged, we should therefore expect the world to be driven to a distance, till it was absent from whole countries and continents. But a new "world" has been discovered, not only within the church, but within the person of every disciple; his body and limbs, his

business and pleasures, being under the law of a morality quite secular; his soul and its eternal affairs sitting apart in a love quite spiritual. Who shall draw the line between the provinces, and know practically, hour by hour, where he stands? Living confusedly in both, a man is apt to acquire a sort of double consciousness, and fluctuate distractedly between Cæsar and God. He believes perhaps that the kingdoms of nature and of grace are destined always to remain side by side, neither absorbing the other till the day of doom. In that case, he will let other men create all the secular usages, the moralities of trade, the maxims of politics; standing aloof from them as not belonging to *his* realm; and falling in with them freely in his own case. They may be of questionable veracity and justice; but they belong to the devil's world, and are as good rules as can be expected from legislators sitting in the synagogue of Satan. Why should he decline to profit by them, now that they are there? When Eve has plucked the apple, it is too late for Adam not to taste the fruit. The pious broker comes on 'Change as into a foreign world, on which he is pushed by humiliating necessities, and in which he feels an interest derived from them alone: he has his citizenship elsewhere; he disdains naturalization; he is but a temporary settler; he wants no vote about the laws; but taking them as they are, cuts his crop and retires."

Again, we ask, do not our readers recognize here great truths, of inexpressible practical import? Is not here an antagonism irreconcileable by the commonly received doctrines as to the relations of man and God? But is there not a view of these relations by which the antithesis of God's kingdom and man's world disappears? Happily for man there is. For in the words of the same writer, "We have said that men are tired of having their earthly and their heavenly relations set up in sharp opposition to each other, and are eager to live here in a consecrated world. This tendency has already found expression in two remarkable and apparently dissimilar phenomena: the partial success of the Anglican and Catholic reaction; and the vast influence on English society of the late Dr. Arnold's character. Both were virtual protests against that removal of God out of the common human life, that unreconciled condition of Law and Gospel, which had made the evangelical theology sickening and unreal. A path had to be opened for the re-introduction of a divine presence into the sphere of temporal things. Newman resorted to the supernatural channel of church miracle; Arnold to the natural course of human affairs, and the permanent sacredness of human obligation. Both restored to us a solemn mystery of immediate Incarnation; the one putting life, in order to its consecration, into contact with the sacraments; the other spreading a sacramental veneration over the whole of life."

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It is this ennobling belief in the sacramental sanctity of life which runs through and explains the works of Mr. Kingsley; and it is this, we are convinced, which has made of these works sources of hope, consolation, and belief to so many earnest and courageous spirits, calling passionately for a faith, but unable to accept the one preached to them from most pulpits.

This belief pervades his sermons as much as it inspires his novels, and in no important particular will the latter be found to contradict the former. Had this not been so—had the artist in Mr. Kingsley been less inextricably intertwined with the preacher, we should have been inexcusable in devoting so much space to the great theological principle which for him elevates, harmonizes, and explains the mystery of life, and justifies God to man.

There is another doctrine, however, complementary to this, —the belief in an actual, personal, ever-active principle of evil, exercising the free-will of man, and only to be vanquished by faith in God's parental relation to his creatures. There is nothing against which Mr. Kingsley protests more incessantly than the notion that evil is no tangible, independent thing, but some mysterious shadow of good. With him, to maintain no devil, is to believe in no God.*

Having premised thus much with regard to the guiding belief of the theological school of which Mr. Kingsley is the bold and untiring teacher, we may pass to the consideration of his works in detail.

We will begin with the "Saint's Tragedy," published in 1848. Taking for his heroine Elizabeth, the saintly Landgravine

* It is curious to find in Heinrich Heine, a recognition of the connection of these two beliefs, of which the one, to many minds, seems to exclude the other. Thus sings the poet of young Germany:

Das Herz ist mir bedrückt, und sehnlich
Gedenke ich der alten Zeit;
Die Welt war damals noch so wöhnlich.
Und ruhig lebten hin die Leut.'

Doch jezt ist alles wie verschoben,
Das ist ein Drängen! eine Noth!
Gestorben ist der Herr Gott oben,
Und unten ist der Teufel todt.

Or, if we may venture a translation,

My heart is all weighed down with grieving,
Longingly on old times I gaze;
The world was once a place to live in,
Quietly men lived out their days.

Now, somehow, all seems pushed uneven,
All bustle, hustle, all pell-mell!
Dead is the Lord God in his heaven,
And dead the devil in his hell.

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of Thuringia, Mr. Kingsley has constructed a drama, intended to exhibit, in the story of her life and death, the struggle between the family affections, and the pretensions of the Romish Church in the thirteenth century to quell those affections instead of sanctifying them.

"In deducing fairly," says Mr. Kingsley in his preface, "from the phenomena of her life the character of Elizabeth, she necessarily became a type of two great mental struggles of the Middle Age; first, of that between Scriptural or unconscious, and Popish or conscious, purity,—in a word, between innocence and prudery; next, of the struggle between healthy human affection and the Manichean contempt with which a celibate clergy would have all men regard the names of husband, wife, and parent. To exhibit this latter falsehood in its miserable consequences, when received into a heart of insight and determination sufficient to follow out all belief to its ultimate practice, is the main object of my poem."

For this purpose it became necessary to typify, in the character of Conrad of Marpurg, Elizabeth's confessor and spiritual guide, "a noble nature warped and blinded by its unnatural exclusions from those family ties through which we first discern or describe God and our relations to Him, and forced to concentrate his whole faculties in the service, not so much of a God of Truth as of a Catholic system." In this character, Mr. Kingsley expresses a hope, "will be found some implicit apology for the failings of such truly great men as Dunstan, Becket, and Dominic, and many more, whom, if we hate, we shall never understand, while we shall be but too likely, in our own way, to copy them." In the stout knight and true liegeman of Elizabeth, Walter of Varila, Mr. Kingsley represents "the healthy animalism of the Teutonic mind, with its mixture of deep earnestness and hearty merriment." Walter's dislike of priestly sentimentalities, Mr. Kingsley maintains, "is no anachronism." "Even in his day," says Mr. Kingsley, "a noble lay religion, founded on faith in the divine and universal symbolism of nature and humanity, was gradually arising, and venting itself, as I conceive, through many most unsuspected channels,—through chivalry, through the minnesingers, through the lay-inventors of pointed architecture, through the German school of painting, through the politics of the free towns, till it attained complete freedom in Luther and his associate reformers."

But though Mr. Kingsley thus formally enunciates in his preface the ground-ideas of his leading personages, it must not be inferred that he has merely given us these notions in blank verse, and appended the name of the character to each speech,

as is the wont of inferior artists when they are consciously embodying some tendency of a time or peculiar cast of mind. Elizabeth, and Conrad, and Walter are very human, and have dramatic life, as well as historical consistency and significance. In its manifestation of this power of vitalizing and symbolizing at once, the "Saint's Tragedy" deserves to be classed with Mr. Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," while it is less obnoxious to the charge of speech-making or sermonizing, to which Mr. Taylor is rather prone. There is humour, movement, and variety in Mr. Kingsley's personages, from the Knight Walter down to the citizens and peasants, who represent the lower elements of mediæval society in this play. And above all, there is hearty, manly sympathy with life and nature throughout, while ever and anon rises a strain of lyric music, at once sweet and significant. Take the third scene of the second Act, while Elizabeth is still distracted between her yearning for her young husband and her craving after the ascetic purity of the Christian life as it has been preached to her:—

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Castle. ELIZABETH—*the Fool*—ISENTRUDIS—

GUTA *singing.*

Far among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep;
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to a changeless sea;
All around is forethought sure,
Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main?
Will the potter heed the clay?
Mortal! where the spirit drives,
Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive:
Where thy path is, thou shalt go.
He who made the stream of time
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

Eliz. That's a sweet song, and yet it does not chime
With my heart's inner voice. Where had you it, Guta?

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Guta. From a nun who was a shepherdess in her youth—sadly plagued she was by a cruel stepmother, till she fled to a convent and found rest to her soul.

Fool. No doubt: nothing so pleasant as giving up one's own will in one's own way. But she might have learnt all that without taking cold on the hill-tops.

Eliz. Where then, fool?

Fool. At any market-cross where two or three rogues are together, who have neither grace to mend, nor courage to say, "I did it." Now you shall see the shepherdess's baby dressed in my cap and bells. [*Sings.*

When I was a greenhorn and young,
And wanted to be and to do;
I puzzled my brains about choosing my line,
Till I found out the way that things go.

The same piece of clay makes a tile,
A pitcher, a taw, or a brick:
Dan Horace knew life; you may cut out a saint,
Or a bench from the self-same stick.

The urchin who squalls in a gaol,
By circumstance turns out a rogue;
While the castle-born brat is a senator born,
Or a saint, if religion's in vogue.

We fall on our legs in this world,
Blind kittens, tossed in neck and heels:
'Tis dame Circumstance licks Nature's cubs into shape,
She's the mill-head, if we are the wheels.

Then why puzzle and fret, plot and dream?
He that's wise will just follow his nose;
Contentedly fish while he swims with the stream;
'Tis no business of his where it goes.

Eliz. Far too well sung for such a saucy song. So go.

Fool. Ay, I'll go. Whip the dog out of church, and then rate him for being no Christian. [*Exit* Fool.

Eliz. Guta, there is sense in that knave's ribaldry;
We must not thus baptize our idleness,
And call it resignation: Which is love?
To do God's will, or merely suffer it?
I do not love that contemplative life:
No! I must headlong into seas of toil,
Leap forth from self, and spend my soul on others.
Oh! contemplation palls upon the spirit,
Like the chill silence of an autumn sun:
While action, like the roaring south-west wind,
Sweeps laden with elixirs, with rich draughts
Quickening the wombed earth.

Guta. And yet what bliss,

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When, dying in the darkness of God's light,
The soul can pierce these blinding webs of nature,
And float up to the nothing, which is all things—
The ground of being, where self-forgetful silence
Is emptiness,—emptiness fulness,—fulness God,—
Till we touch Him, and, like a snow-flake, melt
Upon His light-sphere's keen circumference!
Eliz. Hast thou felt this?
Guta. In part.
Eliz. Oh, happy Guta!
Mine eyes are dim—and what if I mistook
For God's own self, the phantoms of my brain?
And who am I, that my own will's intent
Should put me face to face with the living God?
I, thus thrust down from the still lakes of thought
Upon a boiling crater-field of labour.
No! He must come to me, not I to Him;
If I see God, beloved, I must see Him
In mine own self:—
Guta. Thyself?
Eliz. Why start, my sister?
God is revealed in the crucified:
The crucified must be revealed in me:—
I must put on His righteousness; show forth
His sorrow's glory; hunger, weep with Him;
Taste His keen stripes, and let this aching flesh
Sink through His fiery baptism into death.
That I may rise with Him, and in His likeness
May ceaseless heal the sick, and soothe the sad,
And give away like Him this flesh and blood
To feed His lambs—ay—we must die with Him
To sense—and love—
Guta. To love? What, then, becomes
Of marriage vows?
Eliz. I know it—so speak not of them.
Oh! that's the flaw, the chasm in all my longings,
Which I have spanned with cobweb arguments,
Yet yawns before me still, where'er I turn,
To bar me from perfection; had I given
My virgin all to Christ! I was not worthy!
I could not stand alone!
Guta. Here comes your husband.
Eliz. He comes! my sun! and every thrilling vein
Proclaims my weakness. [LEWIS *enters.*

Here is Walter's shrewd physiognomical reading of Conrad:

Lewis. [*aside.*] Well, Walter mine, how like you the good legate?
Wal. Walter has seen nought of him but his eye;
And that don't please him.

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Lewis. How so, sir! that face
Is pure and meek—a calm and thoughtful eye.

Wal. A shallow, stony, stedfast eye; that looks at neither man nor beast in the face, but at something invisible a yard before him, through you and past you, at a fascination, a ghost of fixed purposes that haunts him, from which neither reason nor pity will turn him. I have seen such an eye in men possessed—with devils, or with self: sleek passionless men, who are too refined to be manly, and measure their grace by their effeminacy; crooked vermin, who swarm up in pious times, being drowned out of their earthy haunts by the spring-tide of religion; and so making a gain of godliness, swim upon the first of the flood, till it cast them ashore on the firm beach of wealth and station. I always mistrust those wall-eyed saints.

After the death of the Landgrave on his way to the Crusade, and the dispossession of Elizabeth by Henry, Elizabeth determines on abandoning her children, and retiring to Marpurg, there to wear out her life in meditation and pious deeds, weaned of all earthly affections. Her uncle, the jolly fighting Bishop of Bamberg, anxious she should marry, in no way relishes this determination of his saintly niece, nor the counsels of Conrad which have led to it. We give the scene between the two priests, and leave our readers to apply the contrasted characters to types in the church of our own day.

Eliz. Uncle, I soar now at a higher pitch—
To be henceforth the bride of Christ alone.

Bishop. Ahem!—a pious notion—in moderation. We must be moderate, my child, moderate; I hate overdoing anything—especially religion.

Con. Madam, between your uncle and myself
This question in your absence were best mooted. [*Exit* ELIZABETH.

Bishop. How, priest? do you order her about like a servant maid?

Con. The saints forbid!—Now—ere I lose a moment—[*Kneeling.*
[*Aside.*] All things to all men be—and so save some—
[*Aloud.*] Forgive, your grace, forgive me,
If mine unmannered speech in aught have clashed
With your more tempered and melodious judgment:
Your courage will forgive an honest warmth.
God knows, I serve no private interests.

Bishop. Your orders, hey? to wit?

Con. My lord, my lord,
There may be higher aims: but what I said,
I said but for our Church, and our cloth's honour.
Ladies' religion, like their love, we know,
Requires a gloss of verbal exaltation,
Lest the sweet souls should understand themselves;
And clergymen must talk up to the mark.

Bishop. We all know, Gospel preached in the mother-tongue
Sounds too like common sense.

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Con. Or too unlike it:
You know the world, your grace, you know the sex—
Bishop. Ahem! As a spectator.
Con. Philosophicè—
Just so—You know their rage for shaven crowns—
How they'll deny their God—but not their priest—
Flirts—scandal-mongers—in default of both come,
Platonic love—worship of art and genius—
Idols which make them dream of heaven, as girls
Dream of their sweethearts, when they sleep on bride-cake.
It saves from worse—we are not all Abelards.
Bishop. [*Aside.*] Some of us have his tongue, if not his face.
Con. There lies her fancy; do but balk her of it—
She'll bolt to cloisters, like a rabbit scared.
Head her from that—she'll wed some pink-faced boy—
The more low-bred and penniless, the likelier.
Send her to Marpurg, and her brain will cool.
Tug at the kite—'twill only soar the higher:
Give it but line, my lord, 'twill drop like slate.
Use but that eagle's glance, whose daring foresight
In chapter, camp, and council, wins the wonder
Of timid trucklers—Scan results and outcomes—
The scale is heavy in your grace's favour.
Bishop. Bah! priest! What can this Marpurg-madness do for me?
Con. Leave you the tutelage of all her children.
Bishop. Thank you—to play the drynurse to three starving brats.
Con. The minors' guardian guards the minors' lands.
Bishop. Unless they are pitched away in building hospitals.
Con. Instead of fattening in your wisdom's keeping.
Bishop. Well, well—but what gross scandal to the family!
Con. The family, my lord, would gain a saint.
Bishop. Ah! monk, that canonization costs a frightful sum.
Con. Those fees, just now, would gladly be remitted.
Bishop. These are the last days, faith, when Rome's too rich to take!
Con. The Saints forbid, my lord, the fisher's see
Were so o'ercursed by Mammon! But you grieve,
I know, to see foul weeds of heresy
Of late o'errun your diocese.
Bishop. Ay, curse them!
I've hanged some dozens.
Con. Worthy of yourself!
But yet the faith needs here some mighty triumph—
Some bright example, whose resplendent blaze
May tempt that fluttering tribe within the pale
Of Holy Church again—
Bishop. To singe their wings?
Con. They'll not come near enough. Again—there are
Who dare arraign your prowess, and assert

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A churchman's energies were better spent
In pulpits, than the tented field. Now mark—
Mark what a door is opened. Give but scope
To this her huge capacity for sainthood—
Set her, a burning and a shining light
To all your people.—Such a sacrifice,
Such loan to God of your own flesh and blood,
Will silence envious tongues, and prove you wise
For the next world as for this; will clear your name
From calumnies which argue worldliness;
Buy of itself the joys of paradise—
And—clench your lordship's interest with the pontiff.

Bishop. Well, well, we 'll think on't.

Con. Sir, I doubt you not.

[*Re-enter* ELIZABETH.] Uncle, I am determined.

Bishop. So am I.
You shall to Marpurg with this holy man.

Eliz. Ah, there you speak again like mine own uncle.
I 'll go—to rest [*Aside*] and die. I only wait
To see the bones of my beloved laid
In some fit resting-place. A messenger
Proclaims them near. Oh God!

Bishop. We 'll go, my child,
And meeting them with all due honour, show
In our own worship, honourable minds. [*Exit* ELIZABETH.

Bishop. A messenger! How far off are they, then?

Serv. Some two days' journey, sir.

Bishop. Two days' journey, and nought prepared? Here, chaplain—Brother Hippodamas! Chaplain, I say! [HIPPODAMAS *enters.*] Call the apparitor—ride off with him, right and left.—Don't wait, even to take your hawk—Tell my knights to be with me, with all their men-at-arms, at noon on the second day. Let all be of the best, say—the brightest of arms and the newest of garments. Mass! we must show our smartest before these crusaders—they 'll be full of new fashions, I warrant 'em—the monkeys that have seen the world. And here, boy—[*To a Page.*] Set me a stoup of wine in the oriel-room, and another for this good monk.

Con. Pardon me, blessedness—but holy rule—

Bishop. Oh! I forgot. A pail of water and a peck of beans for the holy man. Order up my equerry, and bid my armourer—vestryman, I mean—look out my newest robes—Plague on this gout! [*Exeunt, following the Bishop.*

We know of no parallel to the later scenes of the Saint's Tragedy, for their minute anatomizing of a morbid asceticism and perverted spirit of self-sacrifice, except the St. Simeon Stylites of the Poet Laureate. There is, however, the important distinction, that the male saint contents himself with mortifying the flesh on his pillar-perch, whereas Elizabeth combines works of mercy with her coarse garb, scanty food, foul lodging,

scourgings and vigils. The picture is less odious, but almost as repulsive. The apology, we presume, for the elaboration with which Mr. Kingsley has wrought out what would have been painful enough even in allusion or description, is his desire of exhibiting the foul and fatal consequences in which a courageous following up of Elizabeth's mistaken principle must land the purest and most ecstatic votary. From nothing we have ourselves come in contact with, can we say that such a warning was needed at this time. But Mr. Kingsley's clerical experience may have led him to the conviction that it was not superfluous. Pseudo-Anglicanism may have adopted Elizabeth's error among others not less fatal to the health of soul and body, and the error may have taken root and spread under that Romanist teaching which still avails itself of the opportunities and endowments of the Church of England.

Looked at as a work of art, the "Saint's Tragedy" suffers from the nature of its subject—a morbid scruple, which it is hardly possible, with all Mr. Kingsley's courage and purity of intention, to touch, without offending the delicacy—prudery might be the fitter word—of the times we live in. Men can hardly realize Elizabeth's self-torturing doubts. Most women will shrink from the attempt to follow them.

Much, however, must be conceded to the lesson of the work —beyond doubt a noble and necessary one—that in the family relations is the root of all genuine and dutiful life, and the spring of sanctified and heaven-intended happiness. And whatever pruriency or prudery may be able to lay hold of in the scruples of Elizabeth, whatever modern squeamishness may find to shock it in the sickening details of her penance, there runs through other parts of the play such a hearty, genial and manly life, and so rich a vein of lyric imagination, that the nature must be perverted indeed which does not find itself more strengthened and sweetened, than startled or shocked, by the "Saint's Tragedy."

But if in this work Mr. Kingsley be amenable to the charge of having wasted his power upon an error of questionable prevalence, no such accusation can be brought against him in the case of "Yeast," or "Alton Locke," the two novels which succeed the "Saint's Tragedy" in date of publication. In both he grapples with evils, individual and social, which are visibly working doubt, despair, misery, and desolation within the circle of every man's experience. There may be question whether the author has reached the real source of these evils, or indicated their true remedy. There can be no doubt of their reality, and of the urgent need of some remedy to be applied to them.

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"Yeast," as its name implies, exhibits in their working the elements of that fermentation which is going on in ourselves and in society—of the doubts, difficulties, social lies, anomalies, half-truths, blunders, conflicting beliefs and stagnant unbeliefs, with which the England of this day is painfully struggling to compose, patch-up, re-create, or destroy faiths, systems, and institutions.

The seat of this seething, weltering flood is the brain, heart, and conscience of the hero of the story, called—not without intention probably—Lancelot Smith. Does Mr. Kingsley mean to typify in that name—which links the personification of mythic and manful knight-errantry with the eponym of modern, middle-class English common-place—the dim striving of our time to ennoble every-day existence, and dignify the traffic of the market, the labours of the factory, and the life of the home, by the quest of some grand, unselfish and sanctifying idea?

Lancelot Smith, a hale, well-to-do, easy-going, somewhat devil-may-care, but richly-endowed young Englishman, of three-and-twenty, after the usual rattling, desultory, though not idle three years of under-graduateship at Cambridge, finds himself, by the consequences of a "purl" on the hunting-field, an inmate of the country-house of Squire Lavington, with whose eldest daughter, Argemone, he incontinently falls in love. Argemone is a type of the graceful, sentimental, and somewhat conceited leaner to Anglo-Romanism; and the tendencies of that unscrupulous creed, so seductive to women, are brought into conflict with the neologizing speculations and honest struggling doubts of Lancelot. Argemone's hold on her fancied belief is shaken by the influence of the stronger mind, but Lancelot derives no comfort, on his part, from her creed. *His* conversion is brought about by intercourse, on the one hand, with a Colonel Bracebridge, who represents the perfectly accomplished man of the world, easy, candid, kindly, profligate by habit, but not utterly depraved, knowing the good and following the bad—and, on the other, with Paul Tregarva, a Cornish under-keeper, an earnest believer, with a call to help and save the benighted and brutalized population of the Wiltshire village about which the scene of the story is laid. From Bracebridge, Lancelot is brought to see the utter hollowness of mere worldly dexterity and accomplishment, and its miserable end when perverted to sinful and selfish gratification. By Tregarva, his eyes are opened to the duties that lie at every man's door, and the spirit in which the work of practical doing-good should be set about. By the failure of a banker uncle, he is flung on his own resources, and is about to enter manfully on the fight of life with such weapons as he can compass by his own striv-

ing, when the entry on the scene of a mysterious stranger diverts him from near and common fields of labour, to follow this mystic guide to some region—dimly shadowed forth—in which he is promised the sight of God's kingdom upon earth—of a society, that is, in which the laws of God are seen in practical operation, that thereby his faith in that God and in the consistency and sufficiency of his laws for human needs, may be confirmed and made productive of good works. To clear Lancelot's way for this pilgrimage, Argemone has previously been carried off by a fever, caught in visiting the neglected cottages on her father's estate; while Bracebridge has committed suicide, in remorse for the murder of his base-born child by its wretched mother.

From this analysis our readers, who do not know the story, might expect something half extravagant, half dully-didactic. But they will be agreeably surprised, if, on the strength of an earnest recommendation, they go to the book itself. For such is the force of Mr. Kingsley's manly sympathy with men, the picturesqueness of his word-painting, and the creativeness of his imagination, that the ethical purpose of his tale is worked out by the agency of personages full of vitality, through a series of admirably-described incidents, with some excess of argumentative dialogue and letter-writing, it may be, but still with a continuity and strength of interest that can scarcely fail to rivet the attention.

There are few things in their way better than this opening description of a March morning meet and breaking cover :—

"The edge of a great fox-cover; a flat wilderness of low leafless oaks, fortified by a long dreary thorn-capped clay ditch, with sour red water oozing out at every yard; a broken gate leading into a strait wood-ride, ragged with dead grasses and black with fallen leaves, the centre mashed into a quagmire by innumerable horse-hoofs; some forty red coats, and some four black; a sprinkling of young farmers, resplendent in gold buttons and green; a pair of sleek drab stable-keepers, showing off horses for sale; the surgeon of the union, in Macintosh and anti-gropelos; two holiday school-boys with trousers strapped down to bursting point, like a penny steamer's safety-valve; a midshipman, the only merry one in the field, bumping about on a fretting, sweating hack, with its nose a foot above its ears; and Lancelot Smith, who then kept two good horses, and 'rode forward,' as a fine young fellow of three-and-twenty who can afford it, and 'has nothing else to do,' has a very good right to ride. . . . . The weather that day, the first day Lancelot ever saw his beloved, was truly national. A silent, dim, distanceless, steaming, rotting day in March. The last brown oak-leaf, which had stood out the winter's frost, spun and quivered plump down, and then lay; as if ashamed to have broken for a moment the ghastly stillness, like an awkward guest at a great

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dumb dinner-party. A cold suck of wind just proved its existence, by toothaches on the north side of all faces. The spiders, having been weather-bewitched the night before, had unanimously agreed to cover every brake and brier with gossamer-cradles, and never a fly to be caught in them; like Manchester cotton-spinners madly glutting the markets in the teeth of 'no demand.' The steam crawled out of the dank turf, and reeked off the flanks and nostrils of the shivering horses, and clung with clammy paws to frosted hats and dripping boughs.—A soulless, skyless, catarrhal day, as if that bustling dowager, old mother Earth—what with match-making in spring, and *fêtes champêtres* in summer, and dinner-giving in autumn —was fairly worn out, and put to bed with the influenza, under wet blankets, and the cold-water cure. . . . . Lancelot began to stalk slowly with a dozen horsemen up to the wood-ride, to a fitful accompaniment of wandering hound-music, where the choristers were as invisible as nightingales among the thick cover. And hark! just as the book was returned to his pocket, the sweet hubbub suddenly crashed out into one jubilant shriek, and then swept away fainter and fainter among the trees. The walk became a trot—the trot a canter. Then a faint melancholy shout at a distance, answered by a 'Stole away!' from the fields; a doleful 'toot' of the horn; the dull thunder of many horsehoofs rolling along the further wood-side. Then red coats, flashing like sparks of fire across the grey gap of mist at the ride's-mouth; then a whipper-in, bringing up a belated hound, burst into the path-way, smashing and plunging, with shut eyes, through ash-saplings and hassock grass; then a fat farmer, sedulously pounding through the mud, was overtaken and bespattered in spite of all his struggles;—until the line streamed out into the wide rushy pasture, startling up pewits and curlews, as horsemen poured in from every side, and cunning old farmers rode off at inexplicable angles to some well-known haunts of pug; and right a-head, chiming and jangling sweet madness, the dappled pack glanced and wavered through the veil of soft grey mist.

"'What's the use of this hurry?' growled Lancelot. 'They will all be back again. I never have the luck to see a run.'

"But no; on and on—down the wind and down the vale; and the canter became a gallop, and the gallop a long straining stride; and a hundred horsehoofs crackled like flame among the stubbles, and thundered fetlock-deep along the heavy meadows; and every fence thinned the cavalcade, till the madness began to stir all bloods, and with grim earnest silent faces, the initiated few settled themselves to their work, and with the colonel and Lancelot at their head, 'took their pleasure sadly, after the manner of their nation,' as old Froissart has it.

* * * * * * *

'Thorough bush, through brier,
Thorough park, through pale;'

till the rolling grass-lands spread out into flat black open fallows, crossed with grassy baulks, and here and there a long melancholy

line of tall elms, while before them the high chalk ranges gleamed above the mist like a vast wall of emerald enamelled with snow, and the winding river glittering at their feet."

One of the most masterly portraitures in the book is that of old Harry Verney, the gamekeeper, introduced, according to Mr. Kingsley's wont, as an illustration of one working of our game laws, of which, as things are, we scarcely need say, that Mr. Kingsley, with all his relish for good sportsmanship, is a sworn enemy. One of the best chapters in the book is that of the encounter with the poachers, which winds up with the old keeper's death-bed:—

"Wearily and slowly they stepped on towards the old man's cottage. A messenger had gone on before, and in a few minutes the squire, Mrs. Lavington, and the girls, were round the bed of their old retainer.

"They sent off right and left for the doctor and the vicar; the squire was in a frenzy of rage and grief.

"'Don't take on, master, don't take on,' said old Harry, as he lay; while the colonel and Honoria in vain endeavoured to stanch the wound. 'I knowed it would be so, sooner or later; 'tis all in the way of business. They haven't carried off a bird, squire, not a bird; we was too many for 'em—eh, Paul? eh?'

"'Where is that cursed doctor?' said the squire. 'Save him, colonel, save him; and I'll give you——'

"Alas! the charge of shot at a few feet distance had entered like a bullet, tearing a great ragged hole. There was no hope, and the colonel knew it; but he said nothing.

"'The second keeper,' sighed Argemone, 'who has been killed here! Oh, Mr. Smith, must this be? Is God's blessing on all this?'

"Lancelot said nothing. The old man lighted up at Argemone's voice.

"'There's the beauty, there's the pride of Whitford! And sweet Miss Honor, too,—so kind to nurse a poor old man! But she never would let him teach her to catch perch, would she? She was always too tender-hearted. Ah, squire, when we're dead and gone,—dead and gone, squire, they'll be the pride of Whitford still! And they'll keep up the old place—won't you, my darlings? And the old name, too? For, you know, there must always be a Lavington in Whitford Priors, till the Nun-pool runs up to Ashy Down.'

"'And a curse upon the Lavingtons,' sighed Argemone to herself in an under-tone.

"Lancelot heard what she said.

"The vicar entered, but he was too late. The old man's strength was failing, and his mind began to wander.

"'Windy,' he murmured to himself, 'windy, dark and windy—birds won't lie—not old Harry's fault. How black it grows! We must be home by nightfall, squire. Where's that young dog gone? Arter the larks, the brute!'

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"Old Squire Lavington sobbed like a child.

"'You will soon be home, my man,' said the vicar. 'Remember that you have a Saviour in heaven. Cast yourself on his mercy.'

"Harry shook his head.

"'Very good words, very kind—very heavy game-bag, though. Never get home, never any more at all. Where's my boy Tom to carry it? Send for my boy Tom. He was always a good boy till he got along with them poachers.'

* * * * * * *

"'Listen,' he said, 'listen! There's bells a-ringing—ringing in my head. Come you here, Paul Tregarva.'

"He pulled Tregarva's face down to his own, and whispered,—

"'Them's the bells a-ringing for Miss Honor's wedding.'

"Paul started, and drew back. Harry chuckled and grinned for a moment in his old foxy, peering way, and then wandered off again.

"'What's that thumping and roaring?' Alas! it was the failing pulsation of his own heart. 'It's the weir, the weir—a-washing me away—thundering over me—Squire, I'm drowning,—drowning and choking! Oh, Lord, how deep! Now it's running quieter; now I can breathe again—swift and oily—running on, running on, down to the sea. See how the grayling sparkle! There's a pike! T'aint my fault, squire, so help me —— Don't swear, now, squire; old men and dying maun't swear, squire. How steady the river runs down! Lower and slower—lower and slower: now it's quite still —still——still——'

"His voice sank away—he was dead!

"No! once more the light flashed up in the socket. He sprang upright in the bed, and held out his withered paw with a kind of wild majesty, as he shouted,—

"'There ain't such a head of hares on any manor in the county. And them's the last words of Harry Verney!'

"He fell back—shuddered—a rattle in his throat—another—and all was over."

Our space will not allow us to do more than refer to the incidental characters of the story; many of them are sketches, but all full of significance for our own times, representing what we may, and should, all of us, be familiar with, and able to turn to account. Such are Lancelot's weak Tractarian cousin Luke, with his resort to an infallible church for the solution of difficulties created by his own cowardice;—the Tractarian vicar, a gentleman in most things, but not above paltering with his word to win a soul for his school;—Lord Minchhampstead, the sturdy, clear-sighted, active utilitarian, the material pioneer of nobler and farther-sighted followers;—Lord Vieuxbois, the representative of courteous, cultivated, chivalrous, mystified Young England, with the most benevolent plans for conducting the poor to happiness in blinkers and leading-strings;—the banker, with his elastic conscience and morality of mammon-

ism;—the wretched, pauperized, poaching sneak, Crawy;—and the brilliant, easy-going, but unhappy Bracebridge. In each and all of them we recognise a rare eye for the perception of class distinctions and individual characteristics, and as rare a power of depicting both.

The book has been misjudged, as every book with an unconcealed ethical aim is sure to be, and abused for being what it makes no profession of being, and was never intended to be. It is not a guide to amelioration of existing evils in any other sense than as it unshrinkingly drags them to light, and fearlessly puts their right names upon their foreheads. It breaks off just as it carries its hero to the point of that belief in God's personal government of the world, on which all true improvement of our society must, in the author's view, be founded; and there it leaves us—the hero wandering away into Cloudland, under the guidance of the mysterious Barnakill, on his pilgrimage to a christian Utopia.

But viewed as the description of an individual mind, struggling through the besetting doubts of all honest enquirers in this day, to a clear conception of God's dealing with man, no less than as a picture of contemporary life—especially some of the saddest sides of it,—"Yeast" has a deep interest, and a real and rare value, especially for the class of which Lancelot is the type; and from that class must come those who are to shape the England of the next generation.

It is easier to see the drift and purpose of "Alton Locke" than to form a judgment of the book. For the struggle it depicts, the view of life it sets before us, and the experiences out of which the hero's powers and opinions are formed, are those of the artizan world of London; of which—much to our shame, and somewhat too to its own blame—the middle and literary class know very little. Mr. Kingsley has, doubtless, both in the course of clerical and philanthropic labours, been thrown into frequent and close contact with this wide-spread substratum of London clay. He has taken honorable and active part with Mr. Maurice, and others of the same way of thinking, in attempts to associate artizans in undertakings of co-operative labour, and in the foundation and teaching of the College for Working Men. His genial, bold, and strongly sympathetic character; the honesty with which he faces facts, and the outspokenness with which he calls a spade a spade—all qualities unhappily rare among clergymen of the Establishment, or indeed among any class or calling amongst us—may well have won for him a share of confidence rarely accorded by the artizan to his clerical visitors. And if any body but a real artizan has the right or power to put himself

in the artizan's point of view, and speak in his name, few can show better titles to do so than Mr. Kingsley. We do not mean to express an opinion that "Alton Locke" is an unfaithful or improbable representative of the mental development of an intelligent and imaginative artizan, or even to doubt the fidelity of the delineation. But we have no standard to test the work by such as we have in the case of "Yeast," where the doubts and difficulties, the experiences and struggles, are those of our own class.

In "Alton Locke" Mr. Kingsley appears as an autobiographer, in the character of a tailor, poet, and chartist, who, leaves the narrow sectarian training of a stern but loving Baptist mother for the reckless discipline of a tailor's workroom, and desperate struggles of self-education, under circumstances no worse than those recorded by Gifford and Holcroft; till by aid of a crabbed but kindly Scotchman—an old bookseller—he qualifies himself to be the poet of his order, a chartist lecturer, and a contributor to the democratic press. In the course of these experiences he is brought within the influence of two beautiful and refined women, relatives of a Church dignitary; and even, by countenance of an unscrupulous cousin, gets a glimpse of Cambridge life. He falls, however, from these altitudes to trial and conviction, for participation in disorders following on an harangue which he has made to a meeting of starving labourers in one of the Eastern counties; afterwards participates in the abortive Chartist demonstration of the 10th of April, 1848; till at last, with a mind soured by disappointment, and a constitution shattered by early hardship and subsequent privation and imprisonment, he falls once more under the influence of his better angel in the person of the noble and self-denying woman whom he had encountered, but not appreciated, earlier in his career; and by her help and a legacy from the old Scotchman, is enabled to sail for Texas. The autobiography is supposed to have been written on the voyage, as the hero of it is sinking under the consumption which carries him off before the ship enters her port of destination.

This framework enables Mr. Kingsley to exhibit the aspect which, in his conception, the world wears to a working man of exceptional intelligence, and there is internal consistency in the work. But that reality of experience which would give especial value to the picture, is not here present. Mr. Kingsley, in Lancelot Smith, was giving us the bulletins of his own mental battles; but in "Alton Locke" he is painfully working up a cento from blue books and district visitings, from reports of Morning Chronicle commissioners, and intercourse with individual artizans. That an effective book may be made in this

way, "Alton Locke" shows. That the writer is in deep earnest, we know. That his worst descriptions do not go beyond hideous realities, we know also; but, nevertheless, the book is not the work of one of that class whose inner life and mental growth it purports to describe autobiographically.

It would be unfair, however, to join in the clamour that has been raised against many of the opinions in the tale,—as for example, those on the Church, on University Education, on the evil effects of competition, and the means by which these effects are to be counteracted. Mr. Kingsley has been attacked as if these opinions were his own, and not those of the fictitious Alton Locke. The more extravagant these opinions are,—the less reconcileable with a wide view of facts and sound laws of political economy,—the more they would be in character with a theorist as poor, as unhealthy, as passionate, and as discontented as the tailor-poet. The important point for us to consider in forming a literary judgment of the work, is, whether it be consistent with itself—whether these are the opinions likely to be formed in a mind so trained, working on such materials for observation and deduction. And we are not prepared to say that Mr. Kingsley has failed in this particular. At all events, there can be no question of the reality of the black cloud which rests on the life of men in Alton Locke's position—of the squalor and unhealthiness of their homes, the pestiferous state of the streets they must perforce inhabit, and the workshops, in which they have no choice but to toil; nor of the body-and-soul crushing labour to which work-people in certain callings have been reduced, with no alternative between it and starvation or the workhouse. We accept Mr. Kingsley as a truthful and uncompromising describer of the terrible conditions under which so many thousands are condemned for the present to live and die, though we may not be inclined to consider that Alton Locke himself always refers the evil to its right cause. But even in this respect the book has been unjustly blamed; for Alton Locke's different schemes of amelioration melt away from under him one by one, and he is left at last, as Lancelot Smith was left in "Yeast," just as he arrives at a view of God's relations to man, which sets him at rest as to the goodness and wisdom of the Almighty, if it does not reveal to him any positive ground of hope for the amelioration of the circumstances under which his own order suffer, other than individual godliness of life and dealing on the part of both employers and employed, by dint of which men are to reach at last the true freedom, equality, and brotherhood,—the likeness of God in Christ. The book is full of examples of Mr. Kingsley's passionate sympathy with suffering, his powers

as a conceiver of character, and as a painter of action and of landscape.

Here is a description of the puzzling fashion under which Christianity was presented to the son of a Baptist mother:—

"Of 'vital Christianity' I heard much; but, with all my efforts, could find out nothing. Indeed, it did not seem interesting enough to tempt me to find out much. It seemed a set of doctrines, believing in which was to have a magical effect on people, by saving them from the everlasting torture due to sins and temptations which I had never felt. Now and then, believing, in obedience to my mother's assurances, and the solemn prayers of the ministers about me, that I was a child of hell, and a lost and miserable sinner, I used to have accesses of terror, and fancy that I should surely wake next morning in everlasting flames. Once I put my finger a moment into the fire, as certain Papists, and Protestants too, have done, not only to themselves, but to their disciples, to see if it would be so very dreadfully painful; with what conclusions the reader may judge. . . . Still, I could not keep up the excitement. Why should I?—The fear of pain is not the fear of sin, that I know of; and, indeed, the thing was unreal altogether in my case, and my heart, my common-sense rebelled against it again and again; till at last I got a terrible whipping for taking my little sister's part, and saying that if she was to die,—so gentle, and obedient, and affectionate as she was—God would be very unjust in sending her to hell-fire, and that I was quite certain he would do no such thing—unless he were the Devil: an opinion which I have since seen no reason to change. The confusion between the King of Hell and the King of Heaven has cleared up, thank God, since then!

"So I was whipped and put to bed—the whipping altering my secret heart just about as much as the dread of hell-fire did."

Who that has followed the mad rush of the crowd at a Cambridge boat-race but will feel his pulse quicken as he reads the following description?

"Oh, the Babel of horse and foot, young and old! the cheering, and the exhorting, and the objurgations of number this, and number that! and the yelling of the most sacred names, intermingled too often with oaths.—And yet, after a few moments, I ceased to wonder either at the Cambridge passion for boat-racing, or at the excitement of the spectators. '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' It was a noble sport—a sight such as could only be seen in England—some hundred of young men, who might, if they had chosen, been lounging effeminately about the streets, subjecting themselves voluntarily to that intense exertion, for the mere pleasure of toil. The true English stuff came out there; I felt that, in spite of all my prejudices—the stuff which has held Gibraltar and conquered at Waterloo—which has created a Birmingham and a Manchester, and colonised every quarter of the globe—that grim, earnest, stubborn

energy, which, since the days of the old Romans, the English possess alone of all the nations of the earth. I was as proud of the gallant young fellows, as if they had been my brothers—of their courage and endurance (for one could see that it was no child's play, from the pale faces, and panting lips), their strength and activity, so fierce and yet so cultivated, smooth, harmonious as oar kept time with oar, and every back rose and fell in concert—and felt my soul stirred up to a sort of sweet madness, not merely by the shouts and cheers of the mob around me, but by the loud fierce pulse of the rowlocks, the swift whispering rush of the long snake-like eight oars, the swirl and gurgle of the water in their wake, the grim, breathless silence of the straining rowers. My blood boiled over, and fierce tears swelled into my eyes; for I, too, was a man, and an Englishman; and when I caught sight of my cousin, pulling stroke to the second boat in the long line, with set teeth and flashing eyes, the great muscles on his bare arms springing up into knots at every rapid stroke, I ran and shouted among the maddest and the foremost."

Let those who know the Eastern Counties testify to the fidelity of this dreary landscape:—

"About eight o'clock the next morning, I started forth with my guide, the shoemaker, over as desolate a country as men can well conceive. Not a house was to be seen for miles, except the knot of hovels which we had left, and here and there a great dreary lump of farm-buildings, with its yard of yellow stacks. Beneath our feet the earth was iron, and the sky iron above our heads. Dark curdled clouds, 'which had built up everywhere an under-roof of doleful grey,' swept on before the bitter northern wind, which whistled through the low leafless hedges and rotting wattles, and crisped the dark sodden leaves of the scattered hollies, almost the only trees in sight.

"We trudged on, over wide stubbles, thick with innumerable weeds; over wide fallows, in which the deserted ploughs stood frozen fast; then over clover and grass, burnt black with frost; then over a field of turnips, where we passed a large fold of hurdles, within which some hundred sheep stood, with their heads turned from the cutting blast. All was dreary, idle, silent; no sound or sign of human beings. One wondered where the people lived, who cultivated so vast a tract of civilised, over-peopled, nineteenth-century England. As we came up to the fold, two little boys hailed us from the inside—two little wretches with blue noses and white cheeks, scarecrows of rags and patches, their feet peeping through bursten shoes twice too big for them, who seemed to have shared between them a ragged pair of worsted gloves, and cowered among the sheep, under the shelter of a hurdle, crying and inarticulate with cold.

"'What's the matter, boys?'

"'Turmits is froze, and us can't turn the handle of the cutter. Do ye gie us a turn, please!'

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"We scrambled over the hurdles, and gave the miserable little creatures the benefit of ten minutes' labour. They seemed too small for such exertion; their little hands were purple with chilblains, and they were so sorefooted they could scarcely limp. I was surprised to find them at least three years older than their size and looks denoted, and still more surprised, too, to find that their salary for all this bitter exposure to the elements—such as I believe I could not have endured two days running—was the vast sum of one shilling a week each, Sundays included. 'They didn't never go to school, nor to church neither, except just now and then, sometimes —they had to mind the sheep.'

"I went on, sickened with the contrast between the highly-bred, over-fed, fat, thick-woolled animals, with their troughs of turnips and malt-dust, and their racks of rich clover-hay, and their little pent-house of rock-salt, having nothing to do but to eat and sleep, and eat again, and the little half-starved shivering animals who were their slaves."

We are certainly not the reviewers so modestly invoked by Mr. Kingsley in his preface to "Hypatia," who, by exposing his mistakes, are to teach him and the public somewhat more about the last struggle between the Young Church and the Old World. We do not affect to have waded through the ecclesiastical history of Socrates, to have threaded the intricacies of Petavius, or mastered the logic of the Homoousian and Homoiousian controversy. Nor can we pretend to any but a second-hand acquaintance with the cloudy metaphysics of Neo-Platonism. We disclaim, therefore, any intention of criticising Mr. Kingsley's "Hypatia," with reference to the exactness of its descriptions of Græco-Egyptian manners in the reign of Pulcheria, or of the intestine disorders of the Alexandrian Church of the fifth century, or the precise value of his estimate of its turbulent head.

The story well deserves an article to itself, in which, for this kind of appreciation, such knowledge as we do not pretend to might be brought to bear upon it. But, for our present purpose, we wish to deal with it rather by virtue of that significance for our own times, the presence of which, in this story of the fifth century, is indicated by its second title, "New foes with an old face."

True to his mission—in which the novel-writer's desk is used as a second pulpit, to attract a larger and more awakened audience for the author than is usually vouchsafed to the preacher—Mr. Kingsley takes his stand beside the throes and fever-fits of the slow-expiring Byzantine Empire, to point the moral of that hideous death-bed. And he chooses his particular point of time, because he conceives that the elements of decay and demoralization in the Church, and

the forms of unbelief, doubt, difficulty, and despair which held riot beyond her pale at Alexandria in the days of Cyril, are present, and working more or less visibly among ourselves at this time. "I wish," he tells his readers, "to show you your own likenesses in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. . . . . The same devil who tempted the Egyptians tempts you. The same God who would have saved these old Egyptians, if they had willed, will save you if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, whether at Hypatia or Pelagia, Miriam or Raphael, Cyril or Philammon."

Hypatia has the advantage and disadvantage—for it is both one and the other—of a scene laid at a period unfamiliar to common readers. Perhaps the disadvantage of having to create interest, without a "*που στω*" of association, overbalances the advantage of freshness, obtained by an unhackneyed theme, a new theatre, and an untried troop of actors.

But if the period be one little resorted to by our poets or novel-writers, and shunned by our historical inquirers,—as if Gibbon had acquired an exclusive right, by first occupation, to a territory much too large to be completely surveyed by one man, much less broken up in tillage, and made to bear its due harvest,—it is the epoch in which lie the tap-roots of our modern society; the era in which that grand old harlot, Rome—retaining, even in her ruin, the vestiges of her former symmetry and some springs of ancient strength—was roughly wooed and wed, soldier-fashion, by the conquering Goth. Of that union sprang the civilization of the West, which is the civilization of the world. But in Alexandria, where the scene of "Hypatia" is laid, the Goths appear only as subordinates. The struggle in which Mr. Kingsley finds the springs of dramatic action and emotion is not that between Goth and Roman, but between expiring Paganism and growing Christianity. As the purity, beauty, and learning of "Hypatia" are shown unable to uphold the faith in the dumb, dead gods of Greece,—even when galvanized by such life as Neo-Platonism could put into them,—so the turbulent ambition of Cyril, the low and worldly fanaticism of Peter the Reader, and the brutal coarseness and ferocity of the Nitrian monks, are exhibited as powerless to check the growth of a faith, the fundamental truths of which they could pervert, but never annihilate or neutralize. By his careful elaboration of this conflict, it is clear,—even if Mr. Kingsley had not said as much in the passage

we have quoted,—that he considers an analogous strife to be going on now and among ourselves. But for this it would certainly not have appeared, to one so practical, worth while to re-open, under the guise of fiction, one of the saddest chapters of the past, Let us see if a rapid analysis of the story may not aid in bringing to light its lesson for us.

Philammon, a young monk of the Laura, or cœnobite village of Scetis, in the Nile Valley,—where he has been reared under the gentle influences of the Abbot Pambo, and the pure and noble doctrinal teaching of Arsenius, who, under the name of Aufugus, has sought, in this quiet retreat, refuge from the intrigue and profligacy of the Imperial Court,—urged by the promptings of nature, which he interprets into divine urgings, leaves his cell for Alexandria, and service under Cyril the Patriarch. On his voyage down the Nile, he encounters the galley of a band of Goths, under the leadership of Amalric, the Amal, who, rich with the spoils of the South and West, and the smiles of a bevy of Alexandrian frail and fair ones, are sailing in a vain quest of Asgard, up the father of rivers. Philammon's reed skiff is capsized in a collision with a hippopotamus, which the big-limbed barbarians are amusing themselves by harpooning; he is lugged on board, approves his thews and sinews in a tussle with "Smid," the Weland of the band, and is landed in their barge at an Alexandrian wharf, after much rough-and-tumble practical joking on the part of the Goths, and no little perturbation from the black eyes of Pelagia, the Aphrodite Pandemos, the beautiful Hetæra, the Delilah of the huge Gothic Samson.

He enters Alexandria at an eventful moment. Orestes, the prefect, wavering between ambition and love of ease, dreams of the establishment of a new empire of the East, by the aid of barbarian arms, Jewish gold, and corn and games for the mob. Nominally a Christian, he is at heart an unbelieving sensualist, and has his fiercest opponent in the patriarch Cyril, who, if there is to be any empire set up in Alexandria, will have it an empire of the Church, with himself for dictator.

Orestes, anxious to array all available powers against the Church, and attracted by the charms of Hypatia, the beautiful apostle of Paganism in her Museum lecture-room, conceives the idea of using her influence with the cultivated youth of Alexandria, and employing under her auspices the attraction of pagan pageantry, for the mob, in order to upset Cyril and the church party.

He thus arouses the hostility of the fanatic monks, and a scuffle, in which he is wounded, ends in the arrest and execution of the monk Ammonius, and finally in the letting loose of

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the Christian mob, the tearing of Hypatia to pieces, and the triumph, for the time, of the ambitious Patriarch.

In all this Mr. Kingsley avails himself of recorded historic fact. But with the historic Hypatia he links the fictitious fortunes of the young monk, Philammon, and is thus enabled to exhibit the struggle of a faith nursed in cœnobitic seclusion against the allurements of pagan neo-Platonism embodied in the person and teaching of a lovely young woman.

Philammon falls for a moment, but only to rise again with a vision cleared and purified, a deep conviction of his own sins, and a rooted horror of the brutal violence of the fanatics, whom Cyril uses as his tools. In Pelagia he finds a sister, made a slave, like himself, years before at Athens, and trained by Miriam, an old Jewess, to the arts of the dancer and the harlot. She, too, is converted, and ends her days, a desert recluse, as Philammon ends his, abbot of the same Laura of Scetis, which he left to pass through the trials and temptations of the Alexandrian world.

But no picture of Alexandria and her opinions in the fifth century would be complete without its Jewish element. And this Mr. Kingsley furnishes in the character of Raphael-Aben-Esra, a type of the highly-cultivated, subtle, sarcastic, and fearless Jew, in whom the faith of his forefathers is extinct, and who has found nothing to replace it in the jargon of the Cabalists or the vague theosophism of Philo. Through him we obtain a view of the working of Christian belief and practice from a new point. As the faith of Philammon is recreated, and purified by experience of the hollowness of Neo-Platonic pantheism in Hypatia, so the profound scepticism of Raphael is drawn out by contact with the active practical Christianity of Majoricus the prefect—an adherent of Heraclian Count of Africa—and his daughter Victoria, whom Raphael rescues from destruction in the rout of Heraclian's army, near Ostia.

From this rough outline of the materials used by Mr. Kingsley, and of the structure he has raised by help of them, his aim will now be apparent to our readers. It is to exhibit the church in conflict with idealistic philosophy on the one hand, and on the other with sceptical worldliness, while in the bosom of the church itself we see the struggle of ambitious priestcraft, monastic asceticism, and practical godliness. When the novel is thus reduced to its principles, it is evident enough that for all these warring principles of the fifth century, parallels may be found in the nineteenth—in the Neologism which from German and American roots has struck and is growing amongst us,—in the Mammon-worship and self-seeking which, according to Mr.

Kingsley, sets every man's hand against his neighbour—and no less in the church itself, in the various forms of Erastianism, Tractarianism, Evangelicism, and that school which has no allotted name as yet, but of which the doctrines have been variously set forth by Arnold, Maurice, and Kingsley.

In the side he takes in this warfare Mr. Kingsley is consistent. His fiction gives the victory to and claims all the gain for the Christianity of deeds—the faith which recognises in this world at once its battle-field and its tillage-ground. The Jew—who can pierce through the lofty pretensions of a Cyril to their spring of selfish ambition, who despises and loathes the coarseness of the Nitrian monks and the vulgarity of the Cyrillian *Parabolani*—is penetrated and overcome by the active good deeds and unpretending self-sacrifice of Victoria and her father; and when he finds that the root of all this is in their faith, he at once embraces that faith.

The story has all Mr. Kingsley's literary merits, with more than its fair share of one of his defects, judging him as a story-teller. It is full of incident, nervously and rapidly narrated, interspersed with passages of word-painting, marvellously vivid. The analysis of character, feelings, and motives, is elaborate to the highest degree. But here comes in the fault we have ventured to hint at. This elaboration is effected mainly by soliloquies, running often over many pages, and carried on in the way of mental question and answer. These soliloquies are, to our mind, undramatic, even by dint of their dramatic form. The mental monologue seems to us more tedious than the old mode of effecting the same object, by describing in the person of the author the reflections of the fictitious personage. Opinions, however, may differ on this point; and we are not disposed, because we are reviewing, to lay down canons which no writer is bound to acknowledge or abide by.

Our space restrains us from extracts, otherwise we should have gladly quoted the glowing and luxurious scene of the games in which Pelagia enacts the rising Aphrodite.

With the big-boned, simple-minded, quick and open-handed Goths, Mr. Kingsley has an especial sympathy, and describes with evident relish these giants of the North moving with easy contempt among the slaves, profligates, donkey-drivers and shavelings of the Græco-Egyptian capital.

In the quality of imaginative conception, "Hypatia" excels all Mr. Kingsley's novels; and neither Scott in his "Count Robert of Paris," nor Lockhart in his "Valerius," nor Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has, to our mind, reproduced with so much force and spontaneity the life of the ancient Empire.

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In "Westward Ho!" his last novel, Mr. Kingsley has become right English once again, to celebrate, in his whole-hearted, thorough-going, stick-at-nothing fashion, the glorious days of "good Queen Bess." Here, with his usual ethical aim, he has combined a historico-ethical one. In the character of Amyas Leigh—whose name is historical, as one of the five Devon men who sailed round the world with Drake—he has addressed himself to the presentation of a manly ideal, "one not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing, without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him," in contrast with the Jesuit, Eustace Leigh, "trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules which he has got by heart; and, like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day to see if they are growing."

He has further had the design of doing honour to the reign of Elizabeth, as the time in which, under her liberal encouragement of all capacity in men, our world-wide commerce took its real spring, strengthening England for that last great world-duel with Spain, which, for Mr. Kingsley, is the grapple of light and darkness, of religious freedom and the Inquisition, of political freedom and tyranny. The book is further a glorification of North Devon—her beautiful combes, her bright rivers, her ripe and rosy maidens, her stout mariners and great sea-captains, of Plymouth, and Bideford, and Clovelly. For North Devon in Elizabethan days was not only a mother of commerce, but, as was ever the case then, a nursery of great naval commanders by the operation of the same causes.

Mr. Kingsley has "read up" the time right carefully, and has studied Hakluyt to purpose, with the other records, English and Spanish, of the marvellous achievements of the adventurers on the Spanish main, the fame and profit whereof made the cry of "Westward ho!" the motto of English enterprise and energy in the sixteenth century. Nor has he less had in view the inculcation of a bitter hatred and contempt for Jesuitism, as the deadly enemy of manhood, truth and liberty, civil and religious. It cannot be denied that Mr. Kingsley shows himself "a good hater." But though he may find warrant enough—in the authentic history of the time—for everything he advances to justify the tone he takes on this subject,—which we do not doubt—it seems to us that, considering rules of art merely, he would have given more force to the dark parts of his pictures, had he relieved them with more light than is diffused from the solitary figure of the amiable Fray Gerundio.

The same tendency to monotone in colouring which has led

him to paint his Jesuits all black, has been at work in determining the hues in which he clothes his English worthies. We cannot consent to believe, with Mr. Kingsley, that there was no good thing in the Jesuits, any more than we can forget the barbarities and brutalities of the English filibusterers of the Spanish main. The former were surely not all fiends, nor the latter all angels; especially when we remember the part taken by England—in the person too of one of Mr. Kingsley's own worthies, John Hawkins—in the establishment of the slave-trade. Contenting ourselves, for the present, with this protest against Mr. Kingsley's passionate way of distributing his black and white, we pass to the pleasanter duty of characterizing the great power and life that run riot in the pages of "Westward Ho!"

The length to which this article has already run prevents our giving even an outline of the story, which carries its hero from his quiet Devonshire home—after landing him from his voyage round the world under Drake—to Ireland, to fight the Spanish invaders entrenched in Smerwick-fort—back to Jesuit-hunting and love-passages in Devon—out in the Golden Hind to Newfoundland, on Humphrey Gilbert's ill-starred search for a north-west passage, a quest fatal to so many noble hearts—back to the home of the Bideford merchant, desolate by the flight of his daughter, the "Rose of Torridge," with the smooth-tongued Spanish prisoner, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto—forth again on his quest of revenge and the golden city, to the Caribbean Seas and the shores of the Spanish main—through his three years' wanderings with his gallant handful of Devonians among the tropic forests and along the mighty waters of the Orinoco and the Amazon to Cartagena, and the capture of the great Spanish gold-galleon—and then home to happy Devon once more, there to prepare for the last act, the battle with the great Armada, and the retribution which crowns the whole. Here is a canvas worthy of such a painter as Mr. Kingsley, and boldly and blithesomely he sweeps the colour about it, revelling with almost equal mastery, now in the limning of a delicious western combe, with its grey walls, and wooded stream dancing down to the blue sea; anon in the rich hues of a tropic island shore, or the mighty trees and gorgeous flowers, and birds and creeping things of the South American forest. And there are personages to his hand worthy to people such landscapes in the stout, loving, unconsciously-heroic Amyas,—ever seeing but the thing to be done, and doing it with no question; his brother Frank, the delicate and courtly euphuist, the friend of Spenser and of Sydney; and Eustace, the cowardly and

crooked pupil of Jesuit teachers; and the Jesuits themselves; and gentle Mrs. Leigh, a Christian matron and mother; and the Rose of Torridge, fair Mistress Salterne, and honest Will Cary, and poor fat little Jack Brindlecombe, and the subtle Spaniard Don Guzman, and Salvation Yeo, the storm-beaten old sailor and Anabaptist smiter, and the savage maiden, Ayacanora. And, these principal personages enumerated, we might make up as long a list of secondary but still notable portraits, as of stout Sir Richard Grenfell of Stow, and Raleigh and Spenser—both somewhat tedious, to our thinking—and the old sea-dogs of Devon, Drake and Hawkins and Fenner, and a score besides, for whom let our readers go to the book itself, to which we send them, with an undertaking that, once taken up, it will not be laid down again till the last ship of the Armada has sunk under the waters beneath the English cannon and God's artillery together.

As a glorification of Elizabeth and her England—a holding up of unconscious rectitude and manly hardihood as the jewels of English character, a picture of the great struggle, in the old world and the new, of England and Protestantism against Spain and the Inquisition—"Westward-Ho" is a book which had yet to be written, and has been written in a worthy spirit by Mr. Kingsley. As we have said, he may have distributed his light and shade too much in masses, but this does not prevent him, like a true artist as he is, from employing great delicacy of workmanship in the details of every part, whether of his landscape or his figures.

We have already exceeded our limits, and instead of baiting our review with extracts, we will simply refer our readers to the story, for a justification of all we have said in its praise.

And here we must leave Mr. Kingsley for the present, with gratitude to him for what he has done, with eager looking forward to what he has yet to do. In many respects we look on his novels as of more interest than any contemporary works of the same class, but above all in that they are the work of a firm believer in Christian revelation, and a clergyman not so blinded by his calling as to be mistaken about the great want of the noblest young minds at this time—we mean, a standing point from which they may attain to the conviction of God's just dealings with man. That such a standing point is needed among all classes, we feel assured from all we see and hear and read. The want of it is felt alike among the young men of our upper classes at the universities; among the youth of the trading class, in their counting-houses, their shops, and clubs; among the artizans in their work places and their homes. It is to the honour of the Church of England, that in

Dr. Arnold, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and others of their school, she has found clergymen to point the way, by following which, if by any road whatever, that standing point may be attained, through their teaching, namely, that here, in this world, round about us, in our daily life at home, in our dealings with each other out of doors, is to be found the kingdom of God; and that the true function of the preacher, the teacher, and the worker, is to reveal the law of this kingdom, and bring all into citizenship thereof.

It remains to be seen how the Church of England will view this teaching and its prophets. She looked unkindly on Arnold; she has deprived Mr. Maurice of his professorship at her pet college; she listens, puzzled and uneasy, to the trumpet blasts of Kingsley; and views with alarm, but, as yet, without venturing a formal protest, the efforts of these teachers and others like them among the working men of our towns, who have hitherto refused altogether to listen to her teaching. All her antecedents lead us to fear that she will end by rejecting these, her most devoted and far most useful sons, from her pale, as she did John Wesley.

Meanwhile, whatever comes of *them*, their work is prospering and will prosper, to the binding up of many bleeding hearts, the establishing of many unstable faiths, the winning back to the Christian fold of many who, dissatisfied with unbelief, are yet too strong to be put to sleep by the opium of Tractarianism, and too manly to be satisfied with the womanish hysterics of one Evangelical school, or the Manichean self-seeking of another.

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Art. VI.—ROMANISM, PROTESTANTISM, AND ANGLICANISM.

1. *National Unthankfulness: its Fruits and Punishment.* A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Wells, on Sunday, November 5, 1854. By George Anthony Denison, M.A., Archdeacon of Taunton. Masters, Bond-street.
2. *The Eighth of December* 1854. *Some Account of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Mother of God; with the Dogmatic Bull of His Holiness, and a Preface by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster.* T. Jones, Paternoster-row, London. 1855.
3. *Rome: the New Dogma and Our Duties.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1855. By the Lord Bishop of Oxford. J. H. Parker, London.
4. *Archdeacon Hare's Last Charge.* J. W. Parker, London.
5. *Vindication of Luther.* By Archdeacon Hare. Second Edition. J. W. Parker. 1855.
6. *Letters of John Calvin.* Compiled from the original MSS., and Edited, with Notes, by Dr. Jules Bonnet. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.
7. *Theological Essays.* By Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Second Edition. 1854. Macmillan.
8. *Examination of Mr. Maurice's Theological Essays.* By R. S. Candlish, D.D. Nisbet and Co. 1854.
9. *Sermons by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* Smith, Elder, and Co., London. 1855.

WHILE the English guards were keeping the Russian hosts at bay on the terrible day of Inkermann, Archdeacon Denison was calling on the nation to humiliate itself for the gross unthankfulness it has displayed in the matter of its deliverance from the Roman Catholic conspiracy of two hundred and fifty years ago. Our readers will not easily guess the grounds of this charge. The Archdeacon might well in future years reproach us for unthankfulness, if, after this great deliverance from the Russian power, we do not vigilantly secure ourselves against Russian despotism. He might well reproach us if, after such an escape from tyrannical ambition, we should ourselves stretch forth the tyrant's

arm over the other nations of Europe. But, were he to make the next anniversary of this great day the occasion for the bitterest reproaches that we have not, in the fresh gush of our gratitude for Inkermann, surrendered the political freedom of our English state and adopted the ambitious policy and the despotic government of the Czar, he would adopt a line not less unique than he has chosen for the strange sermon at the head of our article. The plea in justification of the Archdeacon's accusation turns out to be, that, as a nation, we have been morally bound in gratitude to Providence, ever since the 5th of November, 1605, to repudiate that "blasphemy against the Word of God" which is involved in the Protestant watchword of "Religious Liberty." Religious Liberty is an "offence," he tells us, which common gratitude should have induced us to abandon wholly, when, by God's signal mercy, the Anglican Church had been preserved from the snare of her enemies. Indeed, this gentleman really thinks that the Anglican Church, with her apostolic succession, her custody of the sacraments, her uniform creed, and all her divine ordinances, is the only holy church, and therefore the only bulwark against Roman Catholicism. He is one of that ostrich-school of theologians who endeavour to annihilate a pursuing troop of hostile facts, by merely excluding their image from the retina, and resolutely *thinking* them back into non-existence. He will not see that he is even now, in his own person, asserting this "blasphemous" religious liberty against the most authoritative representation of the Mother whom he summons all England to obey. Yet, this obstinate and blind dogmatism in the Archdeacon — this nervous irritability in his own faith—does but indicate that he is half conscious of attempting to defend quite indefensible ground. He has lost all hold of the genuine Protestant faith, and has a vague sympathy with the Roman Catholic, but, as he is not allowed to carry with him even a few private Protestant effects into the Roman Catholic camp, he adopts the opposite tactics, and establishes, not without latent self-reproach, a private Roman Catholic camp on the generous basis of Protestantism. Romanism has departed from the church, whither our Archdeacon dare not follow; he is anxious to persuade himself—and naturally gets irritable in the attempt—that in all essentials its spirit is with him still.

Theological creeds seldom escape the fate of "holy places." The more sacred is the presence which has departed or is departing from them, the more keenly do the occupants feel, and the more reluctant are they to express, the sense of vacancy which steals over them. And the greater the glow of

trust with which they formerly held possession of their post, the more sullenly do they fortify the empty sepulchres, the more passionately do they dispute the line of the deserted walls. It is not so only with Romanism. The same thing has happened, nay, happens every day, with Protestantism. It was a saying of Luther's, that the same people who, in his lifetime, would not touch the kernel of his teaching, would be greedy after the shells of it when he was once dead. And so it was, and so it is, and so it will be. The seed of a great faith falls into men's hearts, and God "giveth it *another* body, as it pleaseth Him;" the shells alone are treasured up, *unchanged*, and last the longer without suffering transformation "into something rich and strange," that the germ of their organic life has altogether disappeared, even if it have not been anxiously excavated and its place supplied by the mineral, inorganic cement of theological learning. It is this shell-theology which both shelters within itself, and provokes into activity outside itself, the spirit of scepticism. The dogmatism of half-belief which gradually steals upon the first downright confidence of full belief, leans with a less and less sincere weight on the object of its faith, till at last the bold sceptic who stands upright on his own strength, and will not affect to lean at all, becomes, and is conscious of being, a really stronger man in his isolation and his weakness than those who are painfully endeavouring to avoid putting any strain on the weak threads of a decaying faith. An attempt to appreciate the essence of the two opposite faiths, and the two opposite forms of scepticism, which still contend for the body of the Anglican Church, will help us to estimate more fairly the true position and prospects of the various parties in that church than would be possible, if we were only to criticise the consistency or inconsistency of their present theological positions.

Five-and-twenty years ago, Roman Catholicism was almost a fable in England. Children were told about it as a branch of ancient history, and taught to connect that superstition very closely with the inability to read and write. The Catholics in England "were found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country, cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen as if through a mist, or in twilight as ghosts flitting to and fro!" Suddenly there rose up, on the chosen ground of classical learning and among the ablest thinkers of the day, a rumour that Protestantism was reaping what it had not sown—that it could not have originated the faith which it had inherited. Restless, scrupulous, self-tasking, reasoning, subtle-minded men affirmed that, though the tendencies of their whole nature seemed to

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converge upon the Christian Revelation as the very focus of their highest *needs*, yet that they could never have accepted its fact as their highest *certainty* without a constantly-renewed testimony from an authority above that of individual conviction. They were sure that it was easier to recognize a divine authority than to grasp or compass for themselves divine truth. They thought they could perceive where they ought to obey far more easily than where they ought to believe. And they maintained, too, that the power to obey must be granted first, as the simpler and most practical necessity of life, and that it would draw after it the fulness of belief. Nevertheless, they were not unembarrassed. They felt that they could scarcely faithfully obey on a *venture* what they did not confidently believe to be divine, though they were clear that the confidence of their belief was to be the reward of their obedience. And so they vacillated long, unable to find satisfying conviction without a rule of action they could wholly accept, and painfully deploring that they had not early and always had a strict and indisputable law of discipline over them, which might have yielded as its natural fruit the faith they now groped after with uncertain hands. And then there grew upon them, more and more powerfully, the fascination of that mighty power, who through the march of centuries, had advanced with a measured tread of her own, unborrowed from her children—a step of which every footfall was a fiat, and the rhythm a faith. It was obviously easy to throw a temporary spell over minds in such a mood; but what is the charm which has power to retain them, after experience of Rome's coarse splendour, and of her vigilant and oppressive rule?

Rome alone has presented her theology to the world in a wholly institutional form. What Protestants believe, Rome embodies in a visible organism. While they derive the life of the church from their faith, Rome derives her faith from the life of the church. Romanism was a vast organization almost before it held a distinct faith. Rome did not incarnate her dogmas in her ritual, but distilled her ritual into the form of dogmas. She had, indeed, knitted in with her spiritual agency many an act both of conscious and unconscious faith; she had built up her great missionary system on many assumptions both of truth and duty; but on the whole, she acted before she thought, and interpreted her faith under the inspiration of her achievements. Her theology flashed upon her, as it were, when she beheld the ecclesiastical form and order which was growing up out of her own unconscious energy. She solved the mystery of her own success by believing that her institutions were even fuller of the divine power than her thought, that she

could more easily draw God down into the bosom of the church by her life, than she could lift up the church to God by her meditation. Wherever the drift of Christian practice seemed to point towards a development of the church's influence, there was a hint which she followed up eagerly to its limits, as the directing finger of a divine hand. And then contemplating her own fresh conquests from a heathen world, under the inspiring consciousness of being set to guide the mightiest and holiest of the world's forces, she did not hesitate to affirm that God was in her institutions, that he was acting through her agency, that he was really placing his divine influences at her disposal, and that in contemplating the orderly system of ecclesiastical life which was rising under her creating hand, she beheld the divine disposition of His living power. Thus, for example, the Christian practice of baptism was, in her hands, an agent of great social influence; and as she witnessed its results in consecrating new multitudes to Christ, and was conscious that her own faith grew in gazing at the act (instead of the virtue of the act having arisen from her faith), she at once affirmed that God had granted a mighty regenerating power to her *hand*, which did not proceed from, but afterwards passed into, her *spirit*; that a grace was granted to her institutions from which her faith was nourished.

Again, the words of the last supper enjoined the celebration of the sacrifice of the cross. Eagerly Rome saw and used the mighty social influence of that divine institution. But here again she seemed to gather faith from the power of the rite. She administered it in weakness, and yet she was the almoner of power; the faith was multiplied in the giving, so that while it seemed too little for a few, it fed multitudes, and she gathered up more than she had divided; it seemed that no virtue went out of her, yet richly it streamed in; in the act itself was the birth of faith; the power of God was in the elements themselves, for the grace and peace which had not passed through the spirit of the church, returned upon her; and so she gazed till she could see the bread and wine no longer, though their external qualities remained; the essence was transmuted before her eyes into the life of Him who first consecrated them; the outward signs were but transparencies, through which the living glory gleamed; that seeming film of physical quality held fast the very presence of the Eternal, and God was perfectly blended with that sign of himself which he had chosen.

This is the doctrine which marks the whole character of the Roman Church. Faith is nourished from the divine institution, not the divine institution by the faith. The Roman the-

ology claims for the entire ritual of the church that it is one vast transubstantiation. Every rite which other Christian sects regard as suggesting and shadowing forth the spiritual life of faith, Rome regards as itself the shrine of divine power, as itself radiating light and heat. She believes that the church's ministrations impart more grace to her ministers, than her ministers can impart to their ministrations.* God's power is held to be in the church's actions, and from that centre it flows out on the whole church, alike strengthening the feeble knees of the worshipper, and lifting up the drooping hands of the priest. According to the sacramental system of Rome, neither is it the unity of human faith which binds together the church in one, nor is it the merely inherited commission of the church which holds together human faith; but the vivid electric spark of divine grace shooting, in eternal miracle, through her whole frame, is the true pulse of her immortal life; and this, though it is called down at the bidding of the priesthood, does not proceed *out of* their life, but into it, where its heavenly fire is no less needed than in the body of the church at large.

There is something in the sacramental system essentially congenial to the Roman character. We read Roman history, and ask ourselves why the records of the greatest nation of the world are so dull and inanimate, why a people that could *act* so mightily, puts forth so slight a charm over the student's mind? The answer is exactly this:—That they were a working nation, engraving for themselves monuments everywhere, but without any play of national mind distinct from, and out of relation to, the external tasks on which they were engaged. Had they possessed richer inward resources of self-occupation, they would have had a more interesting history, it may be, but not such a career. The very essence of their history is, that they were insatiable in their appetite for new materials to organize —new matter to mould. The Romans had no spontaneous mental or spiritual occupations apart from their will. As a nation they hated external tranquillity, and could find nothing satisfying but administrative and military exploit. Mental life, out of relation to political, social, or domestic *institutions*, they had almost none. They had no lyrical movement of spirit like the Greeks, no deep enjoyment of sympathy and sentiment like the Germans. They were made to *mould* others; and their only reverence for what was divine, was reverence for a moulding power, that shaped order and law out of social and material chaos. They could barely conceive of a free divine spirit in close *mental* contact with man, like the Jews. With a large and

* Technically, the grace received *opere operato* is more than that received *opere operantis*.

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vivid receptive, but not a creative imagination, they could believe in a current of divine power moving under the surface of human or material agencies, but they were not drawn directly to the personal Spirit of God. Art fascinated them, but for poetry they were unfit; law was their occupation, yet they did not love to trace it to its purely mental sources in conscience; religious rites subdued them, but they shrank from contemplating the spiritual life in which those rites were rooted. Hence, a sacramental system was of the essence of their religion. They sighed for a divine *administration*, but not for vivid, conscious *communion* with the Spirit of God. To find so rich a fountain of strength for the life of new and purer institutions as Christianity at first afforded, gave them a stern and holy joy. But still they retained their character of workers. They did not seek to be spirit to spirit with God; they adored him in his acts; they sought for him in a ritual. In this respect it is most true that the Catholic Church has never changed since first the ancient world began to suspect that the lost sceptre of the Cæsars had passed into a Roman bishop's grasp. She has ever claimed these outward ordinances—these gradually raised historical habitations of faith—not only as part and parcel of its essence, but as the organic influences which are mighty to *generate* it, as being its very bone and flesh—its body, not its raiment—as dying with it in its death, and as raised again in its resurrection.

The danger of the Roman side of faith is as obvious as its social power was once great. It began in humility, but it passed early into scepticism and arrogance. It originated in the wonder and the gratitude with which the church perceived the rapid growth of her influence, and perceived also that her own faith was marvellously strengthened by the very act of claiming for others the blessings of her divine message. But there was another side in which her strength was very near to weakness, and her faith to scepticism. Close to her power of social influence, was a passion for social ascendency. Close to her faith that God was the strength of all her actions, was a disposition to dwell on her actions as though they were necessary to God. She was willing to recognize her own dependence, but most unwilling to suppose that He could ever choose any other instrument. It was natural to her to believe that all real power, as essentially orderly, could be organized and codified, and reduced to a system; and on this followed the natural temptation to claim for her own acts, as fixed *physical occasions* of spiritual influences, the right of being their *exclusive* cause. After proclaiming that a divine influence attended her ministry, which was in no way due to her own power,

she fell into the snare of prizing her instrumentality as if it had been the very centre of that influence, and so gradually forgot the essence of her former faith. By dreaming that she held a *monopoly* of ecclesiastical instrumentality, she gradually came to believe that she could say "Come" or "Go" at pleasure to the very Spirit of God, and be obeyed.

The noble part of the Church of Rome's testimony to the church of all ages, is her teaching that the faithful action of man does meet with a tone of response in the reciprocal action of God—that it is not the mere lifting up of the human heart, but the actual descent of God's Spirit, which enlarges the life of duty and fosters the growth of faith. Protestantism has been inclined too often to overlook the double element that must exist in all real religion. Belief must lose its reality directly it is assumed either that man is absorbed into the divine agency, or that the activity of God is far removed from all definite relation to human acts and prayers. Rome has testified against both errors, but she has rendered her testimony feeble and fruitless by denying that beyond her own narrow dominions there is any recognized access to that free Spirit which "bloweth where it listeth," and by claiming for her ministers the absolutely impious privilege to signalize, by mere *outward* acts of their own, the certain approach of God.

We cannot present any passage which more strikingly realizes to the mind the *institutional* conception of the Catholic worship, as intended to preach to *the eye* the visible descent of Christ to his church, than by quoting the following passage from a religious tale attributed to Dr. Newman. It at once draws out all the implied faith, and yet illustrates the worst corruptions by which Rome came to confound a church with a priesthood, and a real presence with a local form. What is most remarkable, is that so acute a mind as Dr. Newman's should deny that Protestant communions ground their worship on faith in a positive action of God, only because they conceive that action to be directed to the *spirits*, and not to the *altars* of their churches :—

"The idea of worship in the Catholic Church," Willis replied, "is different from the idea of it in your church, for in truth the *religions* are different. Don't deceive yourself, my dear Bateman," he said, tenderly; "it is not that ours is your religion carried a little farther, —a little too far, as you would say. No, they differ in kind, not in degree; ours is one religion, yours another. . . . . I declare, to me," he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees, and looked forward as if soliloquizing, "to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses for ever and not be tired.

It is not a mere form of words,—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them as He passed along the lake in the days of his flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven into the other, so is the coming of the Son of man. Quickly they pass; for they are the words of the Lord descending in the cloud, and proclaiming the name of the Lord as He passes by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and worship.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation;—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents; but out of these many minds rise one great eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. And oh, my dear Bateman," he added, turning to him, "you ask me whether this is not a formal and unreasonable service. It is wonderful!" he cried, rising up, "quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened? O sapientia fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O clavis David et expectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster!"

Exactly the same conception of the Roman idea of worship, as a great and *visible* divine action, to be livingly impressed on the eye of the worshippers, is thus graphically given by a very different witness, who had himself renounced the priesthood and the communion of Rome:—

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"If mental incitement, though attended by the most thrilling and sublime emotions, though arising from deception, could be indulged without injury to our noblest faculties,—if life could be made a long dream without the painful starting produced by the din and collision of the world. . . . . the lot of a man of feeling brought up in the undisturbed belief of the Catholic doctrines, and raised to be a dispenser of its mysteries, would be enviable above all others. . . . . A foreigner may be inclined to laugh at the strange ceremonies performed in a Spanish Cathedral, because these ceremonies are a conventional language to which he attaches no ideas. But he that from the cradle has been accustomed to kiss the hand of every priest and receive his blessing—that has associated the name and attributes of the Deity with the consecrated bread—that has observed the awe with which it is handled —how none but a priest dare touch it—what clouds of incense, what brilliancy of gems surround it when exposed to the view—with what heartfelt anxiety the glare of lights, the sound of music, and the uninterrupted adoration of the priests in waiting, are made to arouse the overpowering feeling of God dwelling among men—such a man alone can conceive the state of a warm-hearted youth, who for the first time approaches the altar, not as a mere attendant, but as the worker of the greatest miracles. . . . . .

"When the consecrating rites had been performed—when my hands had been anointed—the sacred vesture, at first folded on my shoulders, let drop around me by the hands of the bishop—the sublime hymn to the all-creating Spirit uttered in solemn strains, and the power of restoring sinners to innocence conferred upon me—when at length raised to the dignity of a 'fellow-worker with God,' the bishop addressed me in the name of the Saviour, 'Henceforth I call you not servant, but I have called you friend,'—I felt as if, freed from the material part of my being, I belonged to a higher rank of existence. . . . . In vain did I exert myself to check exuberance of feeling at my first mass. My tears bedewed the *corporals* in which, with the eyes of faith, I beheld the disguised Lover of mankind, whom I had drawn from heaven to my hands."*

Here is clearly enough indicated where it is that the original faith of the Roman church has so often passed into the dreariest and most superstitious scepticism. She began by ascribing all her power and faith to the free and immanent agency of Christ, but too soon evinced the disposition to confine his agency to the narrow limits of her power and faith. Real, simple reliance on him would have rendered it impossible for her to lay down exactly where his life and power was *not*, and where, on the other hand, she could undertake to *secure* it. In proportion as she claimed a plenary and irrevocable commission, she withdrew her dependent trust, and by believing much in herself, was compelled to believe little in her Lord. And, accordingly, as she enlarged

* Don Leucadio Doblado's Letters from Spain, p. 122, and following.

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the arrogance of her assumptions, she narrowed the channels of his mercy, and enforced in one breath the doctrines that she can command, at will, the bodily presence of the Lord on her altars, and that she can exclude, at will, the spirits of her children from his kingdom. Is not this indeed a terrible combination of much creed with much scepticism—a living trust metamorphosed into an immeasurable distrust—that repels no teaching so zealously as the doctrine that God is greater than the church, and is neither imprisoned in its limits nor bound by any covenant to sustain its mad decrees?

One more characteristic point of faith (with its allied scepticism) in the Church of Rome, we must briefly delineate before we pass on. We have touched upon her characteristic faith in the reciprocal action of God and his church, too soon passing into the limitation that God's Spirit is confined to the organization she has chosen to sanction; we must indicate the corresponding phase of her faith in human nature, which was, in its turn, too soon narrowed into a mere self-idolatry, by confounding human nature with the ecclesiastic nature under her own sway. We have said that Rome acted first and thought afterwards. She distilled her Christian theory out of her Christian institutions. And what is the rule by which she has tested her institutions, and therefore, in the last result, her dogmas? It is by their adaptation to the mind of the universal church. Neither ancient* nor modern Rome has had any strong love for truth, *as truth*. The distinction between absolute truth and truth of moral *effect*, or, in other words, social and political "pietas"—was never clearly apparent to the Roman character. And every devotional writer in the Roman Church speaks as if it were his *duty to believe* as true, all the rumours of a devotional tendency afloat in his communion, until they are proved to be false. The definition of divine truth coming nearest to the real conception formed of it by the Roman Church, would be, 'that body of theoretic assumptions which would be needed completely to justify, on intellectual grounds, all those institutions, special and general, by which

* "Religion in the mind of Q. Fabius," says Dr. Arnold, "was not a mere instrument for party purposes: *although he may have had little belief in its truth, he was aware of its excellence*, and that a reverence for the gods was an essential element in the character of a nation, without which it must assuredly degenerate." We quote this only to show the general impression of Dr. Arnold as to the fact that religious Romans were more concerned for the *moral tendency* of their divine traditions, than for their truth. We do not know any special ground for the doubt implied in the case of Fabius. Livy's language would give strongly the opposite impression. See Book XXII., c. 9.

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practically she has been enabled to win hearts and guide nations.'

Now, ill as this definition would define pure moral truth, yet it has been based originally on a very deep and just faith in the affinity of human nature for pure religion and its deep love of moral excellence. The faith that all great controlling power, all authority which permanently sways multitudes, is of God—that the mighty *vox populi* is only uplifted with one accord when the *vox Dei* has spoken—that there is a species of mere *authority* so overpowering that it is its own evidence of being founded in *truth*—is a faith, which, however liable to misconstruction, is a true source of freedom. For teaching that the widest, most universal springs of faith in man, are those which most directly touch the nature of God, it tends to liberate us from the galling servitude of private prejudice, to make us suspect as false that which we cannot show to be *human*, and to move with a new elasticity and ease among the various windings of social faith.

But, in order that the *vox populi* may be any sign of the *vox Dei*, in order that the social power and influence of an institution may be any sign of its divine origin, the common cry must go up spontaneously, and without ulterior aim, out of the popular heart, *revealing* a new union, and flooding the inner life of society with a startling sense of an unsuspected oneness. Then, indeed, is the *vox populi* a response to the *vox Dei*, but not unless it be thus a revelation of the hidden and deeper sources of life,—not if it be only the *result* of combination, instead of its cause. If you can explain it in the vulgar method by merely pointing to a common and visible self-interest, or even to a clearly recognized class of common aims and purposes, then there is no sacred mystery in this uplifting of a common voice. If it arise wholly as the *consequence* of social relations, as the result of persuasion, or of discussion, or of any existing relations, then it sheds no light on the divine *origin* of society. It must be a secret spring of union, not an incidental result of union, still less the sedulous pursuit of a coincident self-interest, if it be one feature in that common humanity by which we are taught to feel that we are all children of one God. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was no *vox populi*, but merely a *vox argentariorum*—a voice of silversmiths. It was an official cry, the clamour of consentient self-interests, issuing from the artificial mouthpiece of *esprit de corps*. "Crucify him! crucify him!". was no *vox populi*, rather was it a *vox diaboli*, for it was a *vox pontificum*—a voice of chief priests. Class-watchwords unfold no new union. They are no message from the awakening life of our common humanity.

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They are merely the strong language of official conventions crying out against an approaching dissolution.

Now here, again, is the second well-marked point on which the faith of the Roman Church contracted into the virtual scepticism and the deep distrust of a tyrannical and suspicious corporation. She professed to accept the *mind of the church*, *i.e.*, the testimony of all places, and all classes, and all times, which had been powerfully influenced and subdued by her teaching, as a test of the faithful development of the Christian spirit into Christian institutions; and then, again, of the true evolution of Christian doctrine out of those institutions. As a positive criterion of truth, this was a hazardous principle at best; for, while the really universal spirit of religion in man is almost unerring in its moral admirations, it is frequently partial even to idolatry, and utterly unfit to judge of the true or false *historical* faith on which Christian institutions must rest, so long as their moral elements are noble and fascinating. What the *vox populi*, rightly questioned, *rejects*, is not and cannot be divine truth. But what it *accepts* may be divine only in its moral essence, and even there needlessly partial, and may be, moreover, surrounded with an unreal vesture of historical fact to almost any extent. But all these causes of probable alloy become sources of certain falsehood, if from the tribunal of all men really subdued by Christian influence, an appeal lie to the judgment-seat of a narrow *class* with special privileges, special interests, more than human influence, and less than human experience. And this is the case of the Roman Church. The church early began practically to mean the priesthood, and, ere long, all the living human fibres which united the priesthood with the church at large were severed, and the former was constituted into a disciplined missionary army of arbitrary and ghostly magicians. The principle of church *development* was exchanged for a principle of hierarchical *encroachment*; and the genuine faith in man as the image of God, which was the root of the former, for the superstitious and sceptical veneration for the priesthood as knowing more of God than other men, which was the foundation of the latter. Let us glance at its actual working in one of its least repulsive aspects, the history of that long "development" which ended, in December last, in the Papal decree on the original freedom of the Virgin Mary from the moral infirmities of man.

The tenderness of the human relation between Jesus and his mother early captivated the mind of the church. Mary herself is said even to have "anticipated" the development of the doctrine in the words of the Magnificat, "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," and the

people early began, not merely to call her blessed, but to regard the image of feminine purity and love which is shadowed forth in the gospels with an affectionate partiality that soon shaped itself into fable as to her subsequent lot. The *vox populi* was true as ever in its moral sentiment, but already beginning to clothe its feelings in unreal history, and to give them that preponderance which uncultivated nature assigns to what it can fully comprehend as well as love. "The Christians of the first four centuries were ignorant of the death and burial of Mary."* Ephesus and Jerusalem alike claimed her empty tomb. The following is Dr. Newman's own account of the growth of fable concerning her:—

"Her departure made no noise in the world. The church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering. . . . . At length the rumour spread through Christendom that Mary was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but these were not; did she die at Ephesus, or did she die at Jerusalem? Accounts varied, but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found, it was open; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched. So inquirers went home marvelling and waiting for further light. And then the tradition came wafted westward on the aromatic breeze, how that when the time of her dissolution was at hand, and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgment-seat of her Son, the apostles were suddenly gathered together into one place, even unto the Holy City, to bear part in the joyful ceremonial; how that they buried her with fitting rites; how that the third day, when they came to the tomb they found it empty, and angelic choirs with their glad voices were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen." "But however we feel," adds Dr. Newman, after narrating the tradition, "towards the details of this history (*nor is there anything in it which will be unwelcome or difficult to piety*), so much cannot be doubted from the consent of the whole Catholic world and the revelations made to holy souls, that as is befitting she is, soul and body, with her Son and God in heaven, and that we have to celebrate not only her death but her assumption."†

And thus the Roman Church has ever tested these traditions, asking nothing about the marks of historical *accuracy*, but only about their social *influence*. "St. Epiphanius does not affirm that she ever died," says another esteemed Roman Catholic writer, "*because* he had never found any mention of her death, and because she *might have been* preserved immortal and translated to heaven without dying. Much more ought

* Gibbon, vol. iv. p. 345, of Milman's edition.

† Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations, by John Henry Newman.

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piety to incline us to receive with deference a tradition so ancient and so well recommended to us as is this of the corporal assumption of the Virgin Mary,—an opinion which the Church so far favours as to read from the works of St. John Damascen and St. Bernard an account of it in the breviary, as *proper to edify and excite the devotion of her children!*" This principle of assuming and usually regarding as *true* all that the ecclesiastical tact of the day felt to be socially "desirable," is, as we have said, of the very essence of the Roman Church. The image of the Virgin Mother was engraved deep on the mind of the first Christian population. The authorities of the church understood, and probably were themselves influenced by its power, and encouraged the development of this partial reverence. When Nestorius denied that Mary should be called the "mother of God," the church appealed not merely to the *vox populi*, but to the *vox Ephesi* to support the privileges of their local saint, and Mary was lifted to the dignity of her new title on the shoulders of an Ephesian mob. In the same century, St. Augustine indicates how powerfully the popular affection had influenced his own mind, and will not deny but that *she* might have had grace to remit *all* sin, who was chosen to be the mother of the Redeemer. Here, then, the voice of the technical ecclesiastical church is beginning to theorize and justify the practical development. The people loved her image and magnified her story. The church was bound either to moderate the growing enthusiasm or to find it some special doctrinal sanction. Immunity from actual sin was Augustine's suggestion. And it rapidly spread. It suited the ideas of the age. No one asked after evidence. Historical verifications were not then in request. But a passionate idolatry for this sweet vision of the church grew with its growth. And when the priesthood of the church was severed from the human life of the church, more and more did any merely human ascendency, like Mary's, seem to the mind of that body to be insecure while it rested simply on human relations, and, therefore, to need a preternatural justification. This is what the sacerdotal mind constantly dwelt upon. Her human relation to Christ was not enough. "A Mother without a home in the church, without dignity, without gifts, would have been, as far as the defence of the Incarnation goes, no Mother at all. She would not have remained in the memory or the imagination of men." This was the sacerdotal conviction. And hence grew in the twelfth century the Franciscan suggestion of the "Immaculate Conception." She must have been, they maintained, not only free from sin, but miraculously exempt from the *tendency* to sin. And even St. Bernard, who opposed this "preservative addi-

tion" to the old worship with all his power, could write in this strain: "Nothing more delights me, yet nothing terrifies me more, than to dwell on the glories of the Virgin Mary." St. Bernard had come to accept the first suggestion of immunity from actual sin; he stumbled only at the second, which has only just received the seal of Papal enactment.* Possibly if the same process of development proceeds, centuries later may witness her elevation to the "intrinsic attributes of the Blessed Trinity, namely, infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love," which were ascribed to her, Mr. Gladstone tells us, in his own hearing, by a preacher of the Franciscan order in the present day. "Archangels' gifts are restrained within the bounds of what is finite, while hers touch the bounds of the infinite—*toccano ai cancelli del infinito.*"† The people love and worship the Madonna for her humanity;—the church, eagerly availing herself of the development of the practical idolatry, first confirms it from that passionate love of power with which she is consumed, and then justifies it from the preternatural resources of her ecclesiastical invention. The *vox populi* is consulted indeed by the official church, but receives its dogmatic password from the mouth of the priesthood. The developing "mind of the church" is a sacerdotal mind.

And here we must leave the Church of Rome, content with having thus slightly indicated her two most characteristic features of faith and scepticism. Her belief that the increase of her faith does not begin from within, but from the gracious action of God in her spreading social institutions, borders close on the scepticism which claims for those institutions a charmed life—a divine right in God—close on that scepticism which, as she herself expresses it, gives her "the custody of the sacraments," which means, in other words, the custody of God. The faith which sees in the universal voice of man the divine witness of the living word of God, borders close on the scepticism which anxiously substitutes for it the testimony of a class which has been worse than *arbitrarily* chosen, because it has been artificially trained. It is needless to point out how a double tyranny has developed *pari passu* with this double scepticism. By attempting to draw the bars of her gates on the Eternal Presence, she has only succeeded in making her own children feel prisoners instead of sons. By trusting the unfolding of her system to an official order, she has imprinted

* See the Bishop of Oxford's Sermon; Butler's Lives of the Saints; and Dr. Newman's two Sermons on the Glories of Mary. Also the Pamphlet on the Eighth of December, 1854, at the head of our article.

† Gladstone's Church Principles considered in their Result, p. 353.

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an artificial unity upon their life which has deprived them of their remaining freedom.

Dr. Newman is right in saying that the Protestant Christianity implies a different idea of worship, and is in many remarkable features a different religion from the Roman Christianity. The Roman is an embodied faith, laboriously providing all kinds of visible media for bringing man into union with God, and variously skilful in adapting these media to their ends. Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Mass, Ordination, Extreme Unction, Vows, Indulgences, Invocation of Saints, —at every point the massive masonry of the Roman ritual overarches and closes in the religious life of the individual soul,—human agency everywhere appearing on behalf of God. The Protestant faith is a protest not merely against the abuse of this machinery, but against the machinery itself. It was suited to the plastic, all-embodying genius of Rome. It is not suited to the freer mental genius of the German nations, whose strength is far more dependent on inward conditions, and who have formed their freshest springs of active energy almost entirely in the free life of meditation, in the lonely inspiration of poetry, in the force of *personal* affections. Art and Rhetoric, indeed,—in which genius is directed to outward ends,—are, as we have before hinted, mainly of Roman Catholic parentage. But Poetry and Philosophy, in which genius finds all its conditions within itself, are, on the other hand, mainly Protestant. And so, too, while Law is the child of Rome, the life of Conscience and of conscious affections has found its most genial climate in the character of the northern races. Isolate the mind from visible agencies and the Roman Catholic has no religious life to live. But the religion of Protestantism is in its primary nature separated from visible agencies. Springing up in secret struggles, it is matured by thought, watered by personal emotion, and rooted directly in God. It has been the child of Conscience, the pupil of Philosophy, the companion of Poetry, the parent of Freedom. Not that we ignore its relation to the Bible. But we are speaking of an inborn character in the nations which embraced it, which, after ripening long in silence, must have led to some far angrier flood of religious resentment against Roman bonds, had there been no simultaneous republication of a gospel which gave grandeur to rebellion and set a limit to the spirit of destruction. The access to the Scriptures was no more the actual *cause* of Luther's spiritual revolution than were the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire the cause of the departure of Israel from Egypt. But for the Scriptures, indeed, Luther and his followers might have perished in the deserts of fanaticism after their deliverance

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from the oppressor's hand. But the pillar and the cloud which guided the Reformers' steps was not revealed until the sands of the untravelled waste were already flying around their path, and the brick-kilns of their taskmasters were lost behind them in the distance. The Bible led on the Reformers indeed, for the Bible was one long record of similar protest and reformation, from the reformation in the desert to the reformation on the cross. Moses, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, and all the prophets, up to John the Baptist, were all engaged in one great effort to pierce the dull hearts of Israel with a personal knowledge of the living God, and to penetrate them with the conviction that ecclesiastical institutions were but miserable "holes in the rocks" which might hide God from them, but could not hide them from God when He should arise to "shake terribly the earth." Yet not the less was Luther's movement a moral necessity of the nations and the age, which must have come, even without the restoration of the Bible, though it may be in very different shape. Not the less had it characteristics of its own, which showed themselves by the remarkable course it ran and by the peculiar elements it alone assimilated freely from the newly-recovered stores of spiritual food. Luther's own character is the key, not only to his work, but to his powerful influence over the north, and to the limits which that influence speedily reached. We are very far from assenting to Mr. Macaulay's utterly sceptical suggestion that Catholicism and Protestantism must always divide the world. But we do believe that the Christianity which alone can conquer the earth will be a faith neither so entirely rooted in inward and personal emotions as that of Luther, nor so studiously reflected in secondary agencies and external institutions as that of Rome.

It is not easy to regain fully the sense of profound despair with which Luther regarded the petty spiritual appliances of the Roman Church while he was still a member of her communion. Some appreciation of it can be gathered from the passionate fervour of abhorrence which he afterwards expressed, (quite free, as we believe, from personal irritation), of the chains from which he had broken loose. "I have no better 'work,'" he once said, "than indignation and zeal; for whether I want to compose, write, pray, or preach, I *must* be indignant; then all my blood is freshened, my understanding is sharpened, and every miserable thought and temptation flies away."* Never for a mind like his could such a dreadful Sisyphus-punishment have been invented as the task of rolling disordered human nature with Roman levers up the holy moun-

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* Tischreden, vol. ii. p. 215, ed. Förstemann.

tain of the Lord. Not by mere patient effort, not by any process of incessant resolve, not even by any merely general trust in divine help, did ever such a mind as Luther's attain tranquillity and self-command. Collisions with sin which shook his stormy nature to its very centre passed and returned but to find him, as he thought, on the same level of the eternal ascent—no nearer to the cloudless and stormless climate of Christian peace. Was there no free act of the spirit which was able to gather up and illumine, in one lightning-flash of thrilling conviction, at once the summit of distant hope—the mighty arm of power by whose help it should be reached,—and the path of sanctification, now so toilsome, winding on through shadows and beside precipices to the everlasting home? Was there no "spirit" to all the cramped and microscopic "letter" of human duty, the possession of which would be a master-key to the minute provisions of a moral law, and secure freedom and joy, in the place of scruple, anxiety, and pain? Was there no access to a surer prophecy of final victory than any painful scrutiny into the small and doubtful variations of earthly conflict? These were the great problems which occupied the whole soul of Luther, and which were at once characteristic of the revolution which he led and of the nations who were included in it. And he solved the problem by maintaining that there was such a spiritual principle of freedom, the essence of all good works, in the act of *faith;* which meant, with him, the personal apprehension of Christ's living presence with the heart, and the entire surrender to his power.* This one act included all belief, all hope, and all the holiness within the reach of man on earth. It contained the whole Christian life in germ. It was the only spring of holiness, and the only sign of the promised peace. To do right with the spirit bent downwards upon the duty seemed to him impossible, for the only *possible* right act in man was the turning of the heart to God, and from that flowed by His decree all that there was of right in any other. The act of faith was the one glimpse of glory, and opened the dark passages of the soul for the entrance of the divine life. One

* Whatever comments theologians may wisely make on Luther's many unguarded expressions, there can be no doubt that this, and nothing less than this, was in his mind in all his expressions on justifying faith. Archdeacon Hare's defence of him on this point is triumphant, if any careful reader of Luther could ever need to have his convictions strengthened. It was Luther's distrust and dread of the admission of free-will in man that made him occasionally use expressions which seem to imply less than a *self-surrender*. He preferred to think of it as a yielding to *irresistible* grace. But no one can read his Table-talk without a moral certainty that he included in the act of faith, the placing the mind in a living union with Christ, the delivery of the helm into his hands.

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good work, and only one good work, Luther admitted as the root of the partial goodness in all others—the unbarring of the prison-door, the glad reception of the dawn. One act, and that a joyful and free act of the spirit, he thus substituted for all the toiling duties of the law. No longer with downcast face were men to raise the heavy burdens of life, and fight again its often-fought battles; but, averting their eyes from the punctilious pleadings of the law, they were to draw their impulses from the God who had the keeping of their heart, and whose prompting love Luther held to be the living righteousness of which conscience was to him only the blanched and formal outline. The law of conscience he regarded as an exacting law which it is impossible to fulfil, and which is meant only to spur on the agonized soul to seek a personal refuge. But when God entered the heart in the act of faith, then the law was no longer a law of condemnation; in part it was *fulfilled* rather than *obeyed* by the new influence of the divine love; and in part, so far as it presented an ideal yet imperfectly attained, its sting might be taken away by the belief that where the life was constantly committed into God's keeping, He would not be strict to mark anything that does not imply a resumption of individual self-will. And yet Luther found it impossible really to separate in experience and thought the divine *life* and the overbearing law of conscience. "To separate rightly the law from the gospel," he once said, (and by the gospel he always means the revelation of God to the heart,) "is easily enough learnt, as far as words go. But when it comes to the experience of heart and life, then it becomes so high and difficult, that we are all at sea, and seem to understand nothing about it." "Yes," he said, on another occasion, in reproach to the Antinomians, "there is *no* man who can rightly distinguish between the law and the gospel. And this is no wonder, seeing that Christ in the garden knew not how to do it, and could not distinguish, since he needed to be comforted, and to be taught the gospel by the angel—he on whose head the Holy Ghost had sat bodily, as a dove. Therefore these fanatics are but coarse, shameless fools, who imagine they understand and know all about it, when they have only read a page or two, as if they had eaten up the Holy Ghost, feathers and all."*

Luther proclaimed, then, that the act of faith was the one inlet of divine *love* into human life, while conscience only convicted man of an imbecility. Conscience was the mere serving of a writ upon a helpless prisoner; faith unbarred the doors and guided him on his way. Yet he held that faith *fulfils* what

* Tischreden, vol. ii. p. 132, ed. Förstemann.

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conscience *demands*, and in the secrets of the inner life he admits that it is impossible to unravel the promptings of the two. The peculiarity of his faith lay, not in denying validity to the moral law, but in appealing from it *as law* to the personal love of God. He will admit no power in the will to fulfil such a law. Nor would he willingly admit that *unconsciously* the grace of God might assist him to fulfil such a law. All holiness that he admits at all must come fresh out of *conscious* trust in the perfect God. That is the one only untainted spring of action in the Lutheran theology.

Hence the deepest characteristic of the original Protestantism lay in this, that it withdrew its life from all the complicated and stagnant channels of ecclesiastical action, to draw it afresh at the divine sources of action, in emotion, meditation, poetry, prayer. Rome had sickened men with their own corrupt wills, and had exhausted their faith that they had even the smallest power to co-operate with the pure Spirit of God in his influences for good. In religion the whole current of thought went to magnify the divine agency and to depreciate the human. Thirsty, and faint, and weary, choked with the dust of ritual service, they needed to be baptized in divine waters, to lose themselves once again in the cloud of mystery, to recover the freshness of inspiration and the "wise passiveness" of loving dependence. And this was Luther's aim. He cast away the artificial pruning, and training, and clipping contrivances of Rome, not because he did not see evil in man, but because he found no tendency in such contrivances to subdue that evil. He thought ill enough of human nature, but he was sure that the only remedy lay in yielding up that nature more entirely to the inward activity of God. Nor did any fruit of mere nature, however cankered, seem to him so unsightly as the blighted fruit reared in the forcing-houses of the church. He knew that the Spirit of God had as much real access to the life of nature as to the life of the cloister or the convent; and as the only true holiness sprang from the moulding influences of His Spirit, so it seemed to him indifferent whether sin manifested itself in the untutored growth of the natural man, or was diverted into the less obvious channels of ascetic pride, secret doubt, or ecclesiastical formalism.

Every vein of subsequent Protestantism might be quarried out of Luther's massive nature, but all these veins together would hardly furnish out another Luther. He was the genius of that noble German re-action against a religion of will. Like Protestantism he spent all his strength in the fervour of his trust, and yet would fain ascribe to that trust a purely involuntary character. His action, or his action on the world

at least, flowed spontaneously from the exuberance of his trust; and the action of his soul in clinging to God he would not have to be an action at all. What was greatest in him, and most Protestant too, was the perfect clearness of heart with which he estimated the relation between God and his own instrumentality in setting forth the truth of God. He not merely said, but *realized*, that the Lord he preached would declare himself without *his* aid; and that were it not so, he were no Lord at all. There was no anxiety about success. In the spirit of true Protestantism, he was anxious that those who had felt the power of God should acquit themselves of their obligation to reveal it,—not solicitous about it, as if there were no other channel for the Eternal Word. Smaller men are anxious to *mould* their age—to construct some artificial reservoir for perpetuating their faith before they die. As if there *could* be any such reservoir except the living Spirit of God,—as if any faith which is not ever springing fresh out of that infinite life would not stagnate or dry up before their own bodies had crumbled into dust! It was not thus with Luther. He had no cast-iron views of faith. He was not a semi-Protestant, with a Romanist reserve, that God could not get on, after all, without a formula and a human representative. "We tell our Lord God," he said, "that if He will have His church, He may uphold it; for we cannot uphold it, and even if we could, we should become the proudest asses under heaven."* Therefore he could stand free and declare the Lord who was in him,—planning nothing, dreading nothing. The vast strength of his nature was all due either to the warmth of his impulses and the vividness of his sensibilities, or to the power of his trust. It was all natural or supernatural; none of it was of the stern voluntary cast of Rome—none of it of the preternatural, fanatic cast of a "child of destiny." He had none of the inflexible marble strength of iron *purpose*—nothing of the blind impetuosity of men *possessed* by their own notions. His most stormy force, as Archdeacon Hare most truly said, was never *violence*.† The gusts of such a spirit

* Tischreden, vol. ii. p. 330.

† After quoting Luther's saying that he would not be deterred from riding to Leipsic, though "it were to rain pure Duke Georges for nine days, and each of them were nine times more furious than this," Archdeacon Hare remarks: "To our nicer ears such expressions may seem in bad taste; be it so. When a Titan is walking about among the pigmies, the earth seems to rock beneath his tread. Mont Blanc would be out of keeping in Regent's Park; and what would be the outcry if it were to toss its head and shake off an avalanche or two! Such, however is the dulness of the elementary powers, they have not apprehended the distinction between

might well shake the earth, but it was, as it were, an accident of his power, not its aim. These whirlwinds of vehemence issued from the depths of a spirit in which elements were stirring such as had scarce existed in any other man; but they were not summoned forth by the cold resolve of a determined will. They "proceeded" from him – they were not "created" by him. The vast social power of Luther, and the social power of his religion, was the mere natural expansion outwards of inward, elastic, uncontrolled affections; all its voluntary power was spent in the act of faith, and even this was claimed as involuntary.

Luther (in this, too, the very genius of Protestantism) had a breadth, and tenderness, and vigour of nature, physical and moral, which set the problem of self-discipline, the misery of inward disorder, in its full difficulty and its sharpest outline. His was a nature in which the flames of inward strife were easily kindled, and the occasion of no common anguish. He knew only too well that the seed of evil was not in the outward mould of his nature, not in the forms of human desire and affection, but deep below them, at the very sources of the will, and *therefore* he protested against every attempt to force nature into new channels. The rich endowments of the natural man he neither trusted nor dreaded. He admitted their rights, and left them to find their own channels in the world. This alone might have given the Protestant faith its physical superiority over the Roman (which depresses nature, and shears away her overflowing energies). But this alone would not, and will not, now or ever, give Protestantism its moral superiority. It was the complementary truth, that though the life of sin cannot be reached from below by any blockade of nature—by any hermetical sealing of its outlets—it *may* be reached from *above* through the opened heart of trust, by unroofing the soul to the clear, calm love of God—that has given Protestantism its moral power. Wherever this faith has faded away, the moral superiority of Protestant nations is due to the mere vital force of unimpeded national characteristics; only where it remains, and so far as it remains, does the true spirit of Luther still preach to us that trust is stronger than action—that the shortest, nay the only way to conquer sin is to wrestle with God for his blessing first,—that it is both arrogant and hopeless to wrestle in our own strength with sin that we may be blessed by God.

There is scarcely anything so melancholy, even in the per-

force and violence. In like manner, when the adamantine bondage in which men's hearts and minds had been held for centuries was to be burst, it was almost inevitable that the power which was to burst this, should not measure its movements by the rule of polished life."—Vindication of Luther, p. 172.

version of the Roman Church, as the perversion of the early Protestant theology. Rome was indeed corrupted on a grander scale; and, by virtue of her vaunted unity, the evil spirit in her spread like a plague till the whole church was pestilential. Protestantism began by teaching men that their religious faith must be individual and distinct. And thus the centres of life were multiplied, and the unity of disease was interrupted. But if the fall to pseudo-Protestantism has been less general and calamitous, it has been a fall from a greater height. Yet it was only a fall from a precipice on the very edge of which Luther stood. "Only believe that your sins are forgiven, and they are forgiven," said Luther, meaning, as his whole life and teaching show, that to believe this was impossible without a moral delivery of the whole spirit into God's hands. In his thought, the one great conflict of life was to believe this; and how did he set about it? Not, certainly, by convincing himself that highly probable reasons could be accumulated in favour of this proposition; but by throwing into the act of trust all the intensity of moral and spiritual power which the pious Romanist would have spent on duty,—by making trust the first right action and the postulate of all right action,—by withstanding, as the most awful sin, the thought that God had provided no way of escape to each of his children, from the evil of their own nature,—by summoning up before his heart the infinite treason of doubting that God's desire for our holiness is immeasurably deeper than our own,—in short, by absorbing every other moral and spiritual struggle into this most central and passionate of struggles with his distrust of God, knowing perfectly, that wherever that enemy is absolutely beaten, there can be no choice for any other enemy but instant flight. Before Luther's intense thought every scene of moral conflict, however apparently trivial, was at once transfigured into that final battle-field. Every temptation dilated before his inward eye into the threatening form of that one great Tempter, and with passionate defiance he drove before him, at the first symptom of danger, the enemy he durst not delay to crush at once. This, and nothing less, was what Luther implied in the assertion, "Only believe that your sins are forgiven, and they are forgiven." Yet though he was safe, he was, as we have said, near the margin of a great abyss. In his passionate eagerness to vindicate all the mercy and the love of human salvation for God, he *theoretically* denied that man could even co-operate with the Spirit which drew him on to spiritual victory. All was God's doing, he ejaculated, as with a soldier's heart he cast himself sternly into the thickest fray. 'Man could only be helplessly

grateful and believing.' And that which Luther said in theory, but by his life belied, men were soon found to accept in theory and in practice too. And thus came that horrible corruption of his faith which may be called the doctrine of passive salvation by correct notions concerning the nature and policy of God. And it is with this corrupted form of Protestantism that the ordinary bibliolatry which is its complement is associated.

We know well that every great and good man, who, like Luther, overleaps the mark in vindicating for God's grace the absolute and unmixed authorship of man's salvation, repudiates, like Luther, the practical inference that the faith by which he is saved is mere inevitable acquiescence in the authoritative statements of a supernatural oracle. Nevertheless, the one doctrine *cannot* be preached by large minds, without the corresponding attenuated form of it immediately spreading among narrow minds. The way by which natures of small calibre are most often enlarged so as to receive a wider faith, is through the ennobling life of effort after a voluntary co-operation with the Spirit of God. And if they be taught that this is impossible, that they can only attend upon it—that if they are to be chosen they will be chosen—nothing can prevent them from accepting the practical inference, contracting into a mild content with such degree of general conviction as they happen to attain, and substituting a little leisurely reading and "inquiry" for the throes and the travail of spirit from which a faith like Luther's was generated. Deny the active and voluntary element in faith—deny that men have real voluntary power to follow the promptings of the Holy Spirit by cleaving to God, and throwing themselves upon His purifying mercy and love as the last hope of their soul,—and you open the way for all the dryness and sterility of the dogmatic orthodoxy, because not being able to move their own affections, men will naturally suppose that their only road to a fuller conviction is through the intellect, and so lose the rich elements of new spiritual life which are really opened to them through the secret history of the will. And then all the vast issues of trust and distrust are narrowed into the miserable controversy about accurately hitting the true mark in *doctrine*, and as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of certain records of inspired life and history to ensure this fine skill in archery. If ordinary men once cease to believe in the divine and supernatural freedom of their own inward responsible relation with the Spirit of God, they lose the principal experience in which He can become to them a *present* reality; for very few are originally constituted for a life of deep religious emotion, such as would pour conviction on their spirits, without the experience of duty and

sin. And then, as a necessary consequence, revelation becomes —*not* an unveiling to us *now*,—but a declaration that such an unveiling has happened once and will again—that there is a God still living *behind* the veil of nature, if we could but see Him. And of course the evidence of this truth becomes a question for natural theology, and the mode of His government a point of investigation for biblical criticism.

What the life of the church was to Rome, the life in the Bible was to Luther and his first followers. To the Roman Christians God was first *realized* in the social power and external organization of the church. Looking on all power as capable of incarnation, they could not believe fully in divine power till they saw it embodied in the young and expansive energy of a social institution. It explained their yearnings, their hope, their trust. But in the age of Luther it had become a weary and feverish dream, explaining nothing, most difficult to explain itself. Moreover, the individual cast of the Protestant character needed the history of the highest individual life in order to reflect its own questionings, and to resolve the mystery in which it was shrouded. Luther came to the Bible, and there he found the history of a class of men more near to the German nations in the mould of their moral nature, in the intensity of their conscience, in the close *personal* relations they sustained to the infinite God, than any the world had ever known. And, moreover, he found them one after another struggling for life and for salvation with Pharisaism, which was the very prototype of the Roman formalism. He found the history of simple families of which God had been the real bond and living head. He found the history of a selfish and wilful nation, whose every crime was chronicled,—not from the historic point of view as the mere breaking foam of popular passion,—but as a sinful resistance to their spiritual King. He found the history of statesmen who rendered the strictest account of their government and their misgovernment in prayer to God, and who asked counsel of his Spirit ere they advised an alliance, or proclaimed a war. He found there, amidst many similar histories, the inward and outward experience of one, who, like himself, had to break a yoke of ordinances, to resist and upbraid his own people, to destroy for others and lose for himself the tradition of unity with an ancient church, to announce the abrogation of the dead tribute of actions, and to demand in its place the surrender of the citadel of the heart, and then to see with anguish that his own disciples had been held more securely to their allegiance by the outward bond than by the inward trust. Such a history of individual religion, unrolled to the yearning eyes of a nation thirsting vainly for an inward religion, was

in the highest sense a *revelation*. It made clear their own wants; it made clear their new life; it reflected their spiritual experience; it brought close home to them the divine answer to that experience. Jerusalem seemed to live again in the heart of Germany, and with startled hearts the people saw their own life repeated, but also, closely mingled with it, that personal life of God in which they were longing to put their trust.

Here, then, was a ground of fact for their desires. Here was a protection against fanaticism. Here was God elsewhere revealing himself to be that which they believed him to be in their own hearts. The Bible, however, was thus fresh and pure as a revealing authority only while the hearts of men were thus deeply stirred with the want of a diviner life. The time came when the faith in a revealing history became as much disguised and overlaid with practical scepticism as ever did the Roman faith in a revealing church. The intensely inward character of the personal trust of the great Reformers laid too great a strain upon the spiritual capacity of the people, and their faith gradually relapsed into a passive dependence on the one outward prop left to them in the canon of Scripture. Instead of reverencing the Bible for its power of revealing a present God, they elevated it into the entire substance of the revelation. Thousands desired a belief for which they felt in their own hearts little or no support, and they unconsciously sought to shift the ground of the Reformation so as to relieve themselves from choosing between the alternatives of retrogression and positive doubt. And thus arose that large class of Protestant sceptics, who fortify their belief in the Bible just as the Romanists fortified their belief in the church, as the only stronghold of their faith. They have faith in a *past* revelation. They pray with eyes ever bent upon that blue streak in the eastern horizon, where, once at early dawn, the very sun of heaven was visible; but if they are told that its glory is still undimmed, that, would they but look upwards, they might see it now riding clear on high, they make it painfully evident that their faith is jarred and shaken by the unreasonable assertion, and that to their minds it only throws a mist of doubt upon the past reality of the morning glory, when so clear an optical delusion can deceive an experienced eye at noon. Thus the faith in the Bible was gradually overlaid with an active hostility to every present medium of revelation, and it became necessary to proclaim this "preservative addition" to the biblical orthodoxy, that the Bible was the *only* mirror of the purposes and character of God. But no sooner was the Bible held to be the only accessible abode of the Divine Spirit, than it became suddenly more and more difficult to discover

the Divine Spirit even in the Bible. The light and shade of human sentiment and human purpose are as clearly distinguishable in the Hebrew history as in modern life. The sacredness once driven out of the latter, it becomes more and more impossible to vindicate it wisely for the former. And thus the declining faith of Protestantism reaches its last stage, in which one class passing into absolute scepticism, affirms that God neither *is* present in humanity nor ever was, while another class, less sincere, and almost equally untrue, substitutes the *history* of a revelation for the living God, and pretends to find Him more clearly manifested in the minutest of its moral incidents, and the least sacred portion of its literature, than in all subsequent or present history—more clearly in the Song of Solomon than in the farewell thoughts of Socrates—nay, more clearly in the mention of a patriarch's age, the dimensions of the ark, or a verse of a genealogy—than in all the tried and tempted life of man's daily experience.

This citramontane bibliolatry, which fairly rivals the ultramontane ecclesiolatry—going out of its way to brand as the worst kind of *sin* any hesitation as to the literal dictation of the Bible by the Holy Ghost*—has borne bitter fruit in the English church. Our national Establishment boasts a considerable proportion, we fear, among her clergy (though not, we trust, amongst her laity,) of that class who, as Luther predicted, greedily gather up the doctrinal shells of his faith, and who yet, had they been living when he broke his bonds, would not so much as have touched the kernel. Luther believed in a Bible that referred him back to the Christ living in his heart; the English biblical orthodoxy believes in a God who refers us finally to the Bible. And this ossification of the revealing power necessarily corresponds to a petrifaction of the revealed truth. Whatever be the nature of that faith in the atonement of Calvary which has taken so high a place in the theology of the Reformation, there is a very broad distinction to be drawn between those who conceive that it works its ends through the *existing trust*, that is, by the present *living* influence of Christ over the heart, and those who regard belief in it as the tech-

* At one of the May meetings held this year, by the so-called evangelical party, a Cambridge professor was branded as putting forth books *only fit for Holywell-street*, because he had called in question the scientific truth in the Mosaic account of the creation. The allusion was of course to the Rev. Baden Powell's book on the "Unity of Worlds," in which he states the well-ascertained incompatibility of the Mosaic account with the facts of modern geology, and gives it as his view that moral and spiritual, not scientific truth, is all that can be looked for in the Bible. Wherever the Bible is deified, science is treated as calumny against God. As the modern bibliolaters in Germany candidly say, "Die Wissenschaft muss verdreht werden."

nical condition of a pardon by virtue of which they escape a penalty, and are included in the muster-roll of a favoured class. The former regards that faith as the means of bringing man into new relations with a divine Person, the latter regards the belief as completing the conditions of an old contract. The bibliolatry which relegates the Holy Spirit to the province of explaining to us the Bible, necessarily contracts the meaning of salvation by the living act of faith into a salvation by acquiescence in the terms therein proposed. Where there is no belief in the divine revelation *in* man, all the sacred part of faith consists in taking the Bible upon trust, instead of trusting in a present Christ; it becomes necessary that the whole spiritual portion of the negotiation should be conceived as completed within the limits of the Bible; that nothing but the *formal* signature should be left for the recipient. Were it otherwise, it would be necessary to assume a real living communion of the soul with God, independently of the sacred volume, and so a new and powerful innovating element would be introduced by which its absolute and supreme authority might be undermined. Thus the passionate faith of Luther is degraded into the acceptance of an artificial contract of which all the truly divine operation had taken effect centuries ago, the only new element now added being the admission of a new name. Instead of trust being the *power* by which the sinful spirit comes under a new influence, it is only the occasion on which the envelope of Christ's death is extended to the guilty. The orthodox theory of substitution carefully *excludes* the supposition that the spiritual union with Christ is the purifying influence which renders possible the favour of God, and maintains that his suffering was the essential ground of our liberation. The following is the language in which this shred of Protestant faith is now held out to spirits eager to find all the truth which any formula still retains. The speaker is Dr. Candlish, who last year undertook to expose Mr. Maurice's heresies to the Young Men's Christian Association, as the representative of evangelical orthodoxy:—

"The will of God is not only not changed by the Atonement—which of course is an impossibility—but it does not find in the Atonement any reason for a different mode of dealing with man from that which, irrespectively of the Atonement, might have been adopted as right and fitting. The wrath of God is not turned away from any: it is not quenched. But, what! some one says: would you really have it quenched? That wrath against the unlovely, which is the essential attribute of all love worthy of the name,—would you have it quenched in the bosom of Him who is love, so long as anything unlovely anywhere or in any one remains?

No. But the object against which the wrath burns is not merely an abstraction; it is a living person—myself, for example. And that wrath is not merely indignant or sorrowful dislike of what is unlovely in me on the part of a Father whose nature is love;—but holy displeasure and righteous disapprobation on the part of One who, however he may be disposed to feel and act towards me as a Father, is at all events my Ruler and my Judge;—whose law I have broken and by whom I am condemned. There is room here for his *arranging* that, through the gracious interposition of his own Son, meeting on my behalf the inviolable claims of justice, his wrath should be turned away from me;—and if from me, from others also, *willing to acquiesce in the arrangement.* If a moral government according to law is conceivable, such a procedure is conceivable under it."

"Willing to acquiesce in the arrangement!" Surely, surely, there is shell-theology here! If ever there were a hollow ring about theological doctrine,—if ever there were an empty shell from which the kernel had dropped,—it is in such a formula as this. Nor can we doubt that it is so. For from the opinion,—we will not call it a faith,—that rigorous spiritual justice concerns the external *act* of punishment, irrespectively of the recipient,—from the doctrine which professes to excuse men, once for all, from all the requisitions of divine law on grounds wholly disconnected with their own spiritual life,—has come all that unreal and external conception of duty and sin,—that chronic *suspiciousness* of nature without open war with it,—that askance-glancing at the joys of life without either hearty acceptance or manly resignation of them,—that living half to the carnal and half to the spiritual man which combines the moral perils of ascetic and of epicurean practice,—that official life with the Redeemer and actual life with the world which naturally flows from a theory of purely artificial righteousness, and from placing the essence of religion in gratitude to God that we are permitted to produce a proxy in the most personal relations of spiritual life, in short, that He is pleased to admit a double dramatic fiction as the ground of a real reconciliation with Himself. Well may Mr. Maurice indignantly deny that this is either a Christian or a Protestant doctrine.

And from this point of view it is far from difficult to understand the nature of that Puseyite reaction in our Establishment which has taken hold of so many minds little inclined to go back into the Roman church. The Lutheran assertion, that a living trust in the Christ within man is the only pure fountain of action,—that this alone can produce a holiness unstained by human pride,—had relapsed into a confidence in the terms of a technical agreement, in which Christ and men are the

contracting parties. This was the result of laying too much stress on the *consciousness* of the act of faith,—the effect of putting a strain on the inward attitude of the heart which it cannot in most men bear, and which produces artificial reaction. It cannot be wondered at, then, that a large party looked eagerly for a more comprehensive church, which should nourish the unconscious life of man, and recur to action as the school of faith, instead of looking on conscious faith as the only holy spring of action. This was the strength, we believe, of that Puseyite reaction towards the sacramental system of grace by outward ordinances, and towards the doctrine that the privileges of Christ's church are not necessarily confined to those who individually and inwardly "close with Christ," which has taken so strong a hold upon a portion of our Establishment. Puseyism is very far from being at one in *principle* with Romanism. It is only a *conservative* movement towards ancient doctrine,—while Romanism has a principle, a life, an idea of its own. Like all conservatism, it is negative, arising in a *dislike* towards present tendencies, a preference for old customs, of which it shares the sentiment and understands the truth Puseyism is no distinct faith; it is a compromise between Protestantism and Catholicism; it desires to combine the advantages of both. Archdeacon Denison says, "The Roman church is Catholic but *not* primitive; the English church is Catholic *and* primitive." In other words, Puseyism is the Body Catholic bereft of its present mind, or the Body Protestant acting under the inspiration of a past mind. Puseyism owns positively no *living* authority at all; it has no principle of development; it is radically averse to all principles of development; its desire is to live by the customs and observances of a past age. It talks, indeed, of the authority of the church. But if you come to look into the meaning of what is said, you find it to mean only that clerical gentlemen,—especially bishops,—are rather more likely to understand what was the ancient practice and the ancient creed than any one else. But it is very far from recognizing any practical and present dogmatic authority even in bishops or archbishops. On the contrary, the Bishop of Exeter and Archdeacon Denison evidently think that they could start a Church Catholic of their own; and that once having the apostolic succession and the "custody" of the sacraments, they need no sanction from any overruling ecclesiastical mind to enable them to set up for themselves. Puseyism recognizes the sacramental channels of *grace*, but has no local and present power by which it can decide the issues of a present controversy. Its only proposal for a bridge over a yawning schism is to suspend above it a

narrow causeway attached to a "catena" of the fathers, but unfortunately it has no solid buttresses of critical authority by which the catena itself can be hung. Puseyism is to Romanism what an hereditary aristocracy is to the encroaching power of the first lords. It holds its own only by prescription, and has no life within it by which it can annex new territory. Romanism has a present principle of expansion, as well as a claim to inherited possessions. Whoever will look through Mr. Gladstone's characteristic book on church principles will see that he nowhere considers it necessary that the church should have a power of self-adaptation to the necessities of new times. We can neither wonder at Puseyites for going to Rome, nor at their remaining in the church. Rome is the only church with a power of *movement* in her which holds their sacramental system; and consequently where men crave to see their principles active, conquering, unfolding to present exigencies,—they go to Rome. But the greater portion of the Puseyite party desire nothing so little as any sign of movement. They dread and fear Rome exactly for the same reason for which they dread and fear Protestantism. They desire the "primitive" in form as well as essence. They reverence authority as a cohesive, not as a moving force. They are all for what the mathematicians call the principle of the Conservation of Areas. They eulogize authority when it denounces change. They condemn it as not "primitive" when it issues a new decree. They would love to have a government that makes fast everybody else's thoughts in the stocks first, and then takes its place beside them.

Finally, in protest at once against Puseyism and Bibliolatry, there has arisen of late years, that school in the church from which all its richest life in the future bids fair to spring, unless the entangling formularies, of which they seek to gain the deepest and truest meaning, should prove too literal and fettering to leave consciences at ease while faith reasserts her freedom. The following are amongst the last words of one whose large wisdom and profound faith have endeared the Church of England to many who cannot find in her their present home. We quote from the last charge of Archdeacon Hare:—

"As time advances, circumstances change; new wants spring up, and multiply; that which may have been perfectly suited for one form of society, for one mode of human thought and feeling, becomes, in certain respects, inappropriate for others. According to the old illustration, the clothes of the boy will not fit the man; and the attempt to force them on him will only disclose their unfitness more and more. Nor, when manhood is attained, is the pro-

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gress of change arrested—it is continually going on; wherefore fresh adaptations are continually needed. Now, let anybody call to mind what the English nation was in 1660, when the last revision of our Common Prayer Book took place, or in 1604, when our Canons were framed, and what it is now, in the middle of the nineteenth century. How enormous is the difference in the extent of the empire, in the mass and distribution of the population! And it is scarcely less in their social, moral, intellectual condition. Hence those forms and rules, which were drawn up with immediate adaptation to the former age, can hardly be equally well adapted, in all respects, to the latter. Indeed, this truth was fully recognized and acknowledged by the framers of our Liturgy themselves. Being men of a living faith, they knew that whatever lives must move and work, must shed its leaves and its plumage; and that while it assimilates new elements, it parts with those which had previously been assimilated. They knew, too,—and their work had directly taught them,—that even Religion itself, through its manifold relations with man, had entered into the region of human mutability, and that, in addition to the other causes which might produce a necessity for change, it was corruptible through the corruptibleness of mankind. . . . . On the other hand, as of course it would be impossible to prohibit our Ecclesiastical Synod permanently from the examination of our Liturgy and Articles, it may be after a time, when it felt itself at home in the work, and looked around on the manner in which the nation is divided among so many religious denominations, it might take thought whether a large number of the Nonconformists in the land might not be gathered into the unity of the Church. However inaccurate the official Religious Census may be in a multitude of its details, the broad fact is undeniable, that a vast part of the nation—if not half, a third or a fourth—are not joined with us in that unity: and every true lover of the Church, all who remember our Lord's earnest prayer for that unity, all who bethink themselves how St. Paul speaks of it, all who see daily how our work is cramped and hindered by the want of it, must needs yearn for the reconciliation of our brethren who are now worshipping apart from us."

The movement which Archdeacon Hare led and represented —which began with him in the reassertion of Luther's Protestantism, probably in too unqualified a form—but which, in passing out of his hands into that of his disciple, Mr. Maurice, has received that more practical mould which was wanting to rescue it from the risk of its former perversion, has not yet probably attained its destined power. Mr. Maurice seems to us still to follow Luther and his friend too strictly in the theory of faith, though no one assigns a richer *practical* influence to the power of the will in co-operating with God than he. He still preaches that the act of grace by which God reconciles man to himself,

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is finished and perfect without relation to our surrender to its influence, and this he would seem to deprive of all element of freedom. Such at least is the general tenor of his teaching—that the reconciliation is complete—that no free and individual act of will in us is a necessary condition of its inclusive power. Practically no one will accuse him of holding the *results* of such a teaching. But we believe the true safeguard against Puseyism on the one hand, as against Calvinism on the other, is to preach what may be termed the sacramental power of common every-day duty—to preach that a real eucharistic grace goes forth from the unconscious action to the spirit—unless that influence is destroyed by "receiving it unworthily," *i.e.*, by a conscious self-trust. Luther was wrong in saying that all pure life goes forth out of conscious faith. Rome and the Puseyites are right in affirming that unconscious actions are often the sustaining power of faith. Common minds, and English minds especially, are not equal to a constant strain on their conscious relation to God. Many can do their duty who cannot do it out of a life of faith,—*i. e.*, out of conscious and living dependence. But Luther was right in asserting that all *conscious* trust in ourselves is tainted with sin, that all conscious attitudes of our moral nature, must be attitudes of trust in One higher and purer than ourselves. The unreality of Puseyism lies in its restricting the real communication of an unconscious divine influence to symbolic and ritual actions; the unreality of Lutheranism in restricting it to conscious spiritual attitudes of mind. Mr. Maurice has got hold of this truth practically; he does not yet seem to hold it consciously. He is so afraid of conceding *any* power to the human will (even a power of co-operation in working out its own salvation), that he has neither met the falsehood of the vicarious theory, nor gleaned from Puseyism its truth with that full success for which there are ample resources in the tendencies of his present noble and genial faith. The true adjustment of the relative claims of responsible action and conscious trust, is reserved for a theology that can enter at once into the Roman and into the German faith—while guarding against the official, ritual tendencies of the one, and against the too introspective spirit of the other. In this respect, the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, appeared to us to take a maturer line of thought than any of his fellow-labourers. With a mind that was never satisfied without penetrating the deepest truths which the formularies of the English church enshrined, he had perhaps attained a fuller conviction than they that these formularies do not comprehend the whole truth, especially in that deepest question of theology, the relation of faith to

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action.* With a thoroughly Catholic spirit, that accomplished man had a clear appreciation that the excessively inward theology of Luther had injuriously affected the practical nature of the English people, and had led to an insincere compromise between the real religion of law and duty which is the nation's natural worship, and the religion of incessantly conscious trust at which they were taught to aim. He was content often to build faith upon duty, and not inclined to insist with Luther and his modern English disciples on the partial truth asserted in the Articles, that duty must spring out of a clear life of faith. Indeed, we believe that "the tongues of many stammerers would be ready to speak plainly" as his, but for the constant reminder, that not out of the abundance of the heart, but out of the abundance of the formula, the English clergy are bound to speak. The land of formula in which they are captive, may be rich and plenteous in all manner of wisdom, as they are not slow to discern. But the range of the prisoner on parole is not freedom, though the hills which mark his limits are but faintly visible in the blue horizon. Not till the church has "set their *heart* at liberty," will the life of the highest and best in her communion cease to be the *most* painful and constrained. *We* certainly can freely admit with Archdeacon Denison that the nation has not been duly thankful for the deliverance of the church from the strong grasp of Rome's patiently uncoiling power. But England would best prove her thankfulness, not by forbidding her own church to unfold at all with the unfolding purposes of God, but by giving her faith that freedom of growth which is no less the condition of perfect service, than is perfect service the condition of perfect freedom.

* See especially the apparently not very perfect record of a fine sermon on the Roman character, in the volume of sermons recently issued by his brother, Sermon XIII.

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Art. VII.—GOETHE UND WERTHER.

Goethe und Werther. Briefe Goethe's, meistens aus seiner Jugendzeit, mit erläuternden Documenten. Herausgegeben von A. Kestner, Königl. Hannov. Legationsrath, Minister-Resident bei dem Päpst. Stuhle in Rom. Zweite Auflage, Stuttgart und Augsburg, J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1855.

(*Goethe and Werther: Letters of Goethe, chiefly from the time of his Youth.* With Explanatory Documents. Edited by A. Kestner.)

THE publication of the "Sorrows of the Young Werther," and the profound and wide-spread impression it produced, were accompanied by an eager curiosity to ascertain the foundations of fact on which it was based. Numberless and complicated were the German discussions on the subject. In his "Dichtung und Wahrheit," Goethe himself afterwards furnished an explanation which is not very precise, and apparently not very accurate. Now, however, the respective limits of truth and fiction have been pretty well defined by the book before us, and the account is interesting and attractive. As a romance, indeed, Werther occupies us no longer; and Englishmen particularly find it difficult to form a conception of the commotion its appearance excited and the effect it produced. This was due to the time and the conditions under which it was published; and though amply marked by the great genius of its author, its exaggerated reputation was necessarily evanescent. But a permanent value attaches to any records which throw light on the life and character of Goethe and the conditions under which his works were produced; and the present documents possess a subordinate attraction in the life-like impression we obtain of German character in the "golden Lotte," as he loves to call her, the charming object of Goethe's transient adoration, and in her lover and future husband, the simple, manly Kestner.

Wetzlar is a small, old-fashioned city, pleasantly situated on the river Lahn, about five-and-thirty miles north of Frankfort. Thither, in the year 1767, came a young Hanoverian of some six-and-twenty years of age, named John Christian Kestner. Wetzlar was then the scene of a "visitation,"—a court of inquiry into the abuses and delays of the Imperial Chamber of

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Justice; not, as Chancery reformers will think, entirely uncalled for, as, besides much personal corruption among the judges, there were fifty thousand cases of appeal awaiting the opportunity of trial, and twenty thousand ordinary arrears, which were being cleared off by deciding sixty cases a-year, while double that number of new cases were commenced. Kestner was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy. There was nothing attractive in the society of the town itself; the subordinates and *attachés* of the commission relieved the tedium of their protracted duties by an elaborate system of social trifling and wit, remotely analogous to the mysteries of the Northern Circuit mess. But these amusements had little charm for Kestner. He complains bitterly of the mechanical conditions of his employment, and the atmosphere of distrust and suspicion with which he is surrounded. Yet the whole town's want of taste and feeling, he says, shall be held guiltless for the sake of one single instance. This is the family of his Charlotte, the "Lotte" of Goethe's "Werther," whose charms have won so many hearts; but who, we cannot help thinking, is infinitely more attractive and more worthy as she really was, and as she stands in the simple description of her real lover and future husband, than in the fancy portrait of her poetical idolater. Her mother also seems to have been a remarkable woman. We quote Kestner's own account of them, contained in the draft of a letter to his old private tutor.

"I have become intimate in a house here," he says, "certainly the best in the town, and so all allow it to be, men of distinction and all, whose own self-conceit does not prevent it; and those who attain to a closer intimacy there, are, so to say, enchanted with it. A worthy father, whose temperance and good constitution preserve him in the enjoyment of a cheerful old age, obliging to every one, and fair in all his dealings, and though a little rough (compared to the person I am next coming to), still kindly. The mother—here I scarce know where to begin—in a word, the best woman, the best mother, and the best friend; without being conscious of it, or, at least, without the least appearance of being so, she has no lack of charms, though near upon her fortieth year; the fairest, softest, kindest, most obliging, tenderest heart; penetration, sense and true wisdom, and with it a pleasant wit; all discretion, all virtue, devout, &c., &c., honoured by every one, tenderly beloved by her children. These are her most important occupation and object, and she in her turn is to them the best and dearest thing they have. When she goes from home, little and great are troubled and downcast, and when she returns, nothing but welcomes, rejoicings, pressings of her hand, kisses and embraces, and happy looks, questions where she has been so long, stories of what has happened in her absence; her reproofs are more painful to them than blows to other children.

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I break off with an effort and come to the children. Two daughters are grown up, eighteen and sixteen years old. These, like all of them, are worthy of their mother. All fair hair and blue eyes; each handsomer than the other; a painter might draw his Cupids from the little ones. The eldest is pretty regularly handsome, still, quiet, of a gentle disposition, &c., &c. The second must yield to her in regular attractions, but is nevertheless more charming and taking. She has a feeling, tender heart. As her bodily frame, like that of all of them, is soft and delicate, so is her soul too. Compassionate towards all unfortunates, complaisant and obliging, placable, touched when she thinks she has injured any one, beneficent, friendly and polite, rejoicing in any one's good fortune, without a touch of envy in her disposition (so common a failing in young women, and old ones too). With this, a sprightly, lively spirit, quick conceptions, presence of mind, joyous and always pleased, and this not herself alone, no, she makes all about her pleased by her talk, her merry fancies, and by a certain humorous way she has. She is the joy of her parents and brothers and sisters, and if she sees a clouded face among them, she hastens to clear it up. She is beloved of every one, and does not want admirers, among whom, strange to say, are men of all tempers, wise and foolish, merry and serious. She is virtuous, pious and diligent, skilled in all female accomplishments, particularly docile and willing to ——"

Thus suddenly ends Kestner's draft letter. He was not long in finding in this family of the Buffs a consolation for the irksomeness of his residence in Wetzlar. The mother distinguished him by her friendship, and between him and the second daughter there was soon formed a mutual attachment, which, however, long remained without any formal bond between them, or even any express declaration on his part. He was not in a position to marry immediately, and father and mother had a just confidence in his integrity, and did not press for an explanation of his "intentions." These were pleasant times for the steady, hard-working, conscientious Kestner. He tells his friend Von Hennings of his laborious days and happy evenings.

"I establish myself the more firmly in her heart, the more I endeavour to neglect no part of my duty. My ambassador is, of all that are here, the most laborious and indefatigable; yet, hitherto at least, I have given him satisfaction. The most delightful moments I often sacrifice to work. The thought of my beloved one makes it sweet; my desire to hasten to her doubles my powers and quickens the completion of my labours. What pleasure, then, when I fly to earn the reward of my self-denial, when I see a dear face brighten, when tender looks welcome me, and a soft pressure of the hand tells me that I have already been long expected; when a lovely mouth complains of my long delay, softly inveighs against the work,

and pities me who have to do it; when the best of mothers and the good sister give me a like friendly reception, and the worthy father praises the thorough discharge of business. Then I hear what has happened in my absence—what has been heard and said—often mere trifles,—but which receive importance from the pleasant telling. Often the narrative is directed to obviate some gentle trouble or little jealousy; yet in the most unconstrained and natural manner. Pleasing fancies, merriment, and humorous ways, make the hours fly like minutes, and this not only for me or my beloved one, but for the mother, the sister, and the father. Her 'alas! there is the clock striking already,' brings me, along with the pain of parting, the inexpressible pleasure which gives an anticipatory charm to the next visit.

"Often, too, other company comes, for the house is gladly visited on account of the quiet that reigns there, the agreeable entertainment, and the friendly pains to let no face go away sad, and even to relieve the heart of its sorrows and cares; for in such offices the kindliness of the best of mothers finds its element; her wisdom and her understanding know how to make her wishes prevail. Then, in the evening at eight o'clock, the visitors, who are received without announcement or ceremony, and without interruption to the ladies' occupations, are accustomed to disperse. When I cannot stay to supper, then I too go quickly home, despatch my meal, arrange this and the other, and go back again, when I am not prevented. In that case, I am generally there again in the evening from half-past eight or nine till eleven. These are my brightest hours, they are also my most peaceful ones. My business is done, and my ambassador goes early to bed."

The serene happiness of the household was interrupted by the death of the mother, to whom all were so deeply attached. The details of the deathbed related in Werther are taken from the life, and the real Charlotte assumed, as if by instinct, the place her mother had filled. A common feeling installed her; and at the age of eighteen she became the mistress of a household, and the virtual mother of a family of nine children. Her sunny temper, affectionate nature, and gay activity, were equal to the burden. The old life between the lovers continued as before under these new conditions, which had assumed a settled form, when, in the spring of the year 1772, a new actor appeared on the little family stage. It is the young Goethe himself. Spirited and fearless, unique in all his ways, careless of conventions and opinions, active-minded and informed, sensitive to all impressions and eager to experience them, with no scrupulous restraints as to the mode, he presses with the easy swing of conscious genius into the Wetzlar circle. He comes to study law, his father thinks, but he, to read his Homer and his Goldsmith, and to follow uncontrolled the bent of his genius

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and the promptings of his nature. The outline of his face is like that of a beautiful woman, but what man can show so massive and capacious a forehead, or an eye so penetrating and brilliant? The professed literati welcome him and crowd upon his notice; he is admitted to a high place in the mock knightly order of the mess table; sees all, shares all, enjoys all, turns all to profitable experience.

Kestner first sees him lying on his back on the grass under a tree, engaged with three philosophers at once, an epicurean, a stoic, and a third who is neither epicurean nor stoic, a "middle thing." The young Hanoverian Legation's Sekretär prides himself on not judging hastily; he surveys the young demigod with his cool penetrating blue eye, and only commits himself to this opinion, "He is no inconsiderable man." Afterwards he takes further note of him, and thus deliberately describes him in his journal:—

"He has very great natural endowments, is a real genius, and a man of character, possesses an extraordinarily lively imagination, and expresses himself chiefly by pictures and likenesses. He is wont himself to say, that he always expresses himself imperfectly, never can express himself; but when he gets older, hopes to think and say his thoughts as they really are. He is impetuous in all his affections and passions, yet has often much power over himself. His way of thinking is noble, and he is free enough from prejudice to act as he thinks good, without troubling himself whether it pleases others, whether it is the fashion, or whether good breeding permits it. He hates all constraint.

"He loves children, and can make himself very busy with them. He is bizarre, and has in his behaviour, in his outward demeanour, something that might make him unpleasant. (One can imagine that.) Still he is a favourite with children, with women, and many others too. He esteems women highly. His principles are not yet thoroughly fixed; he is still striving after some certain system.

"If we must speak of what that is, we would say he holds greatly by Rousseau, but is no blind idolater of him. He is not what is called orthodox, yet this is not from pride, or caprice, or affectation. On certain subjects of the highest importance he expresses himself openly only to a few, and is unwilling to disturb the quiet convictions of others.

"He hates scepticism, indeed, and strives after truth and after conviction on such subjects: thinks, moreover, that on the most important he has already attained to conviction; but as far as I have observed he has not yet done so. He does not go to church, nor to the Lord's Supper, prays, too, but seldom. 'For,' says he, 'I am not liar enough.' Sometimes he is quiet on certain subjects, sometimes very much the reverse. For the Christian religion he has a high respect; but not in the form in which our theologians present it.

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"He *believes* in a future life, a better condition. He strives after truth, but rather in feeling than in demonstration.

"He has already done much, and has much knowledge and reading, but still more has he thought and reasoned. The fine arts and the sciences connected with them have been the chief objects of his attention, or rather all sciences except those by which bread is made."

And in the margin Kestner wrote:

"I intended to draw his complete likeness, but it would carry me too far, for a vast deal might be said about him. *He is, in one word, a very remarkable man.*"

And further on still, as the complex character and varied genius of his new acquaintance opened further on him, he laid down his pen in despair. "I should come to no end if I were to attempt to make a complete description of him."

Such or something like it was the young Goethe of twenty-three years. At a ball just as is described in Werther, he first met Lotte Buff, and soon after learned to know her better, and admire her more in the circle of her home. Natures like her's had a special charm for him: his feelings were soon drawn in, and he became her passionate admirer, and the intimate frequenter of the "Teutsches Haus," as he calls her home. There all soon felt his fascinating influence. He ingratiated himself deeply with the children, as he well knew how, and was admitted to the closest friendship and confidence by the two lovers.

It was a glorious summer, and Goethe himself tells how the dewy mornings and bright days saw the three wandering in the fair environs of Wetzlar, plucking the ripening corn, and listening to the whistling of the quail. The winning, sprightly Lotte, light and active of frame, with elastic joyous gait, and an April face of happy smiles and pitiful tears; indulging a thousand artless, peculiar, humorous little ways, yet quick of apprehension and sensitive in feeling, a fit and responsive auditor to the young poet pouring forth his vehement emotions, or interpreting with his fine and subtle apprehension, and his delicate feeling, the beauty of surrounding nature; and beside them, often silent but never sullen, the sedate and affectionate Christian Kestner, enjoying a common happiness with them; contributing sound sense and just limitations to the discussions; recognizing the vast mental superiority of the other, and conscious of his passion, yet disdaining a petty jealousy, and choosing rather to indulge a generous friendship than a hostile rivalry, nobly resolved to relinquish the heart he had thought his own, if it should prove that it could find elsewhere

than with him a higher happiness and ampler scope for its affections. Not that he did not love her. "Had I been obliged to renounce her," he says many years after, "I will not undertake that I should not have become Werther." But the young Lotte's heart was already at home; she was wisely true to her first affection, for, as a husband, to have exchanged Kestner for Goethe, would have been to become the victim of a splendid illusion. One of those women in whom an innocent, almost childish gaiety of demeanour hides a gentle but firm will, clearsightedness in practical matters, and an instinctive control over those around them, she knew how to draw a proper line for her impetuous admirer, which it is clear from every part of the evidence he never ventured to transgress.

It is needless to say that she enjoyed his company, and was flattered by his devotion, and the frank Kestner gave him a place in his heart second only to that occupied by his lifelong friend, Von Hennings. The three were bound together in close and enduring ties. Perhaps it was the purest and deepest attachment Goethe ever experienced. His position indeed was a dangerous one for his own peace, if not for that of others. But he could at any moment be master of himself. His was one of those natures, which, while seeming to yield to every impulse of their being, and to be swept onward with irresistible and reckless speed, are really only enjoying the pace, and have a cool head and a steady hand upon the reins. They stop dead just at the edge of the precipice. They snap the bonds of habit and self-indulgence, and stand free. So here, suddenly and without leave-taking, Goethe tore himself from Wetzlar. It was well and wisely done, and not without effort; and we love rather to trust to the tone of some of these letters, and think that a disinterested regard for the peace and happiness of his friends, mingling with the suggestions of his own judgment, determined his conduct, than to believe with the autobiography, that he was tempted away by the desire to visit the Rhine in company with Merk, or that the approaching marriage of the lovers induced him "to withdraw voluntarily before he should be driven away by the sight of what would be intolerable."

The effort cost him much, and was a source of grief to the whole household. "Er ist fort," he wrote to Kestner, "He is gone, Kestner; when you receive this note, he is gone." "I looked at the books and the note," says Kestner, "and thought of what it said, 'He is gone,' and was quite cast down." The children in the Teutsches Haus murmured sadly, "Dr. Goethe ist fort." The Privy Councilloress Langen thought him very ill-

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bred to go without leave-taking, and the tears stood in the lovely Lotte's eyes as she read his parting letter. Yet, on the whole, she was glad he was gone, as she had no heart left with which to reward his devotion. He left on the 11th of September, 1772, and never saw her again except on the occasion of a single day's visit to Wetzlar, until after he had attained his seventieth year, when she visited a sister at Weimar, herself at an advanced age, and the mother of twelve children.

Immediately after his departure, however, he commenced an active correspondence with Kestner, which was continued up to the death of the latter in 1800. It is Goethe's share in this (for Kestner's letters have not been preserved) which forms the bulk of the present work; to these (besides other unimportant additions) are annexed two or three simple and interesting letters of Kestner bearing on the same period.

This episode in Goethe's life is described briefly from his own remembrance in the "Autobiography;" but these letters furnish a closer, truer view of his relations, in one direction at least. It is evident from them, that his heart was more deeply moved than his own account admits. Any indication of, and discrepancy between, the pictures, affords us some measure of the self-delineative value to be attached to these early remembrances, and may serve to put us on our guard against estimating Goethe's youthful character too closely by the cold and measured disquisitions of his age. Devoted to the idea of self-culture, with no object for his affections above and beyond himself, with no *service* to which to devote his gigantic powers and endowments, increasing years added to his vast knowledge of life and art, but wrapt him in a closer self-absorption, and his unused affections dwindled away like branches from which the sap is diverted; so that the records of his life are little more than an analysis and a history of his own development, and instead of a simple narrative, we have a philosophic investigation into how he came to be that which he was. Even when he writes of the bright, enchanting days of his fondest attachments, the heart is silent, and the imagination must supply its place. He can draw a picture of his love for Lili, full of the "breath of earlier years;" not because the heart has a faithful memory, but "because those scenes are poetical, and I can by the power of poetry supply the want of the youthful feelings of love."

And coldness and independence of heart were not only the unconscious results of a devotion to self-development, they were the cultivated fruits of Goethe's philosophy. His error was fatal and fundamental when he subordinated life to art, instead of art to life. And even granting that it be permissible

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for a man to make art his religion, it is still surely a mistake to conceive that isolation of the heart is a true condition for the highest development of the artist; but so Goethe thought. Partly it was his nature. From his mother he inherited keen susceptibilities to pleasure and pain. Passion, call it rather fire, he had in abundance; but he wanted warmth, depth, and permanence of feeling. Justly called the "many-sided" in one point of view, there is another in which he presents one of the most remarkable instances that the world has seen of one-sidedness of nature. He is a great creative artist, sustained purely by observation and intuition. He is incapacitated from approaching men by sympathy; he cannot extend his knowledge of the heart through the heart. So false a relative value does he place upon two parts of our nature, that he deliberately rates the sympathies of intellectual activity above those of the affections. Of Jacobi he says:—

"His relation to me was peculiar. He loved me personally, without sympathizing with or even approving my efforts: only the sentiment of friendship bound us together. But the beauty of my connexion with Schiller was, that we found the strongest bond of union in our exertions to reach a common aim, and had no need of what is commonly called friendship."

And when Eckermann expressed the necessity he felt for a common ground of affection in his intercourse with others—

"This tendency of yours," replied Goethe, "is indeed unlikely to fit you for society; for what would be the use of culture, if it did not teach us to modify and control our natural tendencies? 'Tis mere folly to hope that other men will harmonize with us; I have never been guided by such motives; I have regarded each man as an independent individual, whom I might study, and whose characteristics I might learn to understand, but from whom I must not expect further sympathy. Only in this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, to obtain the knowledge of various characters, and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life."

To secure at once a temper and a position proper for that serene observation and unenthralling experience to which his genius prompted him, he held himself aloof from the interests and sympathies of national life, and even of individual feeling. He smiled at the tumult of the world, and put aside the harass of the affections. He was mingled mechanically, not dissolved, in the sea of human affairs.

And it is a relief to turn from the mature results of such a philosophy and experience to the picture afforded by these letters. As yet too exclusive and continuous a self-occupation, and a protracted adherence to false principles, have not cramped the spring of his genius and narrowed his sympathies. It is

the young Goethe in the freshness of early life who here stands before us; not seen through the frosted glasses of eighty winters, but stamped in his own words and the contemporaneous impressions produced on men of his own years.

We do not quote from these letters, for they must be read altogether. Apart from the general insight they afford into the character of the writer, they possess little value; written by an unknown man they would have no interest; written by Goethe they have a peculiar value. They throw a softening light on his early character, and display in its most attractive form the affectionate side of his nature. It is the same native kindliness of disposition, which in later years lent a grace to the dignity of his high position; but here it shows warmer and more individual, and is therefore more attractive.

The energetic, impulsive, striving young genius, has thought for the little offices of affection, and his brief notes not only contain the evidence of his attachment to Lotte and his friendship for Kestner, but show a kindly interest in all the members of the family with which he connected so many delightful remembrances. It is impossible, we think, to mistake the genuine friendship which speaks in them. He even institutes a correspondence with Hans Buff, Lotte's younger brother, in order that he may have frequent and detailed accounts of all that goes on in the house; he has messages and kind remembrances for Lengen and Sophie, and Dortlgen and Amalgen; toys and good things for the boys; and loves, evidently, to keep himself alive in the hearts of all.

Early in 1773, the betrothed lovers were actually married, and it is clear from Goethe's expressions, that his heart still retained a deep enough impression to make the occasion a painful one to him.

But the fruits of his love and friendship were yet to be developed. "Sauf le respect pour votre ami," wrote a friend to Kestner, "mais il est dangereux d'avoir un auteur pour ami," and he proved the truth of the remark very severely, when in the autumn of 1774, he received from Goethe a copy of "Werther," and found the whole history of their intercourse at Wetzlar interwoven into a romance, of which the dramatis personæ were so closely modelled after themselves as at once to fix them as the prototypes, and at the same time so far lowered in tone of character as to make the identification anything but agreeable. Kestner had good reason to complain when he saw his wife's name assumed, the peculiarities of her personal attractions, of her home and of her history, set forth, and at the same time found ascribed to her an absence of maidenly reserve which certainly rather disfigures the fictitious Lotte. Worse still, she

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was represented as even after her marriage sharing half unconsciously in Werther's passion, and at last allowing him to learn that she did so. To have, moreover, the generous warmth of his own confidence repaid by such a picture as that of the cold suspicious Albert, pained him sensibly.

The editor of the correspondence, who is himself a son of Lotte's, is struck with the inferiority both of the characters and the denouement of the romance, to those of the real life. He makes it the occasion for an exclamation on the wonderful intermingling of boundaries between the good and the beautiful. Here he tells us the actual life was too good, too noble for the purposes of fiction. The improbable excellence had to be debased with a more probable infusion of weakness. "The poet was obliged to descend from the moral height in order to reach the poetical pinnacle which has conducted him to the highest glory of the poet." The doctrine is worth controverting, that the noblest subject-matter is unfitted for the highest creations of art. Certainly, the present instance goes no way to prove it. Had Goethe's object simply been to produce the most perfect romance in his power, from the materials within his reach, he need not have distorted the history of his Wetzlar life, and mixed it up with the amour and suicide of the unhappy Jerusalem. But often as Goethe protested against moral didactic poems, and defended his own on the ground of their affording simple representments of life and character, he will not unfrequently be found devoting whole works or detached incidents to the development of an intellectual result; or, if he simply represents, it is some type of an historical epoch, or of a general state of feeling. He loves to crystallize these in a work of art; he loves, also, to express his thoughts and his observations on life and human conduct in poetical pictures. He often selects characters, incidents and situations, not for the sake of the simple beauty or passion, but for that of the *idea* they envelope.

In "Werther" his object was to reproduce the morbid and gloomy feelings and unsatisfied desires, which, in the absence of any field for important outward action, he found exercising so wide a dominion over the German youth of his time, and which had made the lawfulness of suicide an accepted doctrine among them. To Goethe himself all these feelings were known. Whether he was right in thinking that this temper was due in great measure to the "gloomy dissatisfaction with life," contained in the English didactic moral poems, may admit of question; certain it is he was for a short period troubled with a hypochondriacal whim for suicide, and even took his dagger to bed with him in case he should find courage to use it. More wisely he delivered his soul by a book; and

we have no doubt that the vague declamations and sentimental paroxysms of Werther delineate with considerable accuracy a real stage in Goethe's development. We have Kestner's authority for the fact that many remarkable scenes not unlike those described in the romance took place between Goethe and Charlotte, and he adds that there is in the Werther of the fiction much of Goethe's character and way of thinking. This applies mainly to the first part, before Werther has reached the crisis of his passion and despair. The second part has another foundation. Soon after Goethe's departure from Wetzlar, a young man of the name of Jerusalem shot himself there, in a state of morbid melancholy, induced partly, it was said, by an insulting exclusion from society, and partly by an unrequited attachment to a married lady residing at the place.

The details of Jerusalem's last days were furnished at the time to Goethe by Kestner, and the minutest incidents are found embodied without variation in the fiction. It was a curious, and one would have thought hopeless, endeavour to create a work of art out of two distinct masses of real fact, both of them preserved almost unmodified. There was this natural point of union that Jerusalem's frame of mind was but the natural development of that in which Goethe had himself indulged; still, nothing but great constructive genius could ever have moulded from them so unembarrassed and consistent a whole as Werther certainly presents. The delicacy of the proceeding and its justifiableness are another matter, and we fully sympathize in the indignation which the publication aroused in Kestner, especially when we consider that it was calculated to convey a very false impression of what had been his wife's relation to Goethe. There requires, we think, no other proof that Goethe's nature was incapable of any very profound feeling of attachment, than his way of using his tender and yet fresh experiences as so much poetical capital. The deepest affections have this infallible symptom, that they attach a sacredness to all the circumstances and persons which have called them forth. They cannot exist without the consciousness of their own value and sanctity. The poet has an irresistible impulse to lay bare the innermost secrets of his experience: he must utter himself, and, whatever may be the explanation of it, he loves to utter himself to others. But the poet who has that divine yet awful gift of profound affections, shrinks intuitively from anything which can betray him in his personal relations; what he has suffered and what he has felt do but impart richness and fulness to his creation, or if some secret of the heart's history rise to his lips, it never finds expression in such a form, as that every stranger may pierce to

the naked centre of fact. If any one would compare how sensibility without feeling, and sensibility with deep feeling, express their experiences, he may read the confessions of Rousseau, with the Julian and Maddalo and Epipsychidion of Shelley. The privacies of his own heart, however, a man may, if he chooses, send to his publisher; but thus to bare to the world those of his friends, admits of no defence. The history of literature scarcely contains an instance of a more unjustifiable breach of the rights and confidence of social intercourse, than was afforded by the publication of Goethe's "Werther."

Art. VIII.—INTERNATIONAL DUTIES, AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Correspondence Relative to the Affairs of Hungary, 1847—1849. Presented to Both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. August 15, 1850.

Eastern Papers. Parts I. to XIII. inclusive. Presented to the House of Commons by Command of Her Majesty. 1854, 1855.

The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East. An Historical Summary. Fourth Edition. Continued down to the Present Time. London. 1854.

The Letter of John Bright, Esq., M.P., on the War. Verified and Illustrated by Extracts from the Parliamentary Documents, &c. London. 1854.

The War with Russia; its Origin and Cause. A Reply to the Letter of J. Bright, Esq., M.P. By John Alfred Langford. London. 1855.

THE story is told of Plato, that when exasperated by the delinquency of a slave, he said, "I shall not chastise you now, *for* I am angry." Whether the boy was flogged next day, without any anger at all, the gossip of philosophy does not report. But if he was, it must have been a dreary business, ugly alike for whipper and whipped;—a material striping of cold flesh, unredeemed by any flush of higher meaning, and reduced from justice into surgery. If anything worthy is to come of moral indignation, you must take it at its heat; and to suppress all action upon it till sentiment is gone, dissipated into scepticisms or grown stale with self-interest, is simply to miss the

responsible moment, and attempt by dead pressure what a living percussion was given to achieve. It is a poor wisdom that cannot regulate an impulse liable to tempestuous excess, except by waiting till it has blown over, and must forego its use in fear of its abuse. The hour of its presence is the hour for its just control; and to hinder it from wrong by denying all its rights is an evasion of the very essence of obligation.

At the beginning of last year, the English nation was in a mood of reasonable indignation at the arrogance and hypocrisy of the Russian Autocrat. But we were represented by a Platonic Administration, who thought we had better sleep upon it and cool down,—who shrank from the responsibility of vigorously wielding the public rebuke, and hoped to find us disposed to compromise on the morrow, and conscious of the inconveniences and cost of anger. The languid and half-hearted tone of Ministers was felt to imply something else than the honest reluctance of men generously just to believe in the necessity of coercion: it was the manifest expression of indistinctness of view and indecision of will, and was uneasily suspected to indicate a state of mind out of sympathy with the demands of the nation. There was the less excuse for this, because the popular feeling, though beyond example universal, ran into no excess, and required no repression, but was so measured and reasonable that no statesman had need to be ashamed of forthwith shaping it into action. Never, we suppose, was a great war entered upon with less of blind *passion* in the public mind; and when Mr. Gladstone dissuades his countrymen from the brutal vengeance that thirsts for mere bloodshed and humiliation, his counsels grossly wrong the temper of every party in the nation. The want of frankness and manifest resolve in the Government has produced results less palpable, indeed, than the fruits of executive mismanagement, but scarcely less deplorable. It has incurred a moral waste of the fresh and higher spirit of the country. It has lost the flood-tide of an unparalleled unanimity. It has allowed time for scruples and sophistries to arise, and perplex the first instinct of right. It has reanimated the jealousies and ambitions of party. It has encouraged every lower propensity to speak out, and push its plea—of international indifferentism, of Muscovite omnipotence, of Turkish infidelity. The nation —who can deny it?—breathes a less pure and noble air than inspired it a year ago; and with its material preparations vastly more complete, its moral faith in itself, in its public men, in the drift of its enterprise, in the future of Europe, is bewildered and depressed. The first judgment of the English people on the Russian question, pronounced when Sir Hamilton

Seymour's papers were published, was prompt and decisive,—not only sweeping away party and class distinctions, but suppressing even the most crotchety and croaking voices, and recalling an experience lost for generations past,—what it is for a country to feel, throughout, the pulsation of a common thought. The commercial spirit forgot its sensitive interests and compromising tastes, and yielded to the claims of right; and even the pledged professors of non-resistance were staggered by the attitude of the public mind, to which their stereotyped descriptions of insatiate rage and martial madness had evidently no application, which was indeed so little Satanic that the Peace Tracts read like utter unrealities, and which even indicated an aim and temper higher than mere philanthropy was entitled to rebuke. That first feeling was essentially an instinct of justice, with nothing in it vindictive, aggressive, or revolutionary. But, like all popular impulses, it was *only* a feeling; it needed interpretation and direction; it was a verdict on the past, a discovery of startling truth in the present, and did not clearly see its path across the future. The statesmen who were bound to help it into a determinate track left it at large, or referred it to direction-posts that pointed no-whither. Objectors, seeing it in a maze, took courage to ask, what exactly it would be at, and how far precisely it was prepared to go;—questions which it was conscious of a total inability to answer. Nor to a distracted public, at a loss to justify its own enthusiasm, were there wanting grounds of natural misgiving. It was a fine thing to be clinking glasses with France; but there was an uneasy element too in that alliance. It was perhaps necessary to find out what Austria would do; but then how to be civil at Vienna without an unkindly cut to Pesth and Warsaw! It was all right not to let the "sick man" be frightened into convulsions by hinting extreme unction and displaying testamentary parchments at his bed-side; but the Turk was not a *protégé* to reward much hope and pride. Did not Exeter-hall denounce him? And were not the prophecies dead against him? Thus have time and delay frittered away the first feeling, and permitted the entrance of self-distrust and perplexity. Nevertheless, the popular sentiment, however puzzled to explain itself, is still, we think, essentially sound, and yields up, on proper interrogation, the true principles both of rectitude and of policy, by which to appreciate the present crisis.

We take for granted that there is such a thing as right and wrong in the relations and conduct of states; that they are amenable to the same moral law that has authority over the life of individuals; and that, in its obligation, this law is not a

flexible affair, of human convention, but a permanent ordinance of nature and of God. With any one who deliberately denies these positions it would be idle to discuss international questions on ethical grounds. He either thinks that there ought to be no "nations" at all, but only scattered parcels of homogeneous men; or that, if we must recognise them in fact, we have nothing to do with them in duty, except to let them alone and take no notice of them. In the one case, he deals with the world in a cosmopolitan way, as the cage of a particular species in natural history, or as an examination-room of separate souls on trial for heaven or hell; in the other, he estimates it selfishly, and has no other patriotism than to secure its gains while declining its struggles. Few reasoners, it is probable, would openly profess to hold by these assumptions in our day; yet they lurk unconsciously in almost every political argument. They are favoured by the habits of mind characteristic of commerce;—by the religious sentiment, while its broad outline is empty of special colouring;—by the absence of *historic* taste and culture from the middle-class intelligence of England. Hence the utter want of any coherent principles of political judgment,—the helplessness of mind in regard to foreign affairs, invariably evinced in the popular and Parliamentary debates, especially, we regret to say, among the modern liberals. The ablest men, drawn into that field, seem to wander without a clue; they enunciate no principle, expound no policy; they mix up in one tissue calculations of cost and threnodies of humanity, quarters of corn and Mahommedan polygamy; they plead the necessity of a safe isolation on grounds of universal love; and expend their strength in excursive criticisms on the past which afford no guidance for the future. Mr. Bright repudiates Vattel, and will hear nothing of international law; but of the "far higher morality" to which he affects to carry the appeal he gives no illustration, unless it be in his vindication of the course of Russian diplomacy and the innocence of the Menschikoff note; or in his habit of Parliamentary personality, which unfortunately gives to his public virtue too much the aspect of mere hatred of public men. Mr. Cobden protests against being regarded as an advocate of non-resistance; but will pledge himself to nothing else *till* the Russians appear at Portsmouth; and will then bargain for a post in the hospital rather than the forts, lest he should really shoot somebody. Nay, even the class of professed statesmen, as Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, allow themselves to speak of "going to war *in order to obtain a peace*,"—an expression which, like all cant phrases, surely misses the moral pith of the whole question, and indicates a mind not clearly seeing its own way. Not Peace, but

Right, is the proper aim of war; not the negative boon of order without conflict, but the positive establishment of a just equilibrium of relations. Peace, no doubt, attends on justice; but cannot be its end, because freely sacrificed on its behalf. Amid these indications of unsettled thought in public men, we do not hesitate to say that, crude and often inadmissible as may be the dicta of international law, they at least attempt a problem of whose conditions their critics scarce conceive, and draw the first tentative lines of a real morality of nations.

It is a curious fact, that in the organised doctrines of our times, we have no provision for justifying the affections, and establishing the duties of the citizen. No church, no creed, recognises political ethics; and they are left to struggle into hap-hazard existence through the irresistible pressure of usage. Religious persons are shy of politics; remain in a state of uneasy relation to them; consider patriotism as decidedly heathenish; and are usually withdrawn, by the force of personal piety, into quite another sphere. Hence no reverential feeling touches the civic relations: they are abandoned to the secular spirit to work out: and fall under the influence of the extreme individualism which threatens modern society with anarchy. No doubt, the cause of this is to be found in the turn given to European thought in the sixteenth century. The antithesis set up by the Reformers between *Law* and *Gospel* removed from the State whatever was sacred, and from the Church whatever was human; and giving the soul to the latter, left only "body and goods" for the former: and so produced materialism in politics as a counterpart to spiritualism in religion. In reaction from a theocracy which domineered over all civil life, arose a faith that grew too enthusiastic to touch it. Moreover, by insisting on the need of personal faith, and making everything hinge on the separate relation which men, taken one by one, sustained to God, Protestantism reduced the world to an atomic constitution;—with nothing between the *universal Humanity* collectively redeemed by Christ, and the *particular individuals* successively appropriating (or failing to appropriate) his sacrifice. Heaven had its controversy with two forms of being, and recognised no other;—with the whole race, condemned in the type, and ransomed in the type; and with each single soul in its own probationary hour. Thus, before the eye of reality mankind lie resolved at once into their ultimate components: the life of the world is but the aggregate of private lives: intermediate groupings, by language, by class, by lineage, by native land, are accidents of no account: and any study or pursuit that makes much of these things is a carnal affair, fascinating only to the "old Adam." It is easy to see that, in this mode of thought,

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historical relations have no recognition, and nations no moral existence; and to speak of them as objects of affection or grounds of obligation betrays the illusion of the unregenerate mind.

This is the origin of the low modern doctrine of politics; not perhaps improved by the substitution of faith in free-trade for the zeal of free religion. The practical exemplification of its tendency was already copiously afforded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We are accustomed to regard the Puritans as the founders of our modern liberties: nor do we err in this; yet we have reason to thank God that their success was not greater, and that the true English instinct barred their further way. They cared little for their country, except as a theatre for their faith: that they belonged to it was one of the accidents of nature which they despised, and was indifferent to the ordinances of grace which they revered. It was only in their secular offices and relations that they had attachment to the land: in their spiritual life,—which alone was real,—they transcended all local ties. Cromwell, the Huntingdon brewer, was an Englishman: but Cromwell, the saint, was one of the Lord's people. Coligny, the Admiral, was citizen of France: but Coligny, the Huguenot, aimed, on behalf of his sect, at an *imperium in imperio*, with which no national government could coexist; and demanded for them separate fortresses, and guarantees, and institutions, which would have destroyed all Gallican unity, and virtually established two federated nations encamped upon the same soil. The sympathies of the Protestants were with each other all over the world, and not with the land of their birth and the institutions of their inheritance. Politically, they had their strife at home, their friendships abroad. Their correspondence, their preachers, their literature, were European. They prayed passionately for their "brethren," tamely for their country;—whose history they cared not to study; whose ornamental arts they despised; whose poetry was too warm with the blood of generous life for them; whose cathedrals they stripped and whitewashed; whose lordly timbers they cut; and whose whole past they would have cleansed away as a mass of Babylonish horrors. Their aim, in short, was not patriotic, but cosmopolitan; not so much to guard the honour and unity of England, as to gather the whole world into an Evangelical Alliance. Had they fully triumphed in their aim, and shorn the flowing locks which history had grown so richly and so long, this earth would have presented a dismal and an ugly spectacle. As it is, they balanced their many services by bequeathing to us a poor and narrow doctrine of politics, which empties out from them every noble colouring of

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moral desire, and reduces government to an organization of police; which makes the state exist for the mere claims of individuals, without reciprocal devotion of the individual to the ennoblement of the commonwealth; and which totally detaches all religious sentiment, all historical knowledge and enthusiasm, from the criticism and estimate of public affairs, and tries them, regardless of the special genius and duty of a people, by the standards of a material selfishness or an abstract philanthropy.

We object altogether to the habit, formed on theological suggestion, of deducing concrete political doctrine from general principles of human nature and assumed rights of individual men. Of universal morals and religion these, doubtless, are the proper ground: nor can any political theory be permitted to contradict the affirmations of human conscience and faith; it must construct itself within these comprehensive conditions. But if we deal with the inhabited world,—or any portion of it,—as all made up of *individuals;* if we study it in tables of population and statistics of trade, and conclude that, while these show no convulsion, all things continue essentially the same; if we pretend that one man naturally weighs as much as another, and so herd them together in electoral penfolds; if we look at each country as an area computed to feed so many people and raise so much produce, and suppose that this being given, the *human* affairs will settle themselves; we shall miss the chief phenomena which we have to account for in the past, and apply for the future. The proximate factors of each commonwealth are not in its single citizens, but in its natural and therefore permanent *classes* of men; each determined, by distinct occupation and opportunity, to a peculiar aspect of character, and a special direction of taste and desire. The land, the mill, the sea, the shop, the Court, the Church, the management of capital, the exercise of personal skill, are so many schools of habit and sentiment, that will persist, while persons and families pass away, and make themselves felt as the true moral constituents of an abiding State. Each of these apprehends and brings to light some phase of human life more or less latent to the rest, and elicits aptitudes else unsuspected: and though they are all, when separately taken, eccentric in relation to the balance-point of perfect wisdom and excellence, yet collectively they are so grouped round it as to indicate whereabouts it lies. Under condition of not domineering over the others, or contravening any moral law, each has a right to assert its place, and even to regard it with some pride as a providential trust, held as an element of the country's good: nor is there a surer test of political health, than the free manifestation, without insolence and without shame, of its own character and conscience, by every natural and durable class.

Similarly, only more decisively, the organism of the world's life is made up, not of individuals, but of *nations*; all amenable, it is true, to one Divine Law of Right; but with insight into it from different sides, and strongly discriminated by features morally neutral. Moreover, their vitality, their interest for history, their contribution to the civilization of the world, evidently spring not from what they have in common with all mankind, but from what is special to themselves. What fire would have touched the genius of the Greek if he had felt himself undistinguished from the barbarian? What actually *did* become of him, though petted by Roman patronage and rewarded with Roman gold, when he tried his wits again at Alexandria, amid the motley congeries of peoples pretending to be one? The flame, once of so etherial a clearness, all turned to mere illuminated smoke. Talk as we may of human brotherhood, affection is not and cannot be universal, but always fixes on the specific: and whoever attempts to work the problems of society from the abstract end, inverts the order of Providence, and leaves to the last the only forces with which he can make a beginning. The distinctive genius of nations is no accident: the plurality of languages is no curse: even antagonism of tendency implies no failure, but only the negative resistance, which tests and elicits the forces of higher life. Who would exchange the running waters of a local literature, descending and sparkling from the native uplands of any gifted tribe, for tasteless drafts from the tank of a universal language? A people's history and character are determined, not by its *science*, which is universal, and would be everywhere at home, but by its poetry, its arts, its admirations, its humour, which a degree of latitude or a few centuries of time may render foreign: and an epic or a song, short as its living duration must be, may have a human power greater than the Porisms or the Principia. The endowments and opportunities of each civilized people, then, whether natural or inherited, constitute at once a trust for the world and a right for itself: they are entitled to exist, so long as they respect the limits of the moral law; being there on the same terms with the genius of the artist or the inspiration of the poet in private life. And identified, as they always must be, with the whole national ideal of what is best, intermingled with the affections and conscience of the people, there is not only an instinct, but an obligation, to vindicate and uphold them as a Divine deposit which it were faithless to betray.

This principle is frequently conceded, with the stipulation that the claim shall not be pushed beyond the limits of "self-defence." But what *is* a nation's "*self*"?—where are we to look

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for that personal essence, under change of which she would no longer be the same? Not surely in her coasts and fields; for they were geographically there before she had a name among human things. Not in her buildings and their stores; for these she has created and can recreate. Not in the sinews of her peasants or the lives of her children of to-day; for they are but for one generation, the transient representatives of her longevity; but rather in the physiognomy of her arts and literature, the spirit of her laws, the pride of her traditions, the honourable aims she has borne through her noblest time, and whose standard she has never surrendered. These constitute the proper type of a nation's historical identity; and whoever touches these by assault or weakens them by insult, as truly hurts her to the quick and challenges her "self-defence" as if he sent an armada to her shores. To every nature it is given to vindicate its own *essence;* and the impulse which starts into defensive attitude at impalpable and moral aggression is more truly reasonable and noble than the materialistic scruple which stands still till a blow is delivered on *the body*.

In claiming a *right*, we acknowledge a *personality*. Nor is it a mere fiction of jurists that deals with States as *persons*. God and reality deal with them as such, endowing them with the attributes and visiting them with the liabilities of moral agents. And they themselves accept and acknowledge this character of continuous responsibility in the forms and organism of their life; covering over the semblance of interruption, and giving perpetuity of aspect and will by the device of *hereditary* sovereignty; handing down obligations with good faith from age to age; making binding engagements, asserting indefeasible rights, appealing to a common consciousness, without regard to the lapse of time or the change of all the actual men. That retribution for public wrong strides by centuries, and stepping over the guilty generation crushes often the individually-innocent successors, implies a collective accountability quite distinct from the cycle of private duty,—a law of too deliberate beat for biographic measurement, but whose solemn pulsations are felt through history. Certain it is that the Moral Governor of the world does treat a nation *as if* it were a person;—calling it to account as identical when not a creature in it remains the same, and crowning it with recompense when the heroes that earned it have made way for degenerate heirs. Is this moral personality a *fiction*, then? Does God act upon a *quasi?* If so, who shall tell us what is real?

We reject, then, the doctrine of mere individualism, as the source of confusion in political thought, and of a mischievous

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indifferentism, sometimes selfish and sometimes immorally humane. We hold to the principle that, jurally, States are invested with a proper personality, and that they have, accordingly, real duties to discharge and trusts to protect, which must be defined by the same considerations that are valid for the conscience of individuals. We have shown how the right of *self*-defence assumes, on this ground, a far higher character than that of mere animal instinct. But it is further evident that there is absolutely *no* plea for *self*-defence which has not equal, and it may well be far intenser validity, in the case of injury to *others*. The title under which you protect yourself is not that of bodily fear, but that of moral equity, which regards the particular incidence of the hurt, on this or that spot, as a non-essential; and in giving you a right on your own behalf, imposes also the duty of protecting others. Indeed, what more shameful rule can a casuist lay down than this, that an injury may be resisted if directed against yourself, but must be let alone if it fall upon your neighbour? as if your own sacred person were the turning-point between good and evil, and it were no law that the strong should help the weak, but only that the strong may help themselves! Everything that redeems the act of defence from mere animal anger, and gives it nobleness and elevation, exists in proportion as the occasion is disinterested;—as there is indignation at wrong, without personal affront; pitiful affection, clear of vindictive passion; the demand for justice instead of assertion of one's self. The one advantage, and the only one, which the selfish case has over the disinterested, is not one of moral right, but of natural possibility. You are better master over your resources on your own account than in remoter instances;—you can estimate them more perfectly and direct them more surely; and as the obligation to succour can, on the one hand, never go beyond the measure of power, and on the other becomes more stringent with closeness of sympathy, the boundary-line of just interposition, like every demarcation of duty, is often difficult to draw. Not more so, however, in the case of states than in that of individuals: the perplexities of the problem and the principles for its solution are of the very same *moral type*, and differ only in the greater complication of the public conditions and the vaster scale of the results. But this only deepens responsibility instead of dissolving it. There is a curse on selfishness in states as in individuals; and selfishness it *is* for them to withdraw from the ferment of humanity and care for nothing but security and gain. Neither man nor nation can worthily live upon *self-culture*, or even continue it with freshness and success, where no generous sympathies and sacrifices break the narrow shell. And what is to call a people

out of itself, and move it with higher interests than the bickerings of statesmen and the price of stocks, if it refuse its place in the council-chamber of the world? What common action can it have, what magnanimity can it exercise, what historic efforts can it make, except in foreign matters, where right and wrong contest the empire of mankind? National character withers and wastes where it is driven in upon itself, and external sympathies find no active expression. A sickly fretfulness supervenes; criticism amputates action as it grows; benevolence loses its good sense; literature oversteps the modesty of nature; morbid credulities and incredulities thicken; and in the absence of great passions the most is made of little ones, and selfishness becomes an institution and takes possession of a "dismal science" of its own.

These principles, dimly felt, if not clearly seen, lurk in the general English approbation of the present war; and if they be true, the popular judgment is essentially sound. If England and France, Russia and Turkey, belong to a family of states having the mutual dependence of a common organism, then each is bound to respect the life of the others; and it would be degrading and shameful to stand by and see a fatal blow struck at the weakest by the hugest. So far, there is a valid claim to *defend another* on the ground of injured right. If, again, the execution of the Russian design would have touched England in the essence of her life, and hurt her historical and political position, she would betray her personal trust by remaining passive. And, so far, she is sustained by the right and bound by the duty of *self-defence*.

That a fatal blow *was* impending over Constantinople, and that Menschikoff's mission was intended to find a colourable pretext for the assault, we shall take no great pains to prove. It is mere trifling with the evidence to discuss the particular terms of the concession about the Holy Places, of the Menschikoff ultimatum, of the Vienna Note, and to fling the controversy into the labyrinth of diplomatic interpretation, while losing sight of the broad features of historic fact and political experience, by which alone the value and significance of Russian words and deeds can be appreciated. Even, indeed, on this narrow forensic ground, the case of the Western Powers seems to us to be complete, more so than their own statesmen have chosen to avow. France, no doubt, had advanced some untenable claims on behalf of the Latin Christians in respect of the Sacra of Jerusalem; and it was long the artifice of Nicholas, disgracefully repeated by his English advocates, to take advantage of this error, and represent the dispute as referring entirely to the affair of the Holy Places. That controversy, however

it is well known, was entirely set at rest. The Paris Government had declined to be responsible for the proceedings of M. de Lavalette, and had recalled him; and on the 6th of May, 1853, the firmans which adjusted and closed the question were accepted as satisfactory by the ambassadors of both France and Russia. That night the various disputants could breathe freely again and sleep sound. But next day Prince Menschikoff re-appears with a fresh demand,—reserved in the background till it was found that of the prior one no quarrel could be made,—the celebrated demand of a recognised protectorate over eleven millions of Christian subjects of the Porte. Lest the monstrous nature of this claim,—virtually to divide with the Sultan the sovereignty of Turkey,—should not secure a breach, it was presented with peremptory insolence, and an answer required within four days. This tone, indeed, the ambassador had assumed all along; bringing with him a military suite, boasting that he came direct from reviewing an army in Bessarabia ready to march, and a fleet of twenty-seven ships in Sebastopol ready to sail: nor was it any secret that stores for 150,000 men were accumulated at Odessa, that Russian officers were swarming in the Archipelago and Montenegro, and that Admiral Korniloff, with his fleet, was gone to Athens, "to see the antiquities." The claim of Russia to exercise a civil protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkey is put forth as an "ancient right," based upon the treaty of Kainarji, which closed the disastrous war with the Empress Catherine in 1774. The treaty bears no such construction in any school of interpretation except the Chancery of St. Petersburg; and it is to be regretted that Lord John Russell ever allowed himself to speak of this "exceptional protection" as "no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty" (Despatch, Feb. 9, 1853);—and still more, that he should recently have justified and repeated the statement, without furnishing any evidence of its truth. The limits of the Russian right are defined in the following articles of the treaty in question:—

"Art. 7.—The Sublime Porte promises to protect the Christian religion and the churches belonging to it; and it also permits the ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia to make, on all occasions, representations, as well in respect to the new church at Constantinople (which is spoken of in Article 14) as of those which belong to it, promising to take them into consideration, as coming from a person in the confidence of a neighbouring and sincerely friendly power."

"Art. 8.—It will be permitted to the subjects of the Russian Empire to visit the city of Jerusalem and the Holy Places; and there shall not be exacted from them, neither at Jerusalem nor

elsewhere, any *karacz*, contributions, duty (droit), or other imposition."

"Art. 14.—After the example of the other Powers, it is permitted to the High Court of Russia, besides the chapel erected in the house of the Embassy, to construct, in a quarter of Galata named Beg Oglou, a public church of the Greek religion, which shall always be under the protection of the ministers of that Empire, and held free from all interruption and annoyance."

On these articles, the author of the "Progress of Russia in the East" makes the following just comments:—

"Here there is a distinct promise, on the part of the Sultan, that he will protect the Christian religion and the Christian churches in Turkey; and any failure to fulfil that promise would form a just ground of complaint and reclamation on the part of Russia. In that sense, therefore, but in no other, Russia has a right to watch over the protection, *by the Porte*, of the Christian religion, and the churches belonging to it. But the Emperor Nicholas claims a great deal more. He seems to have founded upon the 14th Article, which has reference only to the establishment of a single church of the Greek rite, in the suburb of Galata, under the protection of the Russian minister, a claim to extend that protection to every subject of the Porte who conforms to that rite. The permission to establish that church in Galata is expressly founded upon the example of other powers, which had, besides the private chapels in their embassies, churches where the service was conducted according to their respective religious rites, under the protection of their ministers. There was a necessity for this: all the embassies are entitled, by conventions and special agreements, to afford protection to persons of various classes not considered subjects of the Sultan. These individuals and families, in most cases either natives of other countries or descendants of persons from different parts of Europe, who had settled at Constantinople under foreign protection, are considered and treated as foreigners, even though they may have been born in Turkey; and, as foreigners, are subject to the jurisdiction of the embassy and consulate under whose protection they reside. Disputes between them are settled, not by the Turkish tribunals, but in the court of the consul, who is armed for this purpose with judicial authority. It was necessary that those persons should have churches in which they could assemble for religious service according to their respective rites; and those churches, as well as the clergy who officiated, and the worship conducted in them, were placed under the special protection of the different embassies, for the purpose of guarding them from the intrusion of lawless persons of a different faith, and the interruption or disturbance of the worship there conducted.

"The diplomatic relations of Russia with the Porte in 1774, the date of the treaty of Kainarji, were comparatively recent; and it was by that treaty that she first obtained permission to erect a

church for the Greek rite—such as other powers had been permitted to erect for other rites—and to place it and the worship conducted in it under the protection of the Russian minister. This was not an unreasonable demand, for, although there were many churches of the Greek rite in Constantinople and its suburbs, they belonged to the original Eastern church, which continues to acknowledge the supreme authority, in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, of the Patriarch and Synod of Constantinople, and which regards as schismatic the Russian-Greek Church, of which the Czar Peter I. assumed for himself and his successors the patriarchate and control. But, upon a concession so unimportant, and which merely placed Russia on the same footing as the other powers had long been, to found a pretension to extend a similar protection to eleven or twelve millions of the Sultan's subjects, is to attempt a most formidable usurpation."—p. 156.

In fact, Russia demanded, under cover of this treaty, a power totally different, both in extent and kind, from anything contemplated in its articles: in extent, because stretched to include the *civil* rights as well as the *spiritual* privileges of the Christians, and straining these privileges, for all ordinary Greek subjects of the Ottoman empire, up to the exceptional standards of favour accorded to the chapels of foreign embassies or stations; in kind, because no longer mediate and negative, through the Porte's initiative or through expostulation at its failure, but immediate and positive, by direct relation between the "orthodox" in Turkey and the Czar, and by the definitions of international engagement instead of the sovereign legislation of the Porte. To tear away the mask and set aside the Russian pretence of asking nothing new, the Sultan issued edicts expressly confirming all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, and renewing every existing promise of protection; but because he would neither concede the initiative to Russia, nor pledge himself to govern 11,000,000 of his *subjects* by the rule of the most favoured *foreign station*, negotiation was exchanged for war. And what was the ground or occasion for these formidable demands from St. Petersburg? Russia had no right to ask for new guarantees in support of even the old promise, without producing proofs that the promise as it stood was untrustworthy. Yet no specific instance of its violation or failure is alleged: and the vague form of Count Nesselrode's complaints —speaking only in general terms of "numerous arbitrary acts of the Ottoman government"*—sufficiently betrays that no distincter allegation could be safely made.

The Muscovite proposals, then, even if sincerely intended as a basis of negotiation, were utterly inadmissible, and in them-

* Manifesto of June 26th, 1853.

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selves constituted an aggression. But they were never meant for acceptance: they were a mere imposture, sent in advance of an invasion. The seizure of the unhappy Principalities was already provided for: and even if Prince Menschikoff had been less rash and boastful, we could scarcely have been deceived about the real designs of his Imperial master. While his note was still under consideration, the bridge by which the Russians were to cross the Pruth was in the contractor's yard: and the concentration of troops and stores admitted of but one interpretation. There can be no doubt that at St. Petersburg the hour, so long hoped for, was supposed to have struck: and the actors all stood ready to play out the catastrophe of the great historic drama. Yet with deplorable, though happily demonstrable, mendacity, the Emperor charges his own seizure of the Principalities on the provocation given by the Western Powers in ordering their fleets to "the waters of Constantinople!" the facts being, that the order to the fleets went from London on 1st of June, 1853, while the intention to seize the Principalities was announced at St. Petersburg *the day before;* and that while the naval force was sent only to the neutral waters of Besika Bay, two hundred miles from Constantinople—an anchorage as free to them as the Piræus—the battalions of Russia invaded a dependency of Turkey, in direct violation of specific treaties, as well as of the general law of nations, and without any formal declaration of war. Let any one compare the manifesto of Count Nesselrode (July 2, 1853), its studied moderation, its tortuous excuses, its unmistakeable insincerity, with Lord Clarendon's vigorous exposure of its mis-statements and hypocrisy (July 16, 1853), and he will be inclined to look for the true key of Russian policy anywhere rather than in the words that expound it and the sentiments it affects to express.

The theatrical character of the Russian Government, covering low arts beneath airs of magnanimity, and giving decency to the greediness of ambition by long "graces before meat," is apparent enough from the style of its political papers and court conversations. But if more palpable proof be wanted, it abounds in the history of the empire for the last hundred years. During that time the depredations of Russia have appropriated an area equal to all that yet remains unabsorbed of Europe, from Cape North to Crete, and from Constantinople to Connamara: and far from this plunder having especially favoured the East, every great capital of Europe finds the Czar a nearer neighbour by at least five hundred miles. Yet at this political banquet every dainty dish has been approached, and even every mouthful swallowed, with profuse disclaimer of any hungry appetite; the luscious Persian fruits have been tasted only out of compli-

ment: and the rich southern wines been tossed off merely to pledge "the word of a gentleman." The histrionic genius, we know, is apt to run in families; and if the family be autocratic, may become immortal in an empire, "refining as it runs." The stage-effects and attitudes by which we have been duped so long, and shall be duped again, are assuredly no new craft to the Romanoffs. All through, we observe the same charming offers of prompt sympathy to frightened neighbours or suffering malcontents, followed by permanent protectorate, and ending in annexation. We find the same readiness with the most frank assurances and satisfactory explanations; the same lifted eyebrows and start of astonished innocence at the slightest imputation; the same willingness to disown any proceedings and sacrifice any number of agents, provided the work of intrigue goes on, and smoke enough is raised to blind suspicious eyes: and perhaps the only thing in which decided proficiency has been made in the last generation or two, is on the *religious* side;—the air of special relation to heaven, of that peculiar and amphibious kind which reconciles piety and presumption, which kneels that it may dominate, and both giving and inviting worship oscillates between the mortal and the God. The language in which the late Emperor, both to Sir Hamilton Seymour, and more recently in public manifestoes, disclaimed all territorial ambition, and half-complained of his empire as too large, is the very same by which he practised on the credulity of Persia in 1828. He told her that he did not want land, but *must* have a well-marked boundary for the two countries, and so would set the Araxes to flow between them; and having thus got the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan on the *left* side of the river, *where it was fordable*, he refused to deliver up the provinces of Talish and Moghan on the right (or Persian) bank, *where alone the water was deep enough to give a serviceable boundary at all.** In fact, the established prelude to every usurpation is some profession of moderate counsels, the offer of some "Greek present," or the request for peaceful intercourse. In the interests of the Caspian commerce, the Russians modestly asked leave of Persia, in 1771, to open a "counting-house" near Astrabad. Permission being given, they began to build a fortress, commanding the harbour, with eighteen guns:

"Whereof Aga-Mahmed (the Khan) being informed, resolved to give them a check. He came to look at the fortress, admired the building, praised the activity of the Russians, and invited himself to dine with his attendants on board the frigate of Voinovitch.

* "Russia in the East," p. 81.

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After having merrily spent the day, and testified great friendship for the Russians, the Khan engaged them in return to come and take a dinner at one of his country-seats among the mountains. Thither they repaired the succeeding day; but they had no sooner entered his house, than Aga-Mahmed caused them to be put in irons, at the same time threatening Voinovitch to have his head cut off, and serve all his officers in the same manner, unless the fortress was immediately razed to the ground."

"Voinovitch, who plainly saw that all resistance would be fruitless, signed an order, which was carried to the commandant of the fort. The cannons were re-shipped, and the wall broken down. This done, Aga-Mahmed ordered the Russian officers into his presence; and not satisfied with loading them with scornful and injurious language, he delivered several of them over to his slaves, who, after inflicting on them every sort of indignity, were commanded to drive them and their companions with scourges to their ships.*

This Muscovite interpretation of commerce appears to have undergone no change, for the quarantine establishments permitted by treaty near the Danube mouth, have been converted, it seems, into military posts; while, to force the corn trade from the Principalities to Odessa, the river has been permitted to lose some seven feet of depth. The frailty of treaties is unhappily proverbial, but there is a peculiarity about the Russian disregard of them which is morally significant. Other governments usually respect their engagements for a while, and the temptations which eventually lead them to slip the noose commonly arise from new events and combinations, giving some unintended tightness to the terms. But Russia seems justly chargeable with negotiating without even a momentary purpose of keeping her word. The very fortress of Anapa, just evacuated this very month, she was bound by the Treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, to surrender at once; but she preferred to retain it, and did so. The Treaty of Goolistan in 1814, by which she obtained her Trans-Caucasian possessions, was signed by the Persian plenipotentiary, to save the delay of reference to St. Petersburg, on the express condition that the province of Talish should be restored by a special act, which the Russian plenipotentiary promised to obtain. The promise, though pressed upon the Imperial Court by the British as well as the Persian minister, was not denied, but was never fulfilled. In 1827, Russia was simultaneously a party in two treaties; that of London, by which she engaged with France and England to interpose in the Greek revolt, (which she had first excited

* "Russia in the East," p. 27.

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and then had wanted single-handed to put down,) and re-establish peace at any cost; and that of Akerman, by which she bound herself to Turkey not to interpose in the Greek affair at all. Against such instances the favourite reply of real indifferentism and affected humility—that *we* have no right to cast the first stone—is of no avail. The argument, at best, is trumpery enough, that, guilty once ourselves, we must give the world and the devil *carte blanche* for ever after. But, much as we have nationally to answer for, we must emphatically deny that there is any real analogy between the general course of English policy and the mendacious rapacity of Russia.

What the "protectorate" exercised by such a power over the subjects of a neighbouring state is likely to turn out, it is not difficult to conjecture; nor are examples wanting to convert the conjecture into an inference from experience. Russia has been a very protecting power, with sensitive and capacious wings, and fond of visiting any nest where there are eggs to hatch. The great object of her solicitude,—so she habitually phrases it,—is the "*independence*" of neighbouring people; and her method is, first to proclaim this independence; to emancipate them, that is, from a present allegiance which has its sensible burdens; and then, if their inexperience wants a little guidance, to step in and supply it in place of the superseded rule. In 1739, she established, by the Treaty of Belgrade, the "independence" of the Circassian Kabardas; though the Christian inhabitants were so insensible to her good offices, that they actually renounced their religion and embraced Mohammedanism in order to take refuge beneath the shield of Turkey. In 1774, the unhappy provinces were incorporated with Russia, by the Treaty of Kainarji. The same treaty which brought this business to completion, began upon the Crimea, and promoted it to its "independence;" rescinded, that is, the tie that bound its khans to their suzerain at Constantinople. To wait till the next war and treaty for the succeeding step was now too tedious for Muscovite impatience. Yet the Tartar inhabitants were harmless and compliant, and afforded no pretext for interference. But a troublesome pirate or marauder having established himself on the Eastern side of the Straits of Yenikale, the Russian general, under pretence of protecting the neighbourhood from depredation, marched an army,—not to Taman, where the freebooter was—but into the Crimea; distributed his troops through the peninsula, and annexed it to Russia: and when a show of indignant resistance was made to this abuse of the confidence natural to a time of peace, thirty thousand of the inhabitants were seized and massacred in cold blood! This is the title which France and England, with

their allies, are now disputing with the heir of Catherine around the waters of Sebastopol.

The whole course of Russian history, then, for the last hundred years, invalidates every profession of moderation and good faith which may issue from the Chancery of St. Petersburg, and reveals a persistent and aggressive ambition which it is impossible to mistake. The established signs of its immediate approach to the Bosphorus became conspicuous in 1853; and if there be such a thing as international morals at all, it was the duty of the Western States to bar the intended injury, and bid the Muscovite stand off. The obligation, implied in the whole system of modern political relations, becomes express by the Treaty of July, 1841, which mutually engages the Great Powers to co-operate in preserving the repose and consolidating the strength of the Ottoman empire. Unless it can be shown that a performance of the duty had become impossible, any argument for its evasion would be equally valid on behalf of any act of convenient desertion and pleasant perfidy. Whether prevention had become impossible or not, events will show better than discussion. But this at least was clear, that it was possible *now or never;* that whatever difficulties beset the enterprise of *repulse*, tenfold discouragement would attend an enterprise of *rescue;* and that to wait till the fleet of Sebastopol was at the Golden Horn, beneath the eyes of the Russian army on the southern slopes of the Balkan, would be to let the future of Europe go by default. For who can fail to see that the issue *is* of this magnitude, and that Russia, mistress of the Hellespont, sweeps at once with her influence, and ultimately with her dominion, the whole Old World from Japan to the Atlantic? The sequence of events, terminating in this issue, or in its moral equivalent, appears to us so simple and necessary as to remove the usual precariousness of political vaticination. An empire, won in Greek interests and by pretensions to a pontifical rule over Eastern Christendom, would first give Otho his passports back to Bavaria; and would meet its pilgrims at the Holy Places by way of the Archipelago and the Levant. The first moment of Pansclavonic triumph hands over to the conqueror the Dalmatian coast and the Sclavic populations of Austria. The empire of Vienna thus disintegrated, losing its most reliable military material, and being totally destitute of any moral cohesion, falls-in piecemeal, and the more surely because scarcely one of its races would have reason to regret the change. The feeble kingdom of Naples would be glad of an irresistible patron; nor is Western Catholicism anywhere,—in Spain, in Tuscany, in Bavaria,—in condition to present a front of political resistance to the inverted crusade advancing

from the East. There are malcontents enough in Italy, and conflicting passions of democrats and priests, to keep the elements fermenting till the effervescence leaves them flat and dead. But Germany,—Mr. Cobden's "educated" nation,—is there no barrier *there?* Alas! we believe and hope everything good of Germany *except* political union and power. Her courts are already wholly, and her people half, corrupted by Russian alliances and admirations: poised in vigilance between Paris and St. Petersburg, she considers her nationality still pledged to look suspiciously at the West, and bound by good fellowship to accept the compliments of the East. A direct invasion, indeed, would at once rouse and unite her people, and repeat the patriotic sacrifices of the war of liberation. But this is not the method of the Czars. The schemes of Napoleon I. were personal, and could not wait;—a lifetime was the limit of their chance:—the policy of Russia is traditional and slow, advancing not like passion, but like destiny; pressing, like a circumambient atmosphere, into every open opportunity, and oozing into every leaky will. Against so insinuating a power there are not, we fear, in Germany, the requisite elements of resistance,—mutual trust, definite aims, and moral solidity. A huge Macedonian autocracy, disposing of the resources of an empire, deals to immense advantage with a group of small or secondary states, jealous of each other, and peopled by a race of susceptible sentiment and rich culture, but sunk, for want of a common faith and a common experience, into intellectual distraction and practical feebleness. Nothing, therefore, beyond an occasion for patience and circumspection is opposed by central Europe to the Muscovite advance, and France and England present the first formidable and positive barrier. Who can say that, offered *then*, it is not offered too late? Nor, meanwhile, is it supposable that these countries could remain to that hour what they are now. There are plenty of combustible elements in France, whose outbursts might call-in the great Russian fire-engine to quench it with conservative floods. And as for England, two inevitable changes would have altered her whole relation to the world. With the fall of Turkey, Persia, already trembling between Russian pensions and patriotic shame, wholly disappears; and India, penetrated by the intrigues, and bordered by the reputed omnipotence of Russia, would need no invasion to become untenable, but with the sudden sweep of Oriental revolution, would go over to the strongest. And in the presence of a power uniting with its fleets the Mediterranean and the Baltic, with freedom to retreat into the Euxine or scour the Atlantic; with the rocks of the Ægean turned into Cronstadts, and the harbours of Asia

Minor into Portsmouths; the naval supremacy of England, and therefore the security of her commerce, the protection of her dependencies, the spread of her colonization, would be hopelessly compromised. Thus to surrender her proper life, and let the national genius entrusted to her perish by her apathy, what else would it be than historical suicide?

It is customary with easy-minded politicians to set aside all apprehensions of Russian aggrandizement with the remark that, "An empire of so vast a bulk must fall to pieces." Will you then stand by and see it built up, on the contingency of its hereafter tumbling down? Astounding argument! On what does such an empire rise? Upon annihilated nations. And what brings it to the ground? The agonies and heavings of subjugated populations, too wretched for its framework to hold. Who cares to calculate the chances of life for a colossal despotism, once at large to stride over the world? To those who tremble for its next step, and over whom the barbaric foot already hangs, is it consolatory to say, "Take comfort, for the giant by and by will trip and perhaps die?" It is not the *continuance* only of denationalising tyrannies, but the *process* of their formation, and the throes of their dissolution, that make them the wasting curse of the world. The doctrine of ultimate ratios,—of the goal which limits a tendency at last,—has no just *practical* application to human things, and is but a logical instrument of theoretical construction. Life is all *transition*: men are not at the end, but ever on the road, toiling, panting, hoping, striving; and between the pauses of historic law of which you coldly speak, generations have slipped through and the work of centuries been undone. But we have no faith in the received maxim, that monster empires are impossible. That under certain conditions they may exist, Macedonia and Rome sufficiently prove; and in a world whose societies have lost their forces of moral unity, it is not to be hastily assumed that a high and susceptible civilization is in itself a source of strength. It is a serious problem whether, in the absence of common sentiments of reverence, and the consequent ascendency of restless and divergent individualities, it is possible to create on a large scale the mutual sympathy and trust, and the sense of concurrent interest, without which resolution and self-sacrifice cannot be concentrated and sustained. There are elements combined in a semi-barbaric empire like Russia, frightfully favourable to military domination;—hordes of human beings at the disposal of a single will; a command of the material arts of more advanced communities, without their moral hesitations; a population susceptible of fanatical excitement, possessed with the idea of a national destiny, and identifying

their political allegiance with their religious worship; and the prestige of a rapidly growing and consolidating power, standing before governments shaken by revolution, and peoples distracted with intellectual anarchy. He must be a bold prophet who can weigh the elements of the European system, and compute their possible combinations and antagonisms, without profound anxiety.

The grounds on which we have justified the present struggle, sufficiently define our conception of its object. That object plainly is to take from Russia the power of further aggrandizement, and the disposition to further menace. To keep this one end steadily in view; to rest in nothing short of it; to be tempted into nothing beyond it, appears to us the true duty of this country. By their tendency to secure this result soon and effectually, all proposed methods of procedure ought to be tried. The resort to war is ever a fearful responsibility, and it ceases to be defensible, where its moral idea and aim are not kept distinct and clear, and visibly made the rule of its operations. The statesman who proclaims hostilities for one cause, and then thinks that, while his hand is in, he may as well do a little business for another, brings suspicion on his motives, and takes away all solemnity from his act. For this reason it is impossible to give prominence in the present war to the English sympathy with oppressed nationalities, and to treat their restoration as *its object*. And he who would demand attention to them has but one course of argument open to him; he must show that to attempt their restoration, offers the best chance of making Russia harmless. Only in this character, as instruments of a policy, can they fairly come before us for a hearing now. Did we make them *principals* in the quarrel from the first, we should be justly exposed to the reproach of insincerity, negotiating in one sense and fighting in another. The Western Powers are accused, naturally enough, of compromising their better sympathies by advances to Austria, of paying in precious character for her alliance, and after all barely obtaining her neutralisation. With the feeling that inspires this objection we are completely in accordance; nor could any good hope breathe freely in England till the Vienna delusion was broken up, and the key was turned upon the empty conference-chamber. But if the friendship of Austria has been too patiently sought, it would have been an equal error and a greater wrong, to use the breach with Nicholas as a mere occasion for breaking up *her* empire; to make her the chief object of hostilities due to the delinquencies of another. Yet this is precisely what we should have done, if we had begun by pronouncing the words, "Hungary, Poland, Italy." Their terrible power,

(*glorious* also, when the just hour strikes) must act *primarily* to convulse the empire of Francis Joseph, with whom we were at peace; and only *secondarily* that of the Czar, against whom we went to arms. Even if Austria were justly suspected of prowling about the skirts of the Russian design, and by connivance preparing a claim to some share in the contingent booty, she was not in a position to be made *principal enemy:* her evil propensities showed themselves at the remotest corner of this country's Turkish interests and engagements, and were but incipient and tentative auxiliaries of the main offender. In the utter selfishness and meanness of her conduct we fully believe; yet it does not follow, except in the logic of passion, that no opportunity should have been allowed her to withdraw from her hovering position, and take sides with the police instead of the thieves. If by detaching a half-inclined accomplice you can baffle a scheme of depredation, or favourably alter the balance of its chances, it is surely lawful to do so, provided it be by no unworthy means, but by indicating the path of more legitimate interest and less doubtful honour. In casting about then for means of carrying on the contest to which they were committed, the Western Powers would not have been justified in appealing, in the first instance, to the nationalities; and were not precluded from the attempt to determine Austria to their side, and form a complete European combination. The experiment was worth trying. Its success would have compelled the recoil of Russia. Its failure would remove the mask from the character of the German powers, and would open to England and France, in the second act of the conflict, lines of policy which were not legitimate in the first. To call up the oppressed races at the outset, not in aid of any spontaneous and localised effort by some one of them, but all at once, by foreign stimulus and in a foreign cause,—what would it have implied? universal war, from the Rhine to the Araxes, from Finland to Sicily; limited by no definite and paramount idea, but with a dozen supreme objects in different parts, until all objects were lost in the uncontrollable chaos of passions; a war in which the regime of the *coup d'état* would have been little likely to join; which, in the most favourable case, would have arrayed against the West every constituted government, and the whole military power of central, southern, and eastern Europe, with no allies but provisional juntas and undisciplined populations. We have no dynastic, no aristocratic predilections, but we approve the shrinking hand that would not hurl a torch to kindle such a flame.

Our sacrifices, however, to the Austrian experiment, are now at an end. Vienna has had her opportunity, and declining it, leaves us free to adapt our future policy to the exigencies of

the war. Her withdrawal increases the physical difficulties, but simplifies the moral complication of the problem. The allies must adopt a different tone to Austria. Her armies oppress and demoralize the Principalities: let her be desired to evacuate them: let a reasonable and popular government be constituted there under European guarantee, and the appearance there of a Russian regiment be declared an act of war. Russia owes to the world and a just God restitution for the crimes that are her only title-deeds to Warsaw. Let no scruple towards the partners in that guilt any longer deter us from becoming the instruments of retribution, and testing the fidelity of the Czar's Polish subjects. There is no need to put forth any promise or programme of a restored kingdom, and so give Berlin and Vienna the plea for war. Invasion of Russian Poland is an indisputable belligerent right; and if the invasion succeeded, the kingdom would appear of itself. Of the strategical possibilities we cannot pretend to judge; but every moral and political consideration makes us hope that they are encouraging. Even the dynasties must sometimes suspect how much better it would be if the Poles—disturbers of so many other countries—were made conservators of their own. On this road it is,—by the banks of the Niemen, at the foot of the Bukowina hills,—that we should make reparation to Hungary for our guilty neglect in 1849. The wind that once sets in from the sea north of the Carpathians, cannot fail to sweep over to the south. Unhappy Hungary! Who can now doubt the fatal loss of opportunity by England in the spring of 1849, through the yet clinging curse of the non-intervention doctrine? For how much of the present entanglement of Europe must Lord Palmerston himself feel that these few cold words of his are answerable!

"Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Buchanan.

(Extract.) "Foreign Office, May 17, 1849.

"Much as her Majesty's Government regret this interference of Russia, the causes which have led to it, and the effects which it may produce, they nevertheless *have not considered the occasion to be one which at present calls for any formal expression of the opinions of Great Britain on the matter.*"*

When the appropriator of Poland heard that Great Britain had no opinion to express about the invasion and political extinction of Hungary, he might well suppose that the West had ceased to care about the East,—that Bucharest was as

* Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Hungary, 1847—1849. Blue Book, Aug. 15, 1850, p. 137. No. 179.

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open to him as Hermanstadt,—and that constitutional England, which suffered him to hunt from city to city the Parliament of Pesth, would let him do as he liked with the Divan of Constantinople. May the minister who deceived Nicholas by apathetic words undeceive Alexander by resolute action! But, however certain it may be that Poland and Hungary, once reconstituted, would present the most reliable barrier to the advances of Russia on the West, their reorganization is a work of immense difficulty, not to be effected in a tumultuary and boundless storm. Such results can attain no solidity unless aimed at and accomplished one by one, and secured by the concentration upon each, as its turn comes, of every available resource of political sagacity and military power. We know it is said, that in this way you enable the Absolutists also to take the rising nations in detail, and put them down by an itinerant crusade. But their power to help each other is much impaired, now that Russia is pre-engaged at home, and would rather want to borrow armies than be at liberty to lend. And the necessity of peace is so extreme for Austria, so great for every German Court, that their general sympathy with Russia is paralyzed by more pressing fears.

Meanwhile, there is an earlier problem, which, notwithstanding the recent check, is emerging, we trust, by military settlement, into the stage for political solution. What is to be done with the Crimea? To restore it to Russia would be an absurd forfeiture of securities won at so great a cost. France or England could not hold it without exciting dangerous jealousies. Turkey would hardly be able to protect it. There are difficulties in every arrangement; but we can think of no insuperable objection to giving it *to Sardinia*. Her shipping to the neighbouring ports of the province of Kherson is already, we believe, highest on the returns of tonnage. The Genoese would be at home again on the southern shore, and find the traces left by their forefathers. The military and naval power of Sardinia is fully equal to the easy defence of the Peninsula, yet would occasion no alarm to Constantinople. The Italian race has aptitudes for naturalization in the East which are not found in North Europeans. And if a new nucleus of organizing life is needed there, as a centre to counterbalance possible decay, what source could more hopefully supply it than a young, energetic, second-rate Power, whose development into a State of the first rank would certainly be for the interests of the world?

It is, however, a cheap exercise of imagination to revise "the map of Europe." Amid the uncertainties of war, no proposal can be more than a hint; even in the re-settlement of peace, no

adjustment in the East can be regarded, we fear, as more than provisional. The political problem presented by that region of multifarious races, dissimilar languages, and hostile faiths, is the most perplexing, perhaps, that the world has ever seen, Well might statesmen be tempted to abandon it in despair. and persuade themselves that they thus leave it to a Higher Power, were it not just the one thing certain and clear amid the darkness, that this pious excuse delivers it into the hands of a *Lower* Power. For if *we* do not undertake the solution, assuredly Russia will. The distant issue is beyond our vaticination, and no part of our proper aim. But from day to day a preventive responsibility rests with us. And in various ways, by the repulse of arrogance and the protection of injured weakness, by teaching differing faiths to co-exist, and prejudiced races to obey the same law, by the example of invariable honour in commerce and equity in political intervention, it may be given to us to save the finest region of Europe from the grasp of military despotism, and develop in it the aptitudes for a just civil rule.

Art. IX.—SUMMARY OF THEOLOGY AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Reformation first dissolved the formal union between Theology and Philosophy, and the relation which they have since borne to each other in Protestant history is not a little tinged by the idiosyncrasies of national character. In England, the influence of theology has ever been exercised in keeping philosophy above the level of an obtuse-minded experience. In Germany, theology has had to struggle with a still more obstinate tendency to unreal and abstract currents of speculation. English philosophy without theology would have become a more or less systematic log-book of external phenomena. German philosophy without theology did frequently become a mere logical web of abstractions, spun in vacuo, and connecting a subjective zero with objective nonentity. In England, the faithful and sharp sense of duty and religion alone preserved us from yielding up every claim to an originally divine constitution in man. In Germany the same causes tended, but only tended, to call back philosophy to life from the deep oblivion of an intellectual dream. England has had but little spirit of intellectual *adventure*, in common with Germany, France, or even Scotland. Our truest thinkers have been goaded into philosophy, as it were, by the necessity of vindicating their due province for conscience and religion.

In this respect we are in remarkable contrast to other nations. Germany has not one really great philosophic name—unless we except those of Schleiermacher, Herder, and Jacobi—which belongs either to a professed theologian, or to a mind deeply engraved with religious characteristics. Leibnitz, Kant, Lessing, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, were all men in whom intellectual genius took the initiative, and amongst these Kant (and perhaps Fichte) alone exhibit any well-marked ethical cast of mind. The same may be said, with equal truth, we believe, of the history of French philosophy. And in Scotland, Hume, Smith, Reid, Brown, Stewart and Hamilton, have been all determined to mental science by purely intellectual bent. In England, the case has been very different. Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke are the only original thinkers on mental science, whose minds have taken their impulse from intellectual causes; while Cudworth, Cumberland, Clarke, Butler, Berkeley, Edwards, Price, Hutcheson, and Coleridge, were all obviously influenced in their researches by their eager desire to reach that magnetic pole to which human conscience and faith are ever pointing. Hence the very different course which philosophy has run in England and Germany. In England, under the pilotage of Locke, philosophy was declared fit only for the coasting trade, and kept creeping along the well-known shore of every-day experience; and only by the constant interference of moral theology was her head kept far enough away to avoid its most dangerous rocks and shallows. On the same waters, under the guidance of Spinoza, the newly-launched vessel of German thought drove straight out to sea before a monsoon of violent logical speculation, and not till she had been dizzily hurried, in true Cartesian vortices, round and round the metaphysical eddies of a self-involved idealism, did theology gain any command over her, and bring her up on the other tack. But now, at last, English and German philosophy seem likely to cross each other's tracks; English thought inclining to stand further away from the empirical quicksands, while German thought, weary of the waste of waters, seems steering for the sheltering shore. In both countries alike, however, the influence that real theology has exerted over philosophy has been always sobering and regulative, simply because all real theology must adhere to the truth of experience, and yet must command and overlook the whole. Theology draws us so far out of life, as to prevent us from confining and losing ourselves in its narrow creeks and inlets, and yet its beginning and its end is in life. It ceases to be theology, and becomes theosophy, when it ceases to teach the *union* between God and man—between the temporal and the Eternal—when it loses the clue of history and relapses into a mystic's dream.

English theology has raised philosophy from the dust; German theology has at least striven to bring down philosophy from the clouds. With a true instinct Theology has felt that Christ, and John, and Paul, must seem utterly dark and delirious to the pupil of Hobbes or Bentham, and, also, that they must seem earthly and human to the mind that is lost in the reverie of German speculation.

We are convinced that theology and philosophy should never be severed. Theology *cannot* be, philosophy *ought* not to be ever divorced from history, and we shall always seek to regard them as different aspects of the same divine truth.

It is not often that English theologians, while holding firmly to the details of history, have grasped with so vivid a thought its living spirit, and followed so faithfully the guidance of critical principle, as Mr. Stanley, in the delightful volumes on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, now before us.* With an historical insight, as clear as that of Dr. Arnold's maturest writings, Mr. Stanley enters into, and reanimates for us the past. And he has brought to his task, not merely a deep appreciation of St. Paul's personal character, but an inward picture of the early church, and a keen geographical and topographical eye. The book is divided into sections, determined by the continuity or discontinuity of the apostle's subjects, and around each section are grouped the materials for its illustration, in the form of introduction, notes, paraphrase, and, wherever necessary, a retrospective dissertation. Nevertheless, there is nothing cumbrous about the volumes. The brief introductions just fix the mind upon the centre of St. Paul's thought; the notes clear the way without diverting the reader to the minutiæ of an ostentatious scholarship; the paraphrases frequently restore to life the spirit buried for us under too familiar terms; and the dissertations always faithfully state the unsolved difficulty where they do not lighten its pressure. The Greek is reprinted from Lachmann's approximation to the text of the three first centuries. In one dissertation, Mr. Stanley touches, in a few striking words, on the change introduced in consequence of St. Paul's first Corinthian letter into the mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper. He paints for us the manner in which it was first celebrated by those for whom "the earthly and the heavenly, the social and the religious aspect of life were indistinguishably blended," contrasting it with the change of form that became necessary in order that the spirit of the institution might be saved. In another dissertation, on the fourteenth chapter of the first epistle, he opens up the vexed question of the gift of tongues, inclining clearly to the view taken by Neander. Again, he enters with so full and entire a reverence into the inspired chapter in which Paul writes of the resurrection of the dead, that he does not even feel tempted to disguise from himself that personal expectation of St. Paul's, that the end of the world was at hand, to which we owe the condensation into the compass of a single vision of the full power of his inspiration. In the introduction to the second epistle, Mr. Stanley gives a very interesting account of the Judaizing party, by which Paul was denounced as the rival of Peter, the same party which, later on, dared to introduce him in the "Clementines," under the name of Simon Magus. This is the argument on which Baur, of Tübrigen, has laid so much

* "The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians; with Critical Notes and Dissertations." By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. 2 vols. Murray. 1855.

stress in criticizing the book of Acts. Mr. Stanley has an able final dissertation on the relation of these epistles to the Gospel history. It is impossible in this brief notice to give any true impression of these volumes. But we can truly say that the author's vivid conception of St. Paul's life, internal and external, seems to shine through his whole work, and to light up even the most trivial comments. With all the delicacy of touch of a modern historian, Mr. Stanley yet conveys to us an impression of the strong but abruptly changing outlines of the great character which is his theme. He raises vividly before us the eager gestures of mind, the alternating moods, the rapidly dilating and contracting emotions, the incessant lightning of thought—now striking with forked tongue, now playing in broad sheets of flame—which distinguish the whole life and writings of this greatest of the apostles.

The concluding volume of Mr. Higginson's "Spirit of the Bible,"* completes a work which embodies a considerable range of illustrative learning in a compendious and popular form. The first volume, and the early portion of the second, will probably be found to be the most valuable part of the book, mainly because historical and critical help on the prophetic and apocryphal writings has hitherto been almost as inaccessible to the unlearned English reader, as it is absolutely essential to an intelligent study of those difficult books. When Mr. Higginson reaches the New Testament, the general points (to the illustration of which his limits necessarily confine him) have been already so much more frequently treated, that a cursory discussion is less satisfactory, and his summary of Christian principles deduced from the four Gospels, does not seem to us to seize satisfactorily the essence of the Christian faith. No doubt, this would be impossible, not merely within such limits, but in any summary of principles whatever; yet in Mr. Higginson's account of Paul's epistles, we cannot but feel as if an essential portion of Paul's faith were constantly eluding the grasp of his critic. By omitting the scarcely needful summaries of the New Testament books, Mr. Higginson might have gained a freer range for his critical learning. His readers would have gladly received from him a fuller discussion of such questions as those concerning the authenticity of John's Gospel, its relation to the other three, and to the Apocalypse, its distinct account of the Lord's Supper, and others of a similar nature which he has had little or no room to touch. The merit of these volumes consists in collecting widely scattered critical and historic aids to the popular apprehension of the Scriptures within moderate limits.

In the little volume called "the Christ of History,"† Mr. Young starts from the purely human side of the life of Jesus, and infers from the analysis to which he subjects it, that there is "One wonder-

* "The Spirit of the Bible; or, the Nature and Value of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, discriminated in an Analysis of their Several Books." By Edward Higginson. 2 vols. Whitfield. 1855.

† "The Christ of History; an Argument grounded on the Facts of his Life on Earth." By John Young, M.A. Longman. 1855.

ful personality, only one, of all that ever dwelt on this earth, who had more immediate, constant and perfect access to the infinite fountain of being, than was possible to the constitution of a mere creature." The volume, though diffuse in thought, shows some depth and fineness of insight in interpreting the significance of the incidental form and colouring of the circumstances of Christ's earthly career, and we follow the course of the writer's thought with perfect general sympathy. We cannot, indeed, clearly define the exact conclusion to which he would lead us;—that the personality of Christ was more intimately blended with that of the Father he revealed, than would be otherwise conceivable to man, is its legitimate drift. The vague nature of the moral elements involved, necessarily and entirely forbids any scholastic accuracy in the conclusion. To the ὁμοούσιος symbol, the writer probably does not mean to point, as some portion of his book seems to indicate a Sabellian cast of thought. But his argument would be but a very insecure foundation for any scholastic formula in any strict acceptation.

The volume of Sermons by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton,* to which in a former page we have had occasion to refer, has given us as much surprise as satisfaction. Knowing that his pulpit discourses were rarely ever committed to paper, and seldomer still written as they would have flowed from his lips, we were prepared to expect a very inadequate memorial of his living power and influence. And this volume is but inadequate; yet there is far more vivid life in it than we had ventured to hope for. His brother's preface tells us that they are mainly recollections, written by the preacher for the members of a family in whom he was interested. In continuity of thought these Sermons are imperfectly sustained, and not unfrequently we are obliged to regret the rhetorical mould natural to conceptions which actually grew to their full strength and stature, in the preacher's mind, under the reflex influence of a large assembly's collective sympathy.† Still there is fine thought as well as powerful expression scattered through the volume before us. It exhibits a mind of the most delicate and sensitive organization, tinged with individual melancholy, yet firm in individual trust, clear-sighted in discerning the elements of character—catholic and evenly developed in religious culture, or only too easily kindled by the power of present sympathy—constantly craving light with an almost restless sadness, yet on all cardinal points of faith clearly feeling the rock beneath it, and clinging with especial fervour to the general doctrine of St. John's gospel. There is a tinge of feeling throughout all Mr. Robertson's compositions, which indicates the disturbed life of imperfect health,—of a constitution stimulated to exceed its strength. Just because they so vividly recall his life, these pages seem the most vivid prophecy of his early death.

In the volume of amalgamated Lectures which Mr. Maurice has

* "Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A." Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

† See page 135 of the Sermons.

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just issued,* the connecting link of thought (which is but slight) is furnished by the search after the true root of social order. The theoretic results of that search are given in the last four lectures, on the special function of Rome. The application of that discovery to the needs of our modern civilization is attempted in the first six lectures on "Learning and Working." Both these courses of lectures are distinguished by even more than Mr. Maurice's usual breadth of thought and fulness of illustration. Into both, his mind has entered with profound interest. In the course on "Learning and Working," he starts with illustrating the vanity of hoping to compress an education of any value into the years of childhood. Historically, Mr. Maurice maintains that the worthiest teaching had in earlier times always been associated with a later age than that of childhood. Entering on the discussion of the relation of leisure to learning, Mr. Maurice maintains that the craving for active life is really never satisfied by merely literary study and culture, and that the restlessness and morbidness of college life is caused in great measure by the student's craving to be tinging with his newly acquired thought the living tasks of the external world. He examines the historical origin of the poetry and painting of Europe, and illustrates his disbelief in leisure as the necessary condition of literature, from the biography of men like Dante, Hooker, and Milton. This is perhaps the slightest thread in his argument. After speaking of the real antagonism between a pecuniary standard of life and any real love for learning, Mr. Maurice passes on to explain that he means by education that which develops the whole sense of personal power and responsibility, so awakening a sense of freedom. In accordance with this view he develops his conception of the true studies to be attempted in a Working College, maintaing the necessity of including politics and history, and ethics and theology, as subjects to which the thoughts of a free man ought naturally to turn. The only difficulty on which Mr. Maurice has scarcely touched—and we regard it only as a removable difficulty—is the extreme distaste to *mechanical* labour, which a free intellectual culture is apt to inspire. The workman who can spend his education on his work, or otherwise occupy his mind while he works, will be purely elevated; but the vast amount of dead mechanical drudgery which requires the stretch of the attention, and yet occupies no one of the higher faculties of the mind, would soon be a terrible curse to a cultivated class of workers. Perhaps before the difficulty becomes urgent, machinery may be taught to relieve us of the burden. In the Lectures on Rome, Mr. Maurice seizes hold of the reverence for paternal authority—of the deference paid to the Penates, the guardians of domestic life—as the central point of the Roman worship; and brings with a good deal of skill, the old traditions

* "Learning and Working; Six Lectures delivered in Willis's Rooms, London, in June and July, 1854." "The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization; Five Lectures delivered in Edinburgh, in December, 1854, by Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A." Macmillan. 1855.

and the evidence of Roman poets and Roman historians to support his thesis. The same function—of impressing the idea of God's fatherhood on the German nations—he assigns to the Roman church. Perhaps it would have been truer had Mr. Maurice taken the reverence for the gods as the spring of social law and *order* (including domestic order) as his starting point. There is little trace in the Roman character of any faith in the divine *affection*, which is essential to the idea of a father. Their reverence was rather paid to the commanding authority of a just Will; and it was from such a notion that the complex law connected with the *patria potestas* was apparently unfolded. Mr. Maurice has infused his study with the dye of his own thought.

To Miss Goldsmid we owe our introduction to the able volume of Dr. Philippsohn,* who maintains throughout twelve lectures, with a boldness even surpassing Dr. Newman's similar faith in the self-renovation of Catholicism, that as the disabilities of the Jews are removed, their divine system will more and more powerfully assert itself in Europe, until, at last, Christ is lost in Moses, and Paul's "tables on the heart" are retransformed into the ancient granite of Horeb. Dr. Philippsohn distinguishes Judaism from all other primary religions in this, that while all of these were attempts proceeding from man to solve the problem of his divine origin,—that was a solution proceeding from God. Revelation is the essence of Mosaism. God revealing Himself—not man feeling out into the surrounding mystery—is its starting point. In Judaism there are three stages to be distinguished. Mosaism, which is the unity of spirit and life;—Prophetism, in which the life had become so corrupt that the idea or spirit had to be severed from its appropriate outward form;—Talmudism, in which the outward form is divorced from its informing spirit. Primitive Christianity he considers to have been not essentially hostile to Mosaism; but, in fact, a weak form of prophetism, that had begun to lay too much stress on mere acceptance of the idea or creed. Here, he conceives (with too much truth,) has been the permanent weakness in Christianity, that it has offered to save men by belief rather than life. Mahometanism he regards as a heathen reproduction of the purely doctrinal portion of Judaism, consistently allying with a heathen life the same central error of salvation by belief, and consequent moral fatalism, which Christianity with fortunate inconsistency fails to carry into practice. Dr. Philippsohn insists much on the thoroughly libertarian theory of human action in Judaism, and denies that the idea of heathen sacrifice in any way enters into their ceremonial system of purification. Judaism entirely disowns, he tells us, all transmission of moral evil, making sin (and apparently even temptation) to depend wholly on the voluntary relations of the individual soul. The

* "The Development of the Religious Idea in Judaism, Christianity, and Mahommedanism, considered in Twelve Lectures on the History and Purport of Judaism, delivered in Magdeburg, 1847, by Dr. Ludwig Philippsohn; translated from the German with Notes, by Anna Maria Goldsmid." Longman. 1855.

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Mosaic law he represents as the only political system which carries righteousness and wisdom into the whole detail of daily life. Miss Goldsmid's translation is executed with taste and simplicity. We are sure that Christianity can never disown its source in Judaism, but a more powerful spell than Dr. Philippsohn's philosophy is needed to charm back the stately river into the narrow, rugged, picturesque ravine, out of which, centuries ago, it found its way.

The Essay by Mr. Thompson,* which has received the first prize from the Burnett trustees, has only just issued from the press, and we must reserve our summary of it for our next number. If, however, we may use a mathematical ratio to determine its merit, from our knowledge of the Essay which has received a prize of one third of the value, we should esteem it to be considerable. Dr. Tulloch's Essay† is profound and well considered in its basis, but very defective, and apparently hasty in execution. Dr. Tulloch starts with the fundamental principle, that all order *must* be conceived as of mental origin; and to the illustration and confirmation of this principle, he devotes the first division of his volume. He points out that the stress ordinarily laid on the organic adaptations of Nature cannot be justified without some deeper basis. To reason from adaptation to an Adapter is virtually, he says, a *petitio principii*, as, by calling it an adaptation, the effect is already presumed to be an *expected* effect, and so already involves the conception of an expecting mind. All that is *known* of the relation between organic results and organic causes is the indissoluble uniformity of their succession; the very point to be established is that this uniformity of succession is the product of a mental process. Dr. Tulloch does not give nearly enough space or power to the establishment of this fundamental point. The reader leaves his polemic against Mr. J. S. Mill with the impression that the point is ineffectively treated, and that its whole bearings might be far more vividly and graphically realized. There is negligence, too, in establishing the fundamental connexion between Order and Force, as the imprints, respectively, of Reason and Will (see pp. 52, 53). Dr. Tulloch's treatment of general laws as the universal methods necessarily characterizing the energy of an Infinite Mind, is more satisfactory. To this chapter the special examination of the geological hypothesis of creation adds but little. The section on the Illustrations from the Inductive Philosophy is extended to a length disproportionate to the space given to the other portions of this brief volume. The illustrations seem to be *imported* into the book, and not comfortably at home there. They are not engraved with the leading thought. Only the chapter on the Typical Forms of Vegetable and Organic Life is at all effective. But this chapter does bring out ably, and on purely scientific data, that an ideal conception is the central reality

* Christian Theism: the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being. By Robert Anchor Thompson, M.A. Rivingtons.

† "Theism; the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator. Burnett Treatise. Second Prize. By the Rev. John Tulloch, D.D." Blackwood. 1855.

around which the individual forms of organic life are grouped. The portion of the Essay which pursues the inductive illustrations into psychology is very poor, and has a tendency to evaporate in that invaluable resource of hard-driven philosophers—the endless declamation of Dr. Thomas Brown. The section on the Evidence from Intuitive Morality is the best and most thorough in the Essay. The writer holds firmly to the truth, that the will of man cannot anyhow be interwoven into the chain of mere natural cause and effect,—that it breaks the thread of uniform succession, and must either be held to be eternally independent, or dependent only on a free cause like to itself. Dr. Tulloch shows, however, that close to this consciousness of independence of *natural* causes is a consciousness of real but not helpless dependence on a supernatural power. Conscience, he interprets, not quite with Butler as in itself a ruling power and authority, but as the faculty which recognizes the Personal Holiness of God. The chapter on the rational recognition of the Infinite is ineffective. We need only add, that in answering difficulties and objections to Theism, Dr. Tulloch does not attempt to find a divine purpose and apology for sin. Consistently with his whole conception, he regards it as absolutely anti-theistic, as not originating in God. The soul of the Essay is so sound that it would well have deserved a better logical and imaginative development. The argument from adaptation would in this case lead us to infer from the execution a much poorer spiritual substratum than really exists.

Mental Philosophy.—By far the most considerable addition to philosophical literature that this year has produced is Professor Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic"*—the book of a masterly thinker, an accurate logician, a clear expounder, a humorous, self-confident, arrogant, scornful man. The Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's has apparently a profound contempt for all the labours of his fellow-countrymen in his own field of thought, and speaks of "Dr. Reid, good man," with a benignant pity which must arouse a keen *sensation* at Edinburgh, somewhat disturbing, one would fear, to the clearness of *perception*. Mr. Ferrier has started "quite a new hare," at least in the history of English philosophy, and his book is one long chase of "Psychology," which is finally done to death in an attempt to leap the chasm between Epistemology and Ontology. Mr. Ferrier, however, like Daniel O'Rourke, dreaming of an ascent to the moon, thinks he has succeeded better, and concludes his very able hunting, in high satisfaction, on the solid granite of Ontological reality. We believe, nevertheless, that the idea of his system is in part unsound, and in part not what he believes it to be. And when he concludes, we are sure that the feat he has performed is no spring from knowledge to absolute existence, but a mere logical caper in the subjective world. His starting-point is a true proposition, and one the truth of which he owes entirely to the Psychology he is hunting

* "Institutes of Metaphysic: the Theory of Knowing and Being. By James F. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's." Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1855.

down. It is this, that there is no knowledge without self-consciousness;—that the object of knowledge is always the apparent object + self. Where did Mr. Ferrier obtain this conclusion, and how does he establish it? Did it drop from the skies into his reason, or did he find it in reflection on his own modes of thought? If the latter, it is due entirely to a psychological process; indeed, it is clear that Mr. Ferrier puts a false meaning on Psychology. He regards it as springing from introspective self-observation, when the mind is undetermined by anything external to itself. He first christens it the act of the mind looking at itself *in vacuo*, and then ridicules it under this false name. Psychology is really to be contrasted with other sciences, not in its isolation of the mind, but in directing attention to the *inward* laws exhibited on occasion of its various activity. If Mr. Ferrier denies that there *can* be a science of the subject, because the subject implies object, he must also deny that there can be a science of the object, since object implies subject. And thus his "Institutes of Metaphysic" must do away not only with Psychology, but with Physical Science. He will scarcely get astronomers to give up their stars for Metaphysic on the ground that they cannot be studied apart from the percipient, any more than he will get psychologists to give up their self, on the ground that self is unknowable without a goal for its activity. From the psychological truth with which he starts, Mr. Ferrier deduces many true conclusions. With steady arrogance, however, he assumes that he has settled many questions which he has not even touched. The dispute about *à priori* and *à posteriori* notions he explodes, as a blind wrangling in the dark which the "Institutes of Metaphysic" must end for ever. His solution is, that the self-element in all knowledge is, what philosophers have dimly sought after as the *à priori* element, while the not-self-element is the *à posteriori* element; but that since neither can be known without the other, an *à priori* or *a posteriori idea* is impossible, since an idea must be cognizable, and neither element, in isolation, is cognizable.

The Professor admits, however, that the two elements can be *discriminated*, and this is really all that is needful for the issue. Moreover, he overlooks the fact that the dispute is not settled by this discrimination of a *bald* self; it is the modality of self, the regulative attitudes of self, which constitute the study of what is called the *à priori* side of thought; just as it is the modality of the not-self, of crystals and granite, for instance, not the mere bald not-self, which forms the object of physical science. Instead of settling the question of the categories of thought, Mr. Ferrier really passes it by quite untouched. For the rest, we should concur fully in the series of propositions in his Epistemology, not, however, assigning to them quite that infinite importance, still less that remarkable novelty, which he is disposed to claim for them. The "Agnoiology," or "theory of ignorance," is only a modification of the epistemology, considered under the peculiar definition of ignorance, that ignorance is a defectiveness in knowledge, that all of which man *can* be ignorant, man *could* know. The passage to Ontology is mere legerdemain. It is

à priori absurd to pass from thought to existence by an act of deductive *reasoning*. Reasoning can only unfold what is in its premises, and if absolute existence were not assumed, absolute existence cannot be inferred. The fallacy by which Mr. Ferrier blinds himself in the demonstration that matter could not exist *per se*, is clear enough. He first defines "the contradictory" as that which cannot be an object of *knowledge*, and then affirms that absolute *existence* cannot be the contradictory, because the idea of it does not include any contradiction of *thought*. This only proves that the *thought* of absolute existence, is not "the contradictory." Mr. Ferrier slides in an assumption that the *existence* of that cannot be contradictory, of which the thought is not contradictory. This is the vicious syllogism which runs through his ontology:—

An impossible or contradictory existence cannot be an object of knowledge;

Matter without a percipient cannot be an object of knowledge;

Therefore, matter without a percipient is an impossible or contradictory existence.

Whence it is evident that Mr. Ferrier concludes to a mental Coexistent with the universe, not from the necessity of an eternal cause, but from the necessity of an eternal percipient. Would not an eternal oyster answer his purpose? The "Institutes of Metaphysic" is very able, very readable, and contains much truth; but it is on the false logical tack of the German metaphysic method, and will yield no philosophic fruit, beyond that which is really the result of the psychology the Professor despises. Perhaps a little humility in dealing with thinkers so great as Kant and some of his own countrymen, would do more for Professor Ferrier than much meditation.

In curious contrast with the work we have just noticed, is the able little treatise of Gruppe, of Berlin,* published on occasion of the death of Schelling, the last of the great trio of constructive Idealists, who undertook to think out the universe,—to identify thought with fact. Gruppe is himself of a quite opposite school, and is trying to lead German philosophy into that track of pure induction which Ferrier so heartily despises. Nevertheless, he has a clear insight into the systems he condemns, and we never understood at all distinctly the assumptions of Schelling, and the relation of his system to that of Fichte and Hegel, till we opened this little volume. Gruppe re-explains to us how Fichte's Egoism regarded the laws of the universe as pure subjective laws of consciousness. From this incredible system Schelling recoiled, and in his first epoch, assumed Self and Nature as two equally valid bases of speculation, finding the unity of the two in Art. As, however, the mind has no logical means of getting at Nature, he changed this theory in his second epoch, for an unintelligible theory of logical polarity, in which he takes as the absolute existence a *tertium quid*, a sort of water-shed between Thought and Nature, from which the streams of objective Nature flow down on one side, and those of subjective Thought on the other. Here Hegel and Schelling were in near con-

* "Gegenwart und Zukunft der Philosophie in Deutschland," von O. F. Gruppe. Berlin. 1855.

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tact, Hegel modifying this hypothesis by stating that *his* Absolute, namely, Spirit (Geist), is the higher unity which comprehends the Idea (Begriff,) and Nature as its two momenta. In his last epoch, Gruppe thinks that Schelling virtually abandoned both his systems, and went back to Kantian principles. Gruppe has a keen sense of the unreality and ludicrousness of all these systems of real logic. His own reaction is intense. He believes in Lord Bacon, and in psychological induction, but he makes the mind to be purely a growth of experience, and maintains that every judgment (even geometrical and moral propositions), which now seem necessary and analytic, have once been contingent and synthetic. He considers, for instance, that the judgment, "the universe is great," is now necessary and analytic, because "greatness" has, so to speak, been absorbed or soaked into the very notion of the universe, but that once this proposition was contingent and synthetic, before greatness had come to be included in the notion of the universe. And this theory he conceives to be a fundamental doctrine in any true psychology. He is steering straight for the empirical track of James Mill, which, in England, has passed almost entirely away.

There is still, however, a representative of this school left in Mr. S. Bailey, whose recent volume of "Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind"* does not call for any special attention. Mr. Bailey is an acute, too acute a thinker. He is rather keen than subtle, splitting rather than separating the phenomena of the human mind. His extreme analysis fills us with surprise, how, out of no mental fibre, so much mental texture can be spun.

Of the same school, though here writing on ethics and religion, is Dr. Alliott, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at the Western College, Plymouth, whose work on the relations of psychology and theology has little in it of novel exposition, or, as we think, true analysis. Dr. Alliott is a utilitarian of the higher class, not an adherent of the selfish system, but rather of the school of Cumberland. In metaphysics he is of the empirical school, and a believer in moral necessity, using the customary arguments to prove that this is not inconsistent with a real responsibility. The tone of his book is mild and tolerant, as well as thoughtful. He does not merely repeat the ideas of others, but has attained them for himself. Still there is nothing in the book that would warrant us in giving to it any extended notice. All his positions are those of his school.

The author of an anonymous essay, of very slight pretensions and considerable acuteness, on "Intuitive Morals,"† modestly claims indulgence on the score of "a superficiality, whose absence would neutralize the only utility it can hope to achieve." If all essays on the same subject were as little superficial, there would not be so much rubbish of error to remove, before any attempt to arrive at truth can succeed. The writer adheres to the school of *rational*

* "Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind," by Samuel Bailey. First Series. Longman. 1855.

† "An Essay on Intuitive Morals; being an attempt to popularize Ethical Science." Longman. 1855.

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morality, and much of the argument against the empirical school is both sound and vividly conceived. The points of weakness seem to us to be the attempt to establish, that morality might be developed into an exact science of right *action*, and that good and evil are conceptions of the pure reason, like space, time, or cause. The assumption of a distinct faculty—identical neither with intellect nor sense—is needed, we believe, to remove the confusion into which the rational theory leads. The present essay, however, will do much to clear up the elementary conditions of the moral problem, for those who are caught in the net of the utilitarian theory.

Art. X.—SUMMARY OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AND ECONOMY.—*LOANS AND TAXES.*

New circumstances bring new controversies. He would have been a bold prophet who should have foretold, three years ago, that the principal subjects of political discussion at the present moment would have been those connected with war. The long period of profound peace, the rapid succession of interesting controversies, the habit of the English people, of considering only present and pressing topics, had diverted public attention entirely from what may be termed martial philosophy. Of many parts, at least, of the practical application of this branch of politics, we have now had more than enough. It is the province of other portions of this Review to criticise popular publications, to discuss passing questions, to point out needful measures. The only object of the present summary is to deal in a concise and brief way with the few books which profess at least to establish in politics some defined and abstract principle.

The part of theoretical politics which has been most discussed —indeed the only one which has been generally discussed—is the doctrine of military finance—the propriety or impropriety of borrowing money. On this there has been a great deal of writing, but most of it has been in a form too fugitive even for mention here. Two books, however, have appeared, of considerable merit, which it will be convenient, in some degree, to consider together. The first is a pamphlet enquiring, "Should the Money required to pay the Expenses of the War be raised by Loans or Taxes?"* The second is an Essay, the exact merits of which, by an unheard-of good fortune for an economical pamphlet, two Chancellors of the Exchequer have endeavoured successively to define. The title is, "On the Loans raised by Mr. Pitt, during the first French War, 1793—1801; with some statements in defence of the methods of funding employed. By William Newmarch, one of the honorary secretaries of the Statistical Society."†

* Binns and Goodwin, 44, Fleet-street.

† Effingham Wilson; Harrison, 59, Pall Mall; Nissen and Parker, 43, Mark Lane.

In general, the first of these essays is favourable to Loans,—the second unfavourable.

The subject of course has two sides, an ethical and an economical. The anonymous author of the first essay assumes the common and high ground of the Anti-Loan reasoners. He says, "In the first place, we should not do so, because we are thereby imposing burdens on those who ought not to bear them, which is an injustice." Yet it may be asked, why ought they not to bear them? Wars are clearly of two kinds—first, what we may call wars of administration—secondly, wars of existence. By the former we mean, wars like the Caffre or Burmese war, which arise from small questions on outlying parts of an empire,—which require but a small outlay—are often waged with petty tribes,—and may be looked for daily and constantly by nations of complicated interests and ramified possessions. The cost of such wars as these, it would be clearly unjust to throw on posterity. Of them, it is evident, each generation will have its own share and its own burden. When was England, above all nations, ever free from petty dissensions and "small wars?" But the case is otherwise with those great and awful struggles which occur, from time to time, in a nation's history; when it is called on to combat, not for an accident in a corner or a squabble in a colony, or a foray of barbarians—not with a trifling tribe of petty adversaries, who may be brushed away like flies, but with a great and equal opponent, ardently desirous of conquest, of fearful power, willing to use all means to attain his end, determined to close the conflict only by the extirpation of his enemy. Such was the later war of England against Napoleon the Great—such the struggle of the Roman republic against Hannibal. Neither of those great generals would have been willing to leave to their adversary a place and name among nations. It is absurd to say that of such wars as these one generation should bear all. The generation which wages such a war inevitably suffers so much, that all which can be transferred to posterity should be so transferred. There is no injustice. Posterity has received an equivalent; it has received its existence.

The author of "Loans or Taxes" introduces a quotation from John Mill's "Political Economy," to the effect that the wealth of the country is continually in a course of change from year to year, and seems to infer that the wealth of to-day being a different thing—that is, a different collection of material atoms from that of yesterday—it would be unfair to impose on the former the burden of liabilities incurred to preserve the latter. A similar argument was, if we remember, once adduced by Mr. Newman, in an ingenious pamphlet on the National Debt. But though the wealth of to-day is not exactly the same material structure as the wealth of yesterday, yet it was produced by it, and out of it. The *plant*, in manufacturing phrase, is identical, and expenses incurred to preserve that plant are duly chargeable on all its productions. Indeed, the whole argument seems an extreme refinement. If the preservation of the England of 1815 was necessary to the existence and greatness of the England of 1855, the England of the present day may well bear

its share of the charges incurred to protect from foreign conquest the England of our fathers. The same author likewise says, that the working classes do not earn more wages in consequence of the wars in which we were formerly engaged. They are, however, spared the inconvenience of having to learn French, which would have been necessary had Napoleon succeeded in his schemes.

It is certain, however, that this reasoning would in no way justify our borrowing to carry on the war in which we are now engaged. The war with Russia is not to England a war of existence. It is so to Turkey; but almost all the present generation of Englishmen might have gone down in peace to their graves without feeling any material inconvenience. The danger to ourselves is future and contingent.

But, perhaps, exactly on this very account we are peculiarly justified in throwing on posterity a portion of the outlay which is now required. The war is one for the benefit of posterity. We, as we have said, might have died in peace, but the presence of the Russians at Constantinople would be, to our children, and still more to our children's children, a source of frequent danger and never-ceasing disquietude. The war is by acknowledgment, a statesman's war—that is, it is the suggestion of a far-seeing mind endeavouring to provide for distant dangers. It may be likened to an anticipated charge, made by the owner of property to provide for difficulties and dangers which would leave him nearly untouched, but would have otherwise overwhelmed his successors. In this case, it is evident that those successors might fairly be charged with a portion of the cost.

Another moral objection to Loans—though it is not often considered so—is the danger of bankruptcy. This the author of "Loans and Taxes" rates very highly.

"Now, although the amount of revenue which a nation can afford may be very great, yet there is a limit beyond which it cannot be extended; as we approach this limit there must be a great pressure upon all, but especially upon the labouring class; and when we pass it, then sooner or later bankruptcy will ensue. Such an act will relieve the country, but will cause, at the same time, great misery and suffering among the creditors of the Government."

But when the wealth of countries is rapidly increasing, this danger becomes chimerical; and there is, perhaps, no mode of satisfactorily providing, in almost any respect, for the welfare of a civilized nation, whose daily industry is not prosperous enough continually to augment its wealth.

On the economical side, Mr. Newmarch is of opinion that Loans are commonly beneficial. He holds with Mr. John Mill, that

"So far as actual researches have been carried, by the most competent enquirers, there is good reason to believe that the accumulation of capital in this country is so vast and so rapid as to lead to an annual waste and destruction of capital, the amount of which when expressed in figures sounds almost fabulous; and it is from these overflowings—from this constant current of leakage—that the loans would be obtained."

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And it cannot be denied that there are conjunctures in the money

markets of many countries, in which the amount of capital, which inactive lenders are desirous to lend, materially exceeds that which the active producers—the common borrowers—are at the moment able judiciously to employ. Probably, a large loan taken for a public object, just before the railway mania, might have saved us at least from the worst features of that mania. But it is likewise true, that there is no Act of Parliament compelling our enemies to go to war with us exactly at those particular moments. They have contracted the habit of choosing their time. If the loan had been required in November, 1847, we should have had a practical proof, that we have not always money enough to spare for anything.

Mr. Newmarch likewise seems to have an idea, that the system of Loans leaves money, which would otherwise be unprofitably expended, in the hands of persons by whom it can be invested profitably. He thus reasons with respect to the loans of the last war. He sets forth a table giving the amounts by which the expenditure of the different years exceeds respectively the income of those years, and then argues "that the amount of that excess was allowed by the system of loans to remain in the pockets of the public, to be employed by them in the pursuit of profit." And, supposing them to make 6 per cent. compound interest of their money—which seems to us a high rate—he brings out a balance of seventeen millions "in favour of the loan method." But it seems to us wholly without ground, to suppose that the money of the tax-payer is at all more profitable to the nation, than the money of the persons who lend to the Government. It is so, doubtless, in France, where it is only confidence in the Government that can extract their contents from idle hoards and aged stockings. But in this country, the money which is lent to the Government would be lent to the industrial classes, and forthwith employed by them. If it were not lent by the owner himself to the producer, it would be deposited in a bank, and distributed by the banker's loans and discounts throughout the active and borrowing community. The foundation of Mr. Newmarch's argument, therefore, falls to the ground.

Both these writers, the anonymous pamphleteer especially, have some ingenious remarks on the effect of loans on different class-interests, but on these we must not enter.

The particular object of Mr. Newmarch's book is to defend the practice of borrowing in 3 per Cent. Consols, in preference to a stock of higher nominal interest:—

"Whether for good or evil ends, but certainly on the whole for good ends, the Stock Exchange is a vast market where men employ masses of capital in dealing backwards and forwards in the different Stocks; and, like all other great markets, custom, convenience, and self-interest have gradually set up certain conditions which govern in a great measure the movements of the whole body of operators. One of the best established of these conditions is, that any new kind of stock, attempted to be introduced with success, must be *marketable* at all times and to any extent."

On this ground he justly rejects the proposal, which is at first sight very plausible, of borrowing at par, as it is called, that is, at the actual interest of the day. This would require the annual creations of new stocks, differing from one another by shillings and

sixpences, as the rate of interest current in each year differed, and differed but slightly from that of its predecessor. No one who knows the difficulty of making the actual fundholder comprehend the difference between the few different species of stock that now exist, would ever propose or countenance such a scheme as this. It would make the Stock market a perfect Babel.

The main argument in favour of preferring a high nominal stock to a low one is, that it enables you to borrow at lower rate. This arises from the liability to redemption :—

"It is allowed 'that all the funds are redeemable at par, and that if the 3 per cents. rose to 75, the 4 per cents. should rise to 100, and the 5 per cents. to 125; and, therefore, the actual price of the 4's or 5's could never much exceed par. So soon as the 5 per cents. rise above par, the financier will offer payment, and by doing so induce the creditors to submit to a reduction of interest. *The holders of a 3 or 5 per cent. fund, have thus a prospect of gain by the rise of value, in which the 5 per cent. stockholders do not participate; and in like manner when the 3 per cents. rise above 75, the holders of that stock have a further gain, in which the 4 per cent stockholders do not participate.* In consequence of these expectations, the price of 4 per cents. is higher compared with that of the 5 per cents.; and the price of the 3 per cents. higher than that of either of the others; than the proportion of the rates of interest;—and loans are transacted in 3 per cents. on easier terms. The lender expects to gain by the rise of the stock, and what he gains the public loses at repayment or redemption.'"

Mr. Newmarch accordingly adds up the accumulations of interest which have been saved by adopting the lower rate, and brings out a balance (as the account would stand on the 1st Jan. 1826,) of £27,256,000, in favour of the lower stock. One obvious defect of this reasoning, however, is that it takes no notice of the advantage which it might have been possible to obtain by guaranteeing the higher rates against reduction for a considerable period. If it had been impossible to reduce the Five per Cents., or even the Four per Cents. before the 1st Jan. 1826, the rate at which it would have been possible to borrow by means of them would probably have been very different. But there is likewise a more essential objection. Mr. Newmarch has no right to consider the diminished interest, and the supposed accumulations of it at compound interest, as new creations of national wealth, which would not have existed, except from the selection of the 3 per Cent. method. This is the same error as we noticed in his former calculation, viz., the assumption that the money of the tax-payer was more lucrative to the nation than that of the lender to the Government. If the loans of England were like the loans of Russia, principally raised from foreign capitalists, it would be true that any diminution of the interest to be paid would be equivalent to a corresponding augmentation of the national capital. But the case is obviously different when the money is raised within the realm. If the English Government paid £10,000 more in interest to English capitalists, this would only mean that £10,000 was annually transferred from Englishman B to Englishman C. It is just as likely that C will employ it profitably as that B would employ it profitably. The only real saving is the expense of the transfer, the cost

of collecting that sum from the tax-payers, and paying it over to the national creditors. The ingenious defence, therefore, which Mr. Newmarch has advanced for the system adopted by Mr. Pitt has, in our judgment, broken down; and though he has certainly done good service by calling our attention to the singular political and economical difficulties under which some of those loans were negotiated, he has done nothing to shake the previously established belief, that those loans were contracted on an erroneous system, and that especially at a time when the 3 per Cents. were a much less overwhelming portion of the National Debt than they now are, it would have been better to borrow the moneys needed for the public service at a rate more nearly approaching to that of the market.

There are some observations respecting terminable annuities and other matters, which are tempting to the economist, but which the limits of this summary—limits which we have already exceeded—compel us to leave unnoticed.

Mr. Ricardo has published a pamphlet on the "War Policy of Commerce," a subject of great interest, but which must be discussed at more length than we can here devote to it. His object is to show that commerce ought to be as unimpeded in blockades or otherwise, in time of war as in time of peace.

The publications on politics unconnected with the war are neither many nor important.

Mr. Carey has sent us from the other side of the Atlantic, a most absurd book, entitled "The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign; Why it Exists, and How it may be Extinguished;"* the object of which is to prove that England is the great upholder and practiser of slavery in the world. His notion is that England, by the excellence of her manufactures, drives all other nations out of the market; destroys their competition; reduces them to dependence upon, or (as he calls it) slavery to her. The idea, therefore, is, that a good shopkeeper enslaves his customers.

Mr. Locke King has published a pamphlet on "The Injustice of the Law of Succession to the Real Property of Intestates,"† designed to show the real grounds of his well-known proposal to assimilate the law of descent on intestacy in real, to that now in force respecting personal, property. So far as the theory of English law goes, there is no measure which would so much simplify its theory as the abolition of the small remnant now left of the feudal notions respecting land. Mr. King justly argues, also, that this is not a merely theoretical improvement. A case of intestacy in small landed properties—and nothing is so rare as intestacy in large landed estates—is always attended with a hardship. The middle class donor rarely, if ever, intends to give an exclusive preference to the eldest son. Very often he does not know, and does not care, whether he has a term of a thousand years, or perpetuity in a piece of land. He knows it is his property, and is unaware of the immense importance our law attaches to a purely technical, and, so to speak, historical distinction. Mr. King has

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* Philadelphia. A. Hart. † Ridgway. Third Edition.

stated his case very ably: the defect of the book is that he has stated other cases as well.

Mr. Rickards, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, has published three lectures in conformity with the statute there, which requires a professor to print something on his science every year. Like all lectures published under that statute, they state, that "labour, though essential to man's existence, is repugnant to his inclination." In other respects they are unusually good. The style is elegant and clear, and the chief subject treated of, the effects of competition, is well and consecutively discussed. The idea of the book is, that the real interest of buyers and sellers is the same. Absolute novelty is out of the question.

LIST OF RECENT WORKS SUITABLE FOR BOOK SOCIETIES.

1. Whitelock's Embassy to Sweden. 2 vols. Longman.
2. Peacock's Life of Dr. Thomas Young. 1 vol. Murray.
3. The Unity of Worlds. By Rev. Baden Powell, M.A. 1 vol. Longman.
4. Peard's Campaign in the Crimea. 1 vol. Bentley.
5. Conybeare's Essays. Reprinted from the Edinburgh Review. 1 vol. Longman.
6. Wild's Tour in Canada. 1 vol. Longman.
7. Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.
8. Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. 1 vol. Bell and Daldy.
9. Memoirs of Sydney Smith. 2 vols. Longman.
   [A storehouse of the best English fun and wit.]
10. Sir David Brewster's Life of Newton. Hamilton and Co.
    [A clumsy but valuable biography.]
11. Howitt's Two Years in Victoria. 2 vols. Longman.
12. Pictures from the Battle-fields. By the Roving Englishman. 1 vol. Routledge.
13. North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.
    [The masterly conception of this tale has suffered much from its periodical form. Yet it is not unworthy of its author.]
14. Thornton's Monarchs of the Main. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.
15. Gregorovius's Corsica. Translated by Russell Martineau. Longman.
    [A most amusing book, excellently translated.]

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1855.

Art. I.—THE FIRST EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. 2 vols. Longman.

Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. A new Edition in one volume. Longman.

Lord Brougham's Collected Works. Vols. I. II. III. *Lives of Philosophers of the Reign of George III. Lives of Men of Letters of the Reign of George III. Historical Sketches of the Statesmen who flourished in the Reign of George III.* Griffin.

The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works. Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. Longman.

IT is odd to hear that the Edinburgh Review was once thought an incendiary publication. A young generation, which has always regarded the appearance of that periodical as a grave constitutional event, (and been told that, at least during liberal ministries, the Queen and the cream-coloured horses go forth to receive from the publisher a particularly buff copy,) can scarcely believe, that once grave gentlemen kicked it out of doors—that the dignified classes murmured at "those young men" starting such views, abetting such tendencies, using *such* expressions—that aged men said "very clever, but not at all sound." Rumour, too, exaggerates; people say the Review was planned in a garret; but this is clearly incredible. Merely to take so wise a work now into a garret would be inconsistent with propriety; but

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that the original conception, — not a stray volume, but the pure, undefecated idea to which each number is a quarterly aspiration—ever was in a garret, seems the evident fiction of reminiscent age, striving and failing to remember.

Review writing is one of the features of modern literature. Many able men really give themselves up to the pursuit. Comments on ancient writings are scarcely so common as formerly; no great part of our literary talent is devoted to the illustration of the ancient masters; but what seems at first sight less dignified, annotation on modern writings, was never so frequent as it is now. Hazlitt, who was not a reading man, started the question, whether it would not be as well to review works which did not appear, in lieu of those which did, being desirous, as a reviewer, to escape the labour of perusing print, and, as a human being, wishing to save his fellow-creatures from the slow torture of tedious extracts. But, though approximations to this original idea may frequently be noticed—though the neglect of authors and independence of critics are on the increase—the conception, in its imposing grandeur, has never been carried out. Of course, it looks, at first sight, odd that writers should wish to comment on one another; it appears a tedious mode of stating opinions, and a needless confusion of personal facts with abstract arguments; and some, especially authors who have been criticized severely, are rather ready with the suggestion, that the cause is laziness —that it is easier to write a review than a book—and that reviewers are, as Coleridge declared, a species of maggots, (not bookworms, for that would be to admit them studious,) living on the delicious brains of real genius. Indeed, it would be very nice, but our world is so imperfect. This idea is wholly false. It is easier, of course, to write one review than one book; but not, which is the real case, many reviews than one book. A deeper cause must be looked for.

In fact, review-writing only exemplifies the casual character of modern literature. Everything about it is temporary and fragmentary. Look at a railway stall; you see books of every colour, blue, yellow, crimson, "ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted," on every subject, in every style, of every opinion, with every conceivable difference, celestial or sublunary, maleficent, beneficent—but all small. People take their literature in morsels, as they take sandwiches on a journey. The volumes at least, you can see clearly, are not intended to be everlasting. It may be all very well for a pure essence like poetry to be immortal in a perishable world; it has no feeling, any more than the wandering Jew; but paper cannot endure it, paste cannot bear it, string has no heart for

it. The race has made up its mind to be fugitive, as well as minute. What a change from the ancient volume!—

> "That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
> Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
> The close-press'd leaves, unoped for many an age,
> The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page;
> On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
> Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold."

And the change in the appearance of books has been accompanied—has been caused—by a similar change in readers. What a transition from the student of former ages!—from a grave man, with grave cheeks and a considerate eye, who spends his life in study, has no interest in the outward world, hears nothing of its din, and cares nothing for its honours, who would gladly learn and gladly teach, whose whole soul is taken up with a few books of "Aristotle and his Philosophy,"—to the merchant in the railway, with a head full of sums, an idea that tallow is "up," a conviction that teas are "lively," and a mind reverting perpetually from the little volume which he reads to these mundane topics, to the railway, to the shares, to the buying and bargaining universe. It is no wonder that the outside of books is so different, when the inner nature of those for whom they are written is so changed.

It is, indeed, a peculiarity of our times, that we must instruct so many persons. On politics, on religion, on all less important topics *à fortiori*, every one thinks himself competent to think, —in some casual manner does think,—to the best of our means must be taught to think rightly. Even if we had a profound and far-seeing statesman, his deep ideas and long-reaching vision would be useless to us, unless we could impart a confidence in them to the mass of influential persons, to the unelected Commons, the unchosen Council, who assist at the deliberations of the nation. In religion the appeal now is, not to the technicalities of scholars, or the fictions of recluse schoolmen, but to the deep feelings, the sure sentiments, the painful strivings of all who think and hope. And this appeal to the many necessarily brings with it a consequence. We must speak to the many so that they will listen,—that they will like to listen,—that they will understand. It is of no use addressing them with the forms of science, or the rigour of accuracy, or the tedium of exhaustive discussion. The multitude are impatient of system, desirous of brevity, puzzled by formality. They agree with Sydney Smith: "Political economy has become, in the hands of Malthus and Ricardo, a school of metaphysics. All seem agreed what is to be done: the con-

tention is, how the subject is to be divided and defined. *Meddle with no such matters.*" We are not sneering at the last of these sciences; we are concerned with the essential doctrine, and not with the particular instance. Such is the taste of the public.

There is, as yet, no Act of Parliament compelling a *bonâ fide* traveller to read. If you wish him to read, you must make reading pleasant. You must give him short views, and clear sentences. It will not answer to explain what all the things which you describe, are *not*. You must begin by saying what they are. There is exactly the difference between the books of this age, and those of a more laborious age, that we feel between the lecture of a professor and the talk of the man of the world —the former profound, systematic, suggesting all arguments, analysing all difficulties, discussing all doubts, very admirable, a little tedious, slowly winding an elaborate way, the characteristic effort of one who has hived wisdom during many studious years, agreeable to such as he is, anything but agreeable to such as he is not—the latter, the talk of the manifold talker, glancing lightly from topic to topic, suggesting deep things in a jest, unfolding unanswerable arguments in an absurd illustration, expounding nothing, completing nothing, exhausting nothing, yet really suggesting the lessons of a wider experience, embodying the results of a more finely tested philosophy, passing with a more Shakspearian transition, connecting topics with a more subtle link, refining on them with an acuter perception, and what is more to the purpose, pleasing all that hear him, charming high and low, in season and out of season, with a word of illustration for each and a touch of humour intelligible to all, fragmentary yet imparting what he says, allusive yet explaining what he intends, disconnected yet impressing what he maintains. This is the very model of our modern writing. The man of the modern world is used to speak what the modern world will hear; the writer of the modern world must write what that world will indulgently and pleasantly peruse.

In this transition from ancient writing to modern, the review-like essay and the essay-like review fill a large space. Their small bulk, their slight pretension to systematic completeness, their avowal, it might be said, of necessary incompleteness, the facility of changing the subject, of selecting points to attack, of exposing only the best corner for defence, are great temptations. Still greater is the advantage of "our limits." A real reviewer always spends his first and best pages on the parts of a subject on which he wishes to write, the easy comfortable parts which he knows. The formidable difficulties which he

owns, you foresee by a strange fatality he will only reach two pages before the end; to his great grief there is no opportunity for discussing them. As a young gentleman, at the India House examination, wrote "Time up" on nine unfinished papers in succession, so you may occasionally read a whole review, in every article of which, the principal difficulty of each successive question is about to be reached at the conclusion. Nor can any one deny that this is the suitable skill, the judicious custom, of the craft.

Some may be inclined to mourn over the old days of systematic arguments and regular discussion. A "field-day" argument is a fine thing. These skirmishes have much danger and no glory. Yet there is one immense advantage. The appeal now is to the mass of sensible persons. Professed students are not generally suspected of common sense; and though they often show acuteness in their peculiar pursuits, yet they naturally want the various experience, the changing imagination, the feeling nature, the realized detail which are necessary *data* for a thousand questions. The Edinburgh Review was, at its beginning, a material step in the change. No doubt the Spectator and Tatler, and such-like writings, had opened a similar vein, but their size was too small. They could only deal with small fragments, or the extreme essence of a subject. They could not give a view of what was complicated, or analyse what was involved. The modern man must be told what to think, shortly no doubt, but he must be told it. The essay-like criticism of modern times is about the length which he likes. The Edinburgh Review, which began the system, may be said to be, in this country, the commencement on large topics of suitable views for sensible persons.

The circumstances of the time were especially favourable to such an undertaking. Those years were the commencement of what is called the Eldonine period. The cold and haughty Pitt had gone down to the grave in circumstances singularly contrasting with his vigorous and prosperous youth, and he had carried along with him the inner essence of half-liberal principle, which had clung to his tenacious mind from youthful associations, and was all that remained to the Tories of abstraction or theory. As for Lord Eldon, it is the most difficult thing in the world to believe that there ever was such a man. It only shows how intense historical evidence is, that no one really doubts it. He believed in everything which it is impossible to believe in—in the danger of Parliamentary Reform, the danger of Catholic Emancipation, the danger of altering the Court of Chancery, the danger of altering the Courts of Law, the danger of abolishing capital punishments for

trivial thefts, the danger of making landowners pay their debts, the danger of making anything more, the danger of making anything less. It seems as if he maturely thought, "Now I know the present state of things to be consistent with the existence of John Lord Eldon; but if we begin altering that state, I am sure I do not know that it will be consistent." As Sir Robert Walpole was against all committees of inquiry, on the simple ground, "If they once begin that sort of thing, who knows who will be safe?"—so that great Chancellor (who is still regretted by the somewhat ponderous gentlemen said to be acute in the Court of Chancery) looked pleasantly down from the woolsack, and seemed to observe, "Well, it *is* a queer thing that I should be here, and here I mean to stay." With this idea he employed, for many years, all the abstract intellect of an accomplished lawyer, all the practical *bonhomie* of an accomplished courtier, all the energy of both professions, all the subtlety acquired in either, in the task of maintaining John Lord Eldon in the cabinet, and maintaining a cabinet that would suit John Lord Eldon. No matter what change or misfortunes happened to the Royal house,—whether the most important person in court politics was the old King or the young King, Queen Charlotte or Queen Caroline—whether it is a question of talking grave business to the mutton of George the Third, or queer stories beside the champagne of George the Fourth, there was the same figure. To the first he was tearfully conscientious, and at the second the old northern circuit stories (how old, what outlasting tradition shall ever say?) told with a cheerful *bonhomie*, and a strong conviction that they *were* ludicrous, really seemed to have pleased as well as the more artificial niceties of the professed wits. He was always agreeable, and always serviceable. No little peccadillo offended him: the ideal, according to the satirist, of a "good-natured man," he cared for nothing until he was himself hurt: he ever remembered the statute which absolves all obedience to a king *de facto*. And it was the same in the political world. No matter what politicians came and went—and a good many, including several that are now scarcely remembered, did come and go,—the "Cabinet-maker," as men called him, still remained. "As to Lord Liverpool being Prime Minister," continued Mr. Brougham, "he is no more Prime Minister than I am. I reckon Lord Liverpool a sort of member of opposition; and after what has recently passed, if I were required, I should designate him as 'a noble lord with whom I have the honour to act.' Lord Liverpool may have collateral influence, but Lord Eldon has all the direct influence of the Prime Minister. He is Prime Minister to all intents and purposes,

and he stands alone in the full exercise of all the influence of that high situation. Lord Liverpool has carried measures against the Lord Chancellor; so have I. If Lord Liverpool carried the Marriage Act, I carried the Education Bill, &c., &c." And though the general views of Lord Eldon may be described,—though one can say at least negatively and intelligibly that he objected to everything proposed, and never proposed anything himself,—the arguments are such as it would require great intellectual courage to endeavour at all to explain. What follows is a favourable specimen.

"Lord Grey," says the biographer, "having introduced a bill for dispensing with the declarations prescribed by the acts of 25 and of 30 Car. II., against the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the Invocation of Saints, moved the second reading of it on the 10th of June, when the Lord Chancellor again opposed the principle of such a measure, urging that the law which had been introduced under Charles II. had been re-enacted in the first parliament of *William III.*, the founder of our civil and religious liberties. It had been thought necessary for the preservation of these, that *papists* should not be allowed to sit in parliament, and some test was necessary by which it might be ascertained whether a man was a Catholic or Protestant. The only possible test for such a purpose was an oath declaratory of religious belief, and as *Dr. Paley* had observed, it was perfectly just to have a religious test of a political creed. He entreated the House not to commit the crime against posterity of transmitting to them in an impaired and insecure state the civil and religious liberties of England." And this sort of appeal to Paley and King William, is made the ground—one can hardly say the reason—for the most rigid adherence to all that was established.

It may be asked, how came the English people to endure this? They are not naturally illiberal; on the contrary, though slow and cautious, they are prone to steady improvement, and not at all disposed to acquiesce in the unlimited perfection of their rulers. On a certain imaginative side there is or was a strong feeling of loyalty, of attachment to what is old, love for what is ancestral, belief in what has been tried. But the fond attachment to the past is a very different idea from a slavish adoration of the present. Nothing is more removed from the Eldonine idolatry of the *status quo* than the old cavalier feeling of deep idolatry for the ancient realm—that half-mystic idea that consecrated what it touched; the moonlight, as it were, which

> "Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby."

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Why, then, did the English endure the everlasting Chancellor?

The fact is, that Lord Eldon's rule was maintained a great deal on the same motives as that of Louis Napoleon. One can fancy his astonishment at hearing it said, and his cheerful rejoinder, "That whatever he was, and Mr. Brougham was in the habit of calling him strange names, no one should ever make him believe that he was a *Bonaparte*." But, in fact, he was, like the present Emperor, the head of what is called in our modern phrase the party of order. Everybody knows what keeps Louis Napoleon in his place. It is not attachment to him, but dread of what he restrains—dread of revolution. The present may not be good, and having such newspapers,—you might say no newspapers,—is really dreadful; but it is better than no trade, bankrupt banks, loss of income, loss of old savings; your mother beheaded on destructive principles; your eldest son shot on conservative ones. Very similar was the feeling of Englishmen in the year 1800. They had no liking at all for the French system. Statesmen saw its absurdity, holy men were shocked at its impiety, mercantile men saw its effect on the 5 per cents. Everybody was revolted by its cruelty. That it came across the Channel was no great recommendation. A witty writer of our own time says, that if a still Mussulman, in his flowing robes, wished to give his son a warning against renouncing his faith, he would take the completest, smartest, dapperest French dandy out of the streets of Pera, and say, "There, my son, if you ever come to forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like *that*." Exactly similar in old conservative speeches is the use of the French Revolution. If you proposed to alter anything, of importance or not of importance, legal or social, religious or not religious, the same answer was ready. "You see what the French have come to. They made alterations; if we make alterations, who knows but we may end in the same way?" It was not any peculiar bigotry in Lord Eldon that actuated him, or he would have been powerless; still less was it any affected feeling which he put forward (though, doubtless, he was aware of its persuasive potency, and worked on it most skilfully to his own ends); it really was genuine, hearty, craven fear; and he ruled naturally the commonplace Englishman, because he sympathized in his sentiments, and excelled him in his powers.

There was, too, another cause beside fear which then inclined, and which in similar times of miscellaneous revolution will ever incline, subtle rather than creative intellects to a narrow conservatism. Such intellects require an exact creed; they want to be able clearly to distinguish themselves from

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those around them; to tell to each man where they differ and why they differ; they cannot make assumptions; they cannot, like the merely practical man, be content with rough and obvious axioms; they require a theory. Such a want it is difficult to satisfy in an age of confusion and tumult, when old habits are shaken, old views overthrown, ancient assumptions rudely questioned, ancient inferences utterly denied, when each man has a different view from his neighbour, when an intellectual change has set father and son at variance, when a man's own household are the special foes of his favourite and self-adopted creed. A bold and original mind breaks through these vexations, and forms for itself a theory satisfactory to its notions, and sufficient for its wants. A weak mind yields a passive obedience to those among whom it is thrown. But a mind which is searching without being creative, which is accurate and logical enough to see defects, without being combinative or inventive enough to provide remedies, which, in the old language, is discriminative rather than discursive, is wholly unable, out of the medley of new suggestions, to provide itself with an adequate belief; and it naturally falls back on the *status quo*. This is, at least, clear and simple and defined; you know at least what you propose—where you end—why you pause;—an argumentative defence it is, doubtless, difficult to find; but there are arguments on all sides; the world is a medley of arguments; no one is agreed in which direction to alter the world: what is proposed is as liable to objection as what exists; nonsense for nonsense, the old should keep its ground: and so in times of convulsion, the philosophic scepticism—the ever-questioning hesitation of Hume and Montaigne—the subtlest quintessence of the most restless and refining abstraction—becomes allied to the stupidest, crudest acquiescence in the present and concrete world. You may sometimes observe in conservative literature (the remark is as true of religion as of politics) alternations of sentences, the first an appeal to the coarsest prejudice,—the next a subtle hint to a craving and insatiable scepticism. You may trace it sometimes even in Vesey junior. Lord Eldon never read Hume or Montaigne, but occasionally, in the interstices of cumbrous law, you may find sentences with their meaning, if not in their manner; "Dumpor's case always struck me as extraordinary, but if you depart from Dumpor's case, what is there to prevent a departure in every direction?"

The glory of the Edinburgh Review is that from the first it steadily set itself to oppose this timorous acquiescence in the actual system. On domestic subjects the history of the first thirty years of the eighteenth century is a species of duel between the Edinburgh Review and Lord Eldon. All the ancient

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abuses which he thought it most dangerous to impair, they thought it most dangerous to retain. "To appreciate the value of the Edinburgh Review," says one of the founders, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The game-laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were on the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated. A thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and noble men have since lessened or removed: and these efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review." And even more characteristic than the advocacy of these or any other partial or particular reforms is the systematic opposition of the Edinburgh Review to the crude acquiescence in the *status quo;* the timorous dislike to change because it was change; the optimistic conclusion, "that what is, ought to be;" the sceptical query, "How do you know that what you say will be any better?"

In this defence of the principle of innovation, a defence which it requires great imagination (or, as we suggested, the looking across the Channel) to conceive the difficulty of now, the Edinburgh Review was but the doctrinal organ of the Whigs. A great deal of philosophy has been expended in endeavouring to fix and express theoretically the creed of that party: various forms of abstract doctrine have been drawn out, in which elaborate sentence follows hard on elaborate sentence, to be set aside, or at least vigorously questioned by the next or succeeding inquirers. In truth Whiggism is not a creed, it is a character. Perhaps as long as there has been a political history in this country there have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firmness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear view of the next step, and a wise intention to act on it; with a strong conviction that the elements of knowledge are true, and a steady belief that the present world can, and should be, quietly improved.

These are the Whigs. A tinge of simplicity still clings to the character; of old it was the Country Party. The limitation of their imagination is in some sort an ad-

vantage to such men; it confines them to a simple path, prevents their being drawn aside by various speculations, restricts them to what is clear and intelligible, and at hand. "I cannot," said Sir S. Romilly, "be convinced without arguments, and I do not see that either Burke or Paine advance any." He was unable to see that the most convincing arguments,—and some of those in the work of Burke, which he alludes to, are certainly sound enough,—may be expressed imaginatively, and may work a far firmer persuasion than any neat and abstract statement. Nor are the intellectual powers of the characteristic element in this party exactly of the loftiest order; they have no call to make great discoveries, or pursue unbounded designs, or amaze the world by some wild dream of empire and renown. That terrible essence of daring genius, such as we see it in Napoleon, and can imagine it in some of the conquerors of old time, is utterly removed from their cool and placid judgment. In taste they are correct, as it is called, better appreciating the complete compliance with explicit and ascertained rules, than the unconscious exuberance of inexplicable and unforeseen beauties. In their own writings, accordingly, they display the defined neatness of the second order, rather than the aspiring hardihood of the first excellence. In action they are quiet and reasonable rather than inventive and overwhelming. Their power indeed is scarcely intellectual; on the contrary, it resides in what Aristotle would have called their ἦθος, and we should call their nature. They are emphatically pure-natured and firm-natured. Instinctively casting aside the coarse temptations and crude excitements of a vulgar earth, they pass like a September breeze across the other air, cool and refreshing, unable, one might fancy, even to comprehend the many offences with which all else is fainting and oppressed. So far even as it is intellectual, their excellence consists less in the supereminent possession of any single talent or endowment, than in the simultaneous enjoyment and felicitous adjustment of many or several;—in a certain balance of the faculties which we call judgment or sense, which placidly and easily indicates to them what should be done, and which is not preserved without an equable calm, and a patient, persistent watchfulness. To a singular degree in such men the moral and intellectual nature seem to become one. Whether, according to the Greek question, manly virtue can be taught or not, assuredly it has never been taught to them; it seems a native endowment; it seems a soul—a soul of honour—as we speak, within the exterior soul; a fine impalpable essence, more exquisite than the rest of the being; as the thin gauze-like pillar of the cloud, more

beautiful than the pure blue of heaven, governing and guiding a simple way through the dark wilderness of our world.

To descend from such elevations, among people Sir Samuel Romilly is the best-known type of this character. His admirable "Life," we mean the biography, has enshrined, as it were, and yet made public his admirable virtues. Yet it is probable that among the aristocratic Whigs, persons as typical of the character can be found. This species of noble nature is exactly of the kind which hereditary associations tend to purify and confirm; exactly that casual, delicate, placid virtue which it is so hard to find, perhaps so sanguine to expect, in a rough tribune of the people. Defects enough there are in this character, on which we shall say something; yet it is wonderful to see what an influence in this sublunary sphere it gains and preserves. The world makes an oracle of its judgment. There is a curious living instance of this. You may observe that when an ancient liberal, Lord John, or any of the essential sect, has done anything very queer, the last thing you would imagine anybody would dream of doing, and is attacked for it, he always answers boldly, "Lord Lansdowne said I *might;*" or if it is a ponderous day, the eloquence runs, "A noble friend with whom I have ever had the inestimable advantage of being associated from the commencement (the infantile period, I might say) of my political life, and to whose advice, &c. &c. &c."—and a very cheerful existence it must be for my noble friend to be expected to justify—(for they never say it except they have done something very odd) —and dignify every aberration. Still it must be a beautiful feeling to have a man like Lord John, to have a stiff, small man bowing down before you. And a good judge certainly suggested the conferring of this authority; "Why do not they talk over the virtues and excellences of Lansdowne? There is no man who performs the duties of life better, or fills a high station in a more becoming manner. He is full of knowledge, and eager for its acquisition. His remarkable politeness is the result of good-nature, regulated by good sense. He looks for talents and qualities among all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society, as a botanist does his plants; and while other aristocrats are yawning among stars and garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palace. Then he is an honest politician, a wise statesman, and has a philosophic mind, &c. &c."* Here is devotion for a carping critic; and who ever heard before of *bonhomie* in an idol?

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* Sydney Smith, Memoirs, Vol. i. p. 489.

It may strike some that this equable kind of character is not the most interesting. Many will prefer the bold felicities of daring genius, the deep plans of latent and searching sagacity, the hardy triumphs of an overawing and imperious will. Yet it is not unremarkable that an experienced and erudite Frenchman, not unalive to artistic effect, has just now selected this very species of character for the main figure in a large portion of an elaborate work. The hero of M. Villemain is one to whom he delights to ascribe such things as *bon sens, esprit juste, cœur excellent.* The result, it may be owned, is a little dull, yet it is not the less characteristic. The instructed observer has detected the deficiency of his country. If France had more men of firm will, quiet composure, with a suspicion of enormous principle and a taste for moderate improvement; if a Whig party, in a word, were possible in France, France would be free. And though there are doubtless crises in affairs, dark and terrible moments, when a more creative intellect is needful to propose, a more dictatorial will is necessary to carry out a sudden and daring resolution; though in times of inextricable confusion—perhaps the present is one of them—a more abstruse and disentangling intellect is required to untwist the ravelled perplexities of a complicated world; yet England will cease to be the England of our fathers, when a large share in great affairs is no longer given to the equable sense, the composed resolution, the homely purity of the characteristic Whigs.

It is evident that between such men and Lord Eldon there could be no peace; and between them and the Edinburgh Review there was an equally natural alliance. Not only the kind of reforms there proposed, the species of views therein maintained, but the very manner in which those views and alterations are put forward and maintained, is exactly what they would like. The kind of writing suitable to such minds is not the elaborate, ambitious, exhaustive discussion of former ages, but the clear, simple, occasional writing (as we just now described it) of the present times. The opinions to be expressed are short and simple; the innovations suggested are natural and evident; neither one nor the other require more than an intelligible statement, a distinct exposition to the world; and their reception would be only impeded and complicated by operose and cumbrous argumentation. The exact mind which of all others dislikes the stupid adherence to the *status quo*, is the keen, quiet, improving Whig mind; the exact kind of writing most adapted to express that dislike is the cool, pungent, didactic essay.

Equally common to the Whigs and the Edinburgh Review is

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the enmity to the sceptical, over-refining Toryism of Hume and Montaigne. The Whigs, it is true, have a conservatism of their own, but it instinctively clings to certain practical rules tried by steady adherence, to appropriate formulæ verified by the regular application and steady success of many ages. Political philosophers speak of it as a great step when the idea of an attachment to one organized code and system of rules and laws takes the place of the exclusive oriental attachment to the person of the single monarch. This step is natural, is instinctive to the Whig mind; that cool impassive intelligence is little likely to yield to ardent emotions of personal loyalty; but its chosen ideal is a body or collection of wise rules fitly applicable to great affairs, pleasing a placid sense by an evident propriety, gratifying the clear capacity for business by a constant and steady applicability. The Whigs are constitutional by instinct, as the Cavaliers were monarchical by devotion. It has been a jest at their present leader that he is over-familiar with public forms and parliamentary rites. Their first wish is to retain the constitution; their second—and it is of almost equal strength—is to improve it. Their creed is, that the body of laws now existing is, in the main and in its essence, excellent; but yet that there are exceptional defects which should be remedied, superficial inconsistencies that should be corrected. The most opposite creed in the world is that of the sceptic, who teaches that you are to keep what is because it exists; not from a conviction of its excellence, but from an uncertainty that anything better can be obtained. The one is an attachment to precise rules for specific reasons; the other an acquiescence in the present on grounds that would be equally applicable to its very opposite, from a disbelief in the possibility of improvement, and a conviction of the uncertainty of all things. And equally adverse to an unlimited scepticism is the nature of popular writing. It is true that the greatest teachers of that creed have sometimes, and as it were of set purpose, adopted that species of writing; yet essentially it is inimical to them. Its appeal is to the people; as has been shown, it addresses the *élite* of common men, sensible in their affairs, intelligent in their tastes, influential among their neighbours. What is absolute scepticism to such men? a dream, a chimera, an inexplicable absurdity. Tell it to them to-day, and they will have forgotten it to-morrow. A man of business hates elaborate trifling. "If you do not believe *your own* senses," he will say, "there is no use in *my* talking to you." As to the multiplicity of arguments and the complexity of questions, he feels them [illegible] He has a plain, simple, as he would say, practical way

of looking at the matter; and you will never make him comprehend any other. He knows the world can be improved. And thus what we may call the middle species of writing,—which is intermediate between the light, frivolous style of merely amusing literature, and the heavy, conscientious elaborateness of methodical philosophy — the style of the original Edinburgh—is, in truth, as opposed to the vague, desponding conservatism of the sceptic, as it is to the stupid conservatism of the crude and uninstructed; and substantially for the same reason—that it is addressed to men of cool, clear, and practical understandings. The periodical which began the new system naturally showed its efficiency and exemplified its relations.

It is, indeed, no wonder that the Edinburgh Review should be agreeable to the Whigs, for the people who founded it were Whigs. Among these, three stand pre-eminent,—Horner, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith. Other men of equal ability may have contributed—and a few did contribute—to its pages; but these men were, more than any one else, the first Edinburgh Review.

Francis Horner's was a short and singular life. He was the son of an Edinburgh shopkeeper. He died at thirty-nine, and when he died, from all sides of the usually cold House of Commons great statesmen and thorough gentlemen got up to deplore his loss. Tears are rarely parliamentary: all men are arid towards young Scotchmen; yet it was one of that inclement nation whom statesmen of the species Castlereagh, and statesmen of the species Whitbread—with all the many kinds and species that lie between the two—rose in succession to lament. The fortunes and superficial features of the man make it more singular. He had no wealth, was a briefless barrister, never held an office, was a conspicuous member of the most unpopular of all oppositions—the opposition to a glorious and successful war. He never had the means of obliging any one. He was destitute of showy abilities: he had not the intense eloquence or overwhelming ardour which enthral and captivate popular assemblies: his powers of administration were little tried, and may possibly be slightly questioned. In his youthful reading he was remarkable for laying down, for a few months of study, enormous plans, such as many years would scarcely complete; and not especially remarkable for doing anything wonderful towards accomplishing those plans. Sir Walter Scott, who, though by no means illiberal in his essential intellect, was a keen partizan on superficial matters, and no lenient critic on actual Edinburgh Whigs, used to observe, "I cannot admire your Horner; he always reminds me of Obadiah's bull, who, though he never certainly did produce a calf, nevertheless went about his business with so much gravity,

that he commanded the respect of the whole parish." It is no explanation that he was a considerable political economist: no real English gentleman, in his secret soul, was ever sorry for the death of a political economist: he is much more likely to be sorry for his life. There is an idea that he has something to do with statistics; or, if that be exploded, that he is a person who writes upon "value;" says that rent is—you cannot very well make out what; talks excruciating currency; who may be useful as drying machines are useful; but the notion of crying about him is absurd. You might as well cry at the death of a cormorant. Indeed, how he can die is very odd. You would think a man who could digest all that arid matter; who really preferred "sawdust without butter;"* who liked the tough subsistence of rigid *formulæ*, might defy by intensity of internal constitution all stomachic or lesser diseases. However, they do die, and people say that the dryness of the Sahara is caused by a deposit of similar bones. Yet it is not grief for his loss in an economical capacity that will explain the mourning for Francis Horner.

The fact is that Horner is a striking example of the advantage of keeping an atmosphere. This may sound like nonsense, and yet it is true. There is around some men a kind of circle or halo of influences, and traits, and associations, by which they infallibly leave a certain uniform and distinct impression on all their contemporaries. It is very difficult, even for those who have the best opportunities, to analyze exactly what this impression consists in, or why it was made—but it *is* made. There is a certain undefinable keeping in the traits and manner, and common speech and characteristic actions of some men, which inevitably stamps the same mark and image. It is like a man's style. There are some writers who can be known by a few words of their writing; each syllable is instinct with a certain spirit: put it into the hands of any one chosen at random, the same impression will be produced by the same casual and felicitous means. Just so in character, the air and atmosphere, so to speak, which are around a man, have a delicate and expressive power, and leave a stamp of unity on the interpretative faculty of mankind. Death dissolves this association, and it becomes a problem for posterity what it was that contemporaries marked and reverenced. There is Lord Somers. Does any one know why he had such a reputation? He was Lord Chancellor, and decided

* "Horner is ill. He was desired to read amusing books: upon searching his library, it appeared he had no amusing books, the nearest approach to a work of that description being the *Indian Trader's Complete Guide*."—*Sydney Smith's Letter to Lady Holland.*

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a Bank case, and had an influence in the Cabinet; but there have been Lord Chancellors, and Bank cases, and influential Cabinet ministers not a few, that have never attained to a like reputation. There is little we can connect specifically with his name. Mr. Macaulay, indeed, says that he spoke for five minutes on the bishop's trial; and that when he sat down, his reputation as an orator and constitutional lawyer was established. But this must be a trifle eloquent; hardly any orator could be fast enough to attain such a reputation in five minutes. The truth is, that Lord Somers had around him that inexpressible attraction and influence of which we speak. He left a sure, and if we may trust the historian, even a momentary impression on those who saw him. By a species of tact they felt him to be a great man. The ethical sense—for there is almost such a thing in simple persons—discriminated the fine and placid oneness of his nature. It was the same on a smaller scale with Horner. After he had left Edinburgh several years, his closest and most confidential associate writes to him,—"There is no circumstance in your life, my dear Horner, so enviable as the universal confidence which your conduct has produced among all descriptions of men. I do not speak of your friends, who have been near and close observers; but I have had some occasions of observing the impression which those who are distant spectators have had, and I believe there are few instances of any person of your age possessing the same character for independence and integrity, qualities for which very little credit is given in general to young men."* Sydney Smith said "the ten commandments were written on his countenance." Of course he was a very ugly man, but the moral impression in fact conveyed, was equally efficacious; "I have often," said the same most just observer, "told him, that there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness. You saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners, and cheerfully submitted to his sway." From the somewhat lengthened description given of what we presume to define as the essential Whig character, it is evident how agreeable and suitable such a man was to their quiet, composed, and aristocratic nature. It was agreeable to all English gentlemen: a firm and placid manliness, without effect or pretension, is what

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* Letter from Lord Murray.

they like best; and therefore it was that the House of Commons grieved for his loss—unanimously and without distinction.

Some friends of Horner's, in his own time, mildly criticized him for a tendency to party spirit. The disease in him, if real, was by no means virulent; but it is worth noticing as one of the defects to which the proper Whig character is specially prone. It is evident in the quiet agreement of the men. Their composed, unimaginative nature is inclined to isolate itself in a single view; their placid disposition, never prone to self-distrust, is rather susceptible of friendly influence; their practical habit is concentrated on what should be done. They do not wish—they do not like to go forth into various speculation; to put themselves in the position of opponents; to weigh in a refining-scale the special weight of small objections. Their fancy is hardly vivid enough to explain to them all the characters of those whom they oppose; their intellect scarcely detective enough to discover a meaning for each grain in opposite arguments. Nor is their temper, it may be, always prone to be patient with propositions which tease, and persons who resist them. The wish to call down fire from heaven is rarely absent in pure zeal for a pure cause.

A good deal of praise has naturally been bestowed upon the Whigs for adopting such a man as Horner, with Romilly and others of that time; and much excellent eulogy has fallen to the lot of the close boroughs, which afforded to the Whig leaders a useful mode of showing their favour. Certainly we have just said that the character of Horner was one altogether calculated to ingratiate itself with the best and most special Whig nature. But as for the eulogy on the proprietary seats in Parliament, it is certain that from the position of the Whig party, the nomination system was then most likely to show its excellences, and to conceal its defects. Nobody but an honest man would bind himself thoroughly to the Whigs. It was evident that the reign of Lord Eldon must be long; the heavy and common Englishman (after all the most steady and powerful force in our political constitution) had been told that Lord Grey was in favour of the "Papists," and liked Bonaparte; and the consequence was a long, painful, arduous exile on "the other side of the table,"—the last place any political adventurer would wish to arrive at. Those who have no bribes will never charm the corrupt; those who have nothing to give will not please those who desire that much shall be given them. There is an observation of Niel Blane, the innkeeper, in Old Mortality. "'And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father,' asked Jenny, 'when we hae sent awa the haile meal in the ark and the girnel?' 'We maun gaur wheat flour serve us for a blink,'

said Niel, with an air of resignation. 'It is not that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty and kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the curney aitmeal is: the Englishers live amaist upon it,' &c." It was so with the Whigs; they were obliged to put up with honest and virtuous men, and they wanted able men to carry on a keen opposition; and after all, they and the "Englishers" like it best.

In another point of view, too, Horner's life was characteristic of those times. It might seem, at first sight, odd that the English Whigs should go to Scotland to find a literary representative. There was no place where Toryism was so intense. The constitution of Scotland at that time has been described as the worst constitution in Europe. The nature of the representation made the entire country a government borough. In the towns, the franchise belonged to a close and self-electing corporation, who were always carefully watched; the county representation, anciently resting on a property qualification, had become vested in a few titular freeholders, something like lords of the manor, only that they might have no manor; and these, even with the addition of the borough freeholders, did not amount to three thousand. The whole were in the hands of Lord Eldon's party, and the entire force, influence, and patronage of Government were spent to maintain and keep it so. By inevitable consequence, Liberalism, even of the most moderate kind, was thought almost a criminal offence. The mild Horner was considered a man of "very violent opinions." Jeffrey's father, a careful and discerning parent, was so anxious to shield him from the intellectual taint, as to forbid his attendance at Stewart's lectures. This seems an odd place to find the eruption of a liberal review. Of course the necessary effect of a close and common-place tyranny was to engender a strong reaction in searching and vigorous minds. The Liberals of the north, though far fewer, may perhaps have been stronger Liberals than those of the south; but this will hardly explain the phenomenon. In fact, the education of Scotland seems to have been designed to teach men to write essays and articles. There are two kinds of education, into all the details of which it is not now pleasant to go, but which may be adequately described as the education of facts, and the education of speculation. The system of facts is the English system. The strength of the pedagogue and the agony of the pupil are designed to engender a good knowledge of two languages; in the old times, a little arithmetic; now also a knowledge, more or less, of mathematics and mathematical physics. The positive tastes and tendencies of the English mind confine its training to ascertained learning

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and definite science. In Scotland it was very different. The time of a man like Horner was taken up with speculations like these: "I have long been feeding my ambition with the prospect of accomplishing, at some future period of my life, a work similar to that which Sir Francis Bacon executed about two hundred years ago. It will depend on the sweep and turn of my speculations, whether they shall be thrown into the form of a discursive commentary on the 'Instauratio Magna' of that great author, or shall be entitled to an original form, under the title of a 'View of the Limits of Human Knowledge and a System of the Principles of Philosophical Inquiry.' I shall say nothing at present of the audacity," &c. &c. And this sort of planning, which is the staple of his youthful biography, was really accompanied by much application to metaphysics, history, political economy, and such like studies. It is not at all to our present purpose to compare this speculative and indeterminate kind of study with the rigorous, accurate education of England. The fault of the former is sometimes to produce a sort of lecturer *in vacuo*, ignorant of exact pursuits, and diffusive of vague words. The English now and then produce a learned creature like a thistle, prickly with all facts, and incapable of all fruit. But passing by this general question, it cannot be doubted that, as a preparation for the writing of various articles, the system of Edinburgh is enormously superior to that of Cambridge. The particular, compact, exclusive learning of England is inferior in this respect to the general, diversified, omnipresent information of the north; and what is more, the speculative, dubious nature of metaphysical and such like pursuits tends, in a really strong mind, to cultivate habits of independent thought and original discussion. A bold mind so trained will even *wish* to advance its peculiar ideas, on its own account, in a written and special form; that is, as we said, to write an article. Such are the excellencies of the system in this respect of which Horner is an example. The defects tend the same way. It tends, as is said, to make a man fancy he knows everything. "Well then at least," it may be answered, "I can write an article on everything."

The facility and boldness of the habits so produced were curiously exemplified in Lord Jeffrey. It has been proved that he wrote his own size. He was a little man, which makes it less extraordinary; but it seems that if you commenced a layer of literature on the soles of shoes, you would actually have enough —and in the way of reviews only—to fill with his writing up to the crown of a real hat. During the first six years of the Edinburgh Review he wrote as many as seventy-nine articles; in a

like period afterwards he wrote forty. This is often not nearly enough remembered. When you hear a man's style criticised, you should ask, how high up has he written? Elaborate men never get up to their knees; Gray was never up to his ankles; Tennyson's poems amount to socks. You may venture to look very minutely at these little productions; but when you confront a *body* of composition, you should really be careful how you examine his voluminous interior. You will be sure to find little things you do not expect; we must not go into the subject; not quite pleasant trifles; little undigested things; any analyst will tell you what. It is so with Lord Jeffrey. Any one who should expect to find a pure perfection in these miscellaneous productions, should remember their bulk. If all his reviews were reprinted, they would be very many. And all the while he was a busy lawyer, was editor of the Review, did the business, corrected the proof sheets; and, more than all, what one would have thought a very strong man's work, actually managed Henry Brougham. You must not criticise papers like these, rapidly written in the hurry of life, as you would the painful words of an elaborate sage, slowly and with anxious awfulness instructing mankind. Some things, a few things, are for eternity; some, and a good many, are for time. We do not expect the everlastingness of the Pyramids from the vibratory grandeur of a Tyburnian mansion.

The truth is, that Lord Jeffrey was something of a Whig critic. We have hinted, that among the peculiarities of that character, an excessive partiality for new, arduous, overwhelming, original excellence, was by no means to be numbered. Their tendency inclining to the quiet footsteps of custom, they like to trace the exact fulfilment of admitted rules, an exact accordance with the familiar features of ancient merit. But they are most averse to mysticism. A clear, precise, discriminating intellect shrinks at once from the symbolic, the unbounded, the indefinite. The misfortune is that mysticism is true. There certainly are kinds of truth, borne in as it were instinctively on the human intellect, most influential on the character and the heart, yet hardly capable of stringent statement, difficult to limit by an elaborate definition. Their course is shadowy; the mind seems rather to have seen than to see them, more to feel after than definitely to apprehend them. They commonly involve an infinite element, which of course cannot be stated precisely, or else a first principle—an original tendency—of our intellectual constitution, which it is impossible not to feel, and yet which it is hard to extricate in terms and words. Of this latter kind is what has been called the religion of nature, or more exactly perhaps, the religion of

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the imagination. This is an interpretative faculty. To it the beauty of the world has a meaning, its grandeur a soul, its sublimity an expression. As we gaze on the faces of those whom we love; as we watch the light of life in the dawning of their eyes, and the play of their features, and the wildness of their animation; as we trace in changing lineaments a varying sign; as a charm and a thrill seem to run along the tone of a voice, to haunt the mind with a mere word; as a tone seems to roam in the ear; as a trembling fancy hears words that are unspoken; so in nature the mystical sense finds a notion in the mountains, and a power in the waves, and a meaning in the long white line of the shore, and a thought in the blue of heaven, and a gushing soul in the buoyant light, an unbounded being in the vast void air, and

"Wakeful watchings in the pointed stars."

There is a philosophy in this which might be explained, if explaining were to our purpose. It might be advanced that there are original sources of expression in the essential grandeur and sublimity of nature, of an analogous though fainter kind, to those familiar, inexplicable signs by which we trace in the very face and outward lineaments of man the existence and working of the mind within. But be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Wordsworth preached this kind of religion, and that Lord Jeffrey did not believe a word of it. His cool, sharp, collected mind revolted from its mystery; his detective intelligence was absorbed in its apparent fallaciousness; his light humour made sport with the sublimities of the preacher. His love of perspicuity was vexed by its indefiniteness; the precise philosopher was amazed at its mystic unintelligibility. Finding a little fault was doubtless not unpleasant to him. The reviewer's pen—*φονον ηρωεσσιν*—has seldom been more poignantly wielded. "If," he was told, "you could be alarmed into the semblance of modesty, you would charm everybody; but remember my joke against you" (Sydney Smith *loquitur*) "about the moon. D—n the solar system—bad light—planets too distant—pestered with comets: feeble contrivance; could make a better with great ease." Yet we do not mean that in this great literary feud, either of the combatants had all the right, or gained all the victory. The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their reward. The one had his own generation; the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd: the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely

minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for forty years, without some trace for good or evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if 'sacred poets' thrive by translating their weaker portion into the speech of women; if, when all this is over, some sufficient part of their writing will ever be fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature—"an intense and glowing mind," "the vision and the faculty divine." But if, perchance, in their weaker moments, the great authors of the lyrical ballads did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses; that Peter Bell would be popular in drawing-rooms; that Christabel would be perused in the City; that people of fashion would make a handbook of the Excursion,—it was well for them to be told at once that this was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains; of the frivolous concerning the grave; of the gregarious concerning the recluse; of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not; of the common concerning the uncommon; of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notion of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous—it said,* "This won't do!" And so in all time will the lovers of polished Liberalism speak, concerning the intense and lonely prophet.

Yet if Lord Jeffrey had the natural infirmities of a Whig critic, he certainly had also its extrinsic and political advantages. Especially at Edinburgh, the Whigs wanted a literary man. The Liberal party in Scotland had long groaned under political exclusion; they had suffered, with acute mortification, the heavy sway of Henry Dundas, but they had been compensated by a literary supremacy; in the book-world they enjoyed a social domination. On a sudden this was rudely threatened. The fame of Sir Walter Scott was echoed from the southern world, and appealed to every national sentiment —to the inmost heart of every Scotchman. And what a ruler! A lame Tory, a jocose Jacobite, a laugher at liberalism, a scoffer at metaphysics, an unbeliever in political economy. What a gothic ruler for the modern Athens!—was this man to reign

* The first words of Jeffrey's review of the Excursion are, "This will never do."

over them? It would not have been like human nature, if a strong and intellectual party had not soon found a clever and noticeable rival. Poets, indeed, are not made "to order;" but Byron, speaking the sentiment of his time and circle, counted reviewers their equals. If a Tory produced "Marmion," a Whig wrote the best article upon it; Scott might, so ran Liberal speech, be the best living writer of fiction; Jeffrey, clearly, was the most shrewd and accomplished of literary critics.

And though this was an absurd delusion, Lord Jeffrey was no every-day man. He invented the trade of editorship. Before him an editor was a bookseller's drudge; he is now a distinguished functionary. If Jeffrey was not a great critic, he had, what very great critics have wanted, the art of writing what most people would think good criticism. He might not know his subject, but he knew his readers. People like to read ideas which they can imagine to have been their own. "Why does Scarlett always persuade the jury?" asked a rustic gentleman. "Because there are twelve Scarletts in the jury-box," replied an envious advocate. What Scarlett was in law, Jeffrey was in criticism; he could become that which his readers could not avoid being. He was neither a pathetic writer nor a profound writer; but he was a quick-eyed, bustling, black-haired, sagacious, intrusive, agreeable, man of the world. He had his day, and was entitled to his day; but a gentle oblivion must now cover his already subsiding reputation.

Sidney Smith was an after-dinner writer. His words have a flow, a vigour, an expression, which is not given to hungry mortals. You seem to read of good wine, of good cheer, of beaming and buoyant enjoyment. There is little trace of labour in his composition; it is poured forth like an unceasing torrent, rejoicing daily to run its course. And what courage there is in it! There is as much variety of pluck in writing across a sheet, as in riding across a country. Cautious men have many adverbs, "usually," "nearly," "almost:" safe men begin, "it may be advanced:" you never know precisely what their premises are, nor what their conclusion is; they go tremulously like a timid rider; they turn hither and thither; they do not go straight across a subject, like a masterly mind. A few sentences are enough for a master of sentences. A practical topic wants rough vigour and strong exposition. This is the writing of "Sidney Smith." It is suited to the broader kind of important questions. For anything requiring fine nicety of speculation, long elaborateness of deduction, evanescent sharpness of distinction, neither his style nor his mind was fit. He had no patience for long

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argument, no acuteness for delicate precision, no fangs for recondite research. Writers, like teeth, are divided into incisors and grinders. Sidney Smith was a "molar." He did not run a long sharp argument into the interior of a question; he did not, in the common phrase, go deeply into it; but he kept it steadily under the contact of a strong, capable, heavy, jaw-like understanding,—pressing its surface, effacing its intricacies, grinding it down. But as we said, this is done without toil. The play of the "molar" is instinctive and placid; he could not help it; it would seem he had an enjoyment in it.

The story is, that he liked a bright light; that when he was a poor parson in the country, he used, not being able to afford more delicate luminaries, to adorn his drawing-room with a hundred little lamps of tin metal and mutton fat. When you know this, you see it in all his writings. There is the same preference of perspicuity throughout them. Elegance, fine sávour, sweet illustration, are quite secondary. His only question, as to an argument, was, "will it tell?" as to an example, "will it exemplify?" Like what is called "push" in a practical man, his style goes straight to its object; it is not restrained by the gentle hindrances, the delicate decorums of refining natures. There is nothing more characteristic of the Scandinavian mythology, than that it had a god with a hammer. There is no better illustration of our English humour, than the great success of this huge and healthy organization.

There is something about this not exactly to the Whig taste. They do not like such broad fun, and rather dislike unlimited statement. Lord Melbourne, it is plain, declined to make him a bishop. In this there might be a vestige of Canningite prejudice, but on the whole, there was the distinction between the two men which there is between the loud wit and the *recherché* thinker—between the bold controversialist and the discriminative statesman. A refined *noblesse* can hardly respect a humourist; he amuses them, and they like him, but they are puzzled to know whether he does not laugh at them as well as with them; and the notion of being laughed at, ever, or on any score, is alien to their shy decorum and suppressed pride. But in a broader point of view, and taking a wider range of general character, there was a good deal in common. More than any one else, Sydney Smith was Liberalism in life. Somebody has defined Liberalism as the spirit of the world. It represents its genial enjoyment, its wise sense, its steady judgment, its preference of the near to the far, of the seen to the unseen; it represents, too, its shrinking from difficult dogma, from stern statement, from imperious superstition. What health is to the

animal, Liberalism is to the polity. It is a principle of fermenting enjoyment, running over all the nerves, inspiring the frame, happy in its mind, easy in its place, glad to behold the sun. All this Sydney Smith, as it were, personified. The biography just published of him will be very serviceable to his fame. He has been regarded too much as a fashionable jester, and metropolitan wit of society. We have now for the first time a description of him as he was,—equally at home in the crude world of Yorkshire, and amid the quintessential refinements of Mayfair. It is impossible to believe that he did not give the epithet to his parish: it is now called Forton *le Clay*. It was a "mute inglorious" Sydney of the district, that invented the name, if it is really older than the century. It is a heavy parish of obtuse soil, inhabited by stiff-clayed Yorkshiremen. There was nobody in the parish to speak to, only peasants, farmers, and such like (what the clergy call parishioners *par excellence*), and an old clerk who thought every one who came from London a fool, "but you I do zee, Mr. Smith, be no fool." This was the sort of life.

"I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson) with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!

"At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment; after diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties,) we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the *Immortal;* it was known all over the neighbourhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but 'Faber meæ fortunæ' was my motto, and we had no false shame.

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"Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village

doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London."

It is impossible not to be reminded of, and to compare this with the life of Sir Walter Scott. There is the same strong sense, the same glowing, natural pleasure, the same power of dealing with men, the same power of diffusing common happiness. Both enjoyed as much in a day, as an ordinary man in a month. The term "animal spirits" peculiarly expresses this bold enjoyment; it seems to come from a principle intermediate between the mind and the body; to be hardly intellectual enough for the soul, and yet too permeating and aspiring for crude matter. Of course there is an immense imaginative world in Scott's existence to which Sydney Smith had no claim. But they met upon the present world; they enjoyed the spirit of life; "they loved the world, and the world them;" they did not pain themselves with immaterial speculation—roast beef was an admitted fact. A certain, even excessive practical caution which is ascribed to the Englishman, Scott would have been the better for. Yet his biography would have been the worse. There is nothing in the life before us comparable in interest to the tragic, gradual cracking of the great mind; the overtasking of the great capital, and the ensuing failure; the spectacle of heaving genius breaking in the contact with misfortune. The anticipation of this pain increases the pleasure of the reader; the commencing threads of coming calamity shade the woof of pleasure; the proximity of suffering softens the *ὑβρις*, the terrible, fatiguing energy of enjoyment.

A great deal of excellent research has been spent on the difference between "humour" and "wit," into which metaphysical problem "our limits," of course, forbid us to enter. There is, however, between them, the distinction of dry sticks and green sticks; there is in humour a living energy, a diffused potency, a noble sap; it grows upon the character of the humourist. Wit is part of the machinery of the intellect; as Madame de Stael says, "*La gaieté de l'esprit est facile à tous les hommes de l'esprit.*" We wonder Mr. Babbage does not invent a punning-engine; it is just as possible as a calculating one. Sydney Smith's mirth was essentially humorous; it clings to the character of the man; as with the sayings of Dr. Johnson, there is a species of personality attaching to it; the word is more graphic because Sydney Smith—that man being the man that he was,—said it, than it would have been if said by any one else. In a desponding moment, he said he

was none the better for the jests which he made, any more than a bottle for the wine which passed through it: this is a true description of many a wit, but he was very unjust in attributing it to himself.

Sydney Smith is often compared to Swift; but this only shows with how little thought our common criticism is written. The two men have really nothing in common, except that they were both high in the church, and both wrote amusing letters about Ireland. And a critic, whom one would have fancied to have an opposite prejudice, has lately preferred the Drapier's letters to "Peter Plymley."* Of course, to the great constructive and elaborative power displayed in Swift's longer works, Sydney Smith has no pretension; he could not have written "Gulliver's Travels;" but so far as the two series of Irish letters goes, it seems to us plain that he has the advantage. Plymley's letters are true; the treatment may be incomplete—the Catholic religion may have latent dangers and insidious attractions which are not there mentioned—but the main principle is sound; the common sense of religious toleration is hardly susceptible of better explanation. Drapier's letters, on the contrary, are essentially absurd; they are a clever appeal to ridiculous prejudices. Who cares now for a disputation on the evils to be apprehended a hundred years ago from adulterated halfpence, especially when we know that the halfpence were not adulterated, and that if they had been, those evils would never have arisen? Any one, too, who wishes to make a collection of currency crotchets, will find those letters worth his attention. No doubt there is a clever affectation of common sense in these, as in all of Swift's political writings, and the style has an air of business; yet, on the other hand, there are no passages which any one would now care to quote for their manner and their matter; and there are many in "Plymley" that will be constantly cited, so long as existing controversies are at all remembered. The whole genius of the two writers is emphatically opposed. Sydney Smith's is the ideal of popular, buoyant, riotous fun; it cries and laughs with boisterous mirth; it rolls hither and thither like a mob, with elastic and commonplace joy. Swift was a detective in a dean's wig; he watched the mob; his whole wit is a kind of dexterous indication of popular frailties; he hated the crowd; he was a spy on beaming smiles, and a common informer against genial enjoyment. His whole essence was a soreness against mortality; show him innocent mirth, he would say, How absurd! He was painfully

* See the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

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wretched, no doubt, in himself: perhaps, as they say, he had no heart; but his mind, his brain had a frightful capacity for secret pain; his sharpness was the sharpness of disease; his power the sore acumen of morbid wretchedness. It is impossible to fancy a parallel more proper to show the excellence, the unspeakable superiority of a buoyant and bounding writer.

At the same time, it is impossible to give to Sydney Smith the highest rank, even as a humourist. Almost all his humour has reference to the incongruity of special means to special ends. The notion of Plymley is want of conformity between the notions of "my brother Abraham," and the means of which he makes use; of the quiet clergyman, who was always told he was a bit of a goose, advocating conversion by muskets, and stopping Bonaparte by Peruvian bark. The notion of the letters to Archdeacon Singleton is, a bench of bishops, placid, and pleasantly destroying the church. It is the same with most of his writings. Even when there is nothing absolutely practical in the idea, the subject is from the scenery of practice, from concrete entities, near institutions, superficial facts. You might quote a hundred instances. This is one: "A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he had often observed it was *hereditary* in families." This is what we mean by saying his mirth lies in the superficial relations of phenomena (some will say we are pompous, like the medical man); in the relation of one external fact to another external fact; of one detail of common life to another detail of common life. But this is not the highest topic of humour. Taken as a whole, the universe is absurd. There seems an unalterable contradiction between the human mind and its employments. How can *a soul* be a merchant? What relation to an immortal being have the price of linseed, the fall of butter, the tare on tallow, or the brokerage on hemp? Can an undying creature debit "petty expenses," and charge for "carriage paid?" All the world's a stage;—"the satchel, and the shining morning face"—the "strange oaths;"—"the bubble reputation"—the

> "Eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
> Full of wise saws and modern instances."

Can these things be real? Surely they are acting. What relation have they to the truth as we see it in theory? What connexion with our certain hopes, our deep desires, our craving and infinite thought? "In respect of itself, it is a good life;

but in respect it is a shepherd's life, it is nought." The soul ties its shoe; the mind washes its hands in a basin. All is incongruous.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain.—Is old Double, of your town, living yet?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Dead. See! See! He drew a good bow,—and dead. He shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head.—Dead! He would have clapped i' the clout at fourscore, and carried you a forehandshaft, a fourteen and fourteen and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be; a score of ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead!—

It is because Sydney Smith had so little of this Shakespearean humour, that there is a glare in his pages, and that in the midst of his best writing, we sigh for the soothing superiority of quieter writers.

Sydney Smith was not only the wit of the first Edinburgh, but likewise the divine. He was, to use his own expression, the only clergyman who in those days "turned out" to fight the battles of the Whigs. In some sort this was not so important. A curious abstinence from religious topics characterizes the original Review. There is a wonderful omission of this most natural topic of speculation in the lives of Horner and Jeffrey. In truth, it would seem, that living in the incessant din of an essentially Calvinistic country, the best course for thoughtful and serious men was to be silent,—at least they instinctively thought so. They felt no involuntary call to be theological teachers themselves, and as refined and gentle men necessarily recoiled from the coarse admonition around them. Even in the present milder time, few cultivated persons willingly think on the special dogmas of distinct theology. They do not deny them, but they live apart from them: they do not disbelieve them, but they are silent when they are stated. They do not deny the existence of Kamschatka, but they have no call to busy themselves with Kamschatka; they abstain from peculiar tenets. Nor in truth is this, though much aggravated by existing facts, a mere accident of the present times. There are some people to whom such a course

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of conduct is always natural: there are certain persons who do not, as it would seem cannot, feel all that others feel; who have, so to say, no *ear* for much of religion: who are in some sort out of its reach. "It is impossible," says a late divine of the Church of England, "not to observe that innumerable persons (may we not say the majority of mankind?) who have a belief in God and immortality; have, nevertheless, scarcely any consciousness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. They seem to live aloof from them in the world of business or of pleasure, 'the common life of all men,' not without a sense of right, and a rule of truth and honesty, yet insensible" to much which we need not name. "They have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness. Often they are remarkable for the purity of their morals; many of them have strong and disinterested attachments and quick human sympathies; sometimes a stoical feeling of uprightness, or a peculiar sensitiveness to dishonour. It would be a mistake to say that they are without religion. They join in its public acts; they are offended at profaneness or impiety; they are thankful for the blessings of life, and do not rebel against its misfortunes. Such men meet us at every step. They are those whom we know and associate with; honest in their dealings, respectable in their lives, decent in their conversation. The Scripture speaks to us of two classes, represented by the church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the friends and enemies of God. We cannot say in which of these two divisions we should find a place for them." They believe always a kind of "natural religion." Now these are what we may call, in the language of the past, Liberals. Those who can remember, or who will re-read our delineation of the Whig character, may observe its conformity. There is the same purity and delicacy, the same tranquil sense; an equal want of imagination, of impulsive enthusiasm, of shrinking fear. You need not speak like the above writer of "peculiar doctrines," the phenomenon is no speciality of a particular creed. Glance over the whole of history, as the classical world stood beside the Jewish; as Horace beside St. Paul; like the heavy ark and the buoyant waves, so are men in contrast with one another. You cannot imagine a classical Isaiah; you cannot fancy a Whig St. Dominic; there is no such thing as a Liberal Augustine. The deep sea of mysticism lies opposed to some natures; in some moods it is a sublime wonder; in others an "impious ocean,"—they will never put forth on it at any time.

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All this is intelligible, and in a manner beautiful as a

character; but it is not equally excellent as a creed. A certain class of Liberal divines have endeavoured to petrify into a theory a flowing and placid disposition. In some respects Sydney Smith is one of these; his sermons are the least excellent of his writings; of course they are sensible and well-intentioned, but they have the defect of his school. With misdirected energy, these divines have laboured after a plain religion; they have forgotten that a quiet and definite mind is confined to a placid and definite world; that religion has its essence in awe, its charm in infinity, its sanction in dread; that its dominion is an inexplicable dominion; that mystery is its power. There is a reluctance in all such writers; they creep away from the unintelligible parts of the subject; they always seem to have something behind; not to like to bring out what they know to be at hand. They are in their nature apologists; and, as George the Third said, "I did not know the Bible needed an apology." As well might the thunder be ashamed to roll, as religion hesitate to be too awful for mankind. The invective of Lucretius is truer than the placid patronage of the divine. Let us admire Liberals in life, but let us keep no terms with Paleyans in speculation.

And so we must draw to a conclusion. We have in some sort given a description of, with one great exception, the most remarkable men connected at its origin with the Edinburgh Review. And that exception is a man of too fitful, defective, and strange greatness to be spoken of now. Henry Brougham must be left to after-times. Indeed he would have marred the unity of our article. He was connected with the Whigs, but he never was one. His impulsive ardour is the opposite of their coolness; his irregular, discursive intellect contrasts with their quiet and perfecting mind. Of those whom we have spoken, let us say, that if none of them attained to the highest rank of abstract intellect; if the disposition of none of them was ardent or glowing enough to hurry them forward to the extreme point of daring greatness; if only one can be said to have a lasting place in real literature, it is clear that they vanquished a slavish cohort; that they upheld the name of freemen in a time of bondsmen; that they applied themselves to that which was real, and accomplished much which was very difficult; that the very critics who question their inimitable excellence, will yet admire their just and scarcely imitable example.

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Art. II.—DECIMAL COINAGE.

Reports of the Commissioners for the Restoration of the Standard of Weight and Measure, 1841 *and* 1854.

Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage. 1853.

Decimal Association. Debate in the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage, June 12, 1855; *with Remarks on the Speech of the Hon. Member for Kidderminster.*

Publications of the Decimal Association (various), 1854 *and* 1855.

Journal of the Society of Arts, August 10, 1855. *List of Books and Pamphlets on the Decimal Coinage Question. (About* 100 *Publications in* 1853, 1854, 1855.)

IT seems pretty well settled that we are to have a *decimal coinage.* Nobody now resists the principle, or denies the alleged advantages. One particular plan has, from the very commencement, commanded all but unanimous assent. Two Royal Commissions, a Committee and finally a vote of the House, have decided strongly in favour of it: and a powerful association, supported by more than two hundred Members of Parliament, by the Bank of England, and by private bankers and merchants, has been organized for its promotion. Discussions at the Society of Arts, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institute of Actuaries, and the British Association, terminated to the satisfaction of its advocates. All but one of those who offered evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons were on the same side,—men of science, men of accounts, large merchants, small shopkeepers. The exception was Mr. Headlam, M.P., and his opposition was entirely based on his own belief that the proposed plan required more change than any Government would dare to make. Nevertheless, his name appears in the Decimal Association; and, we believe, on the principle that their plan is a very good one, if—as he would say—the country will venture on it. This unanimity of evidence has been attributed to the management of the Committee itself, by some few opponents.

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But we know that in one case, and probably in more, the Committee *requested* a gentleman of eminence in political and statistical science, who was opposed to their views, to come forward, and the request was not attended to.

On all these grounds, Lord Palmerston (July 9) announced his intention of appointing a new commission, not to decide on the mode of carrying the vote of the Commons into effect, but to examine into the whole subject. It is understood that the commission will consist of Lord Monteagle, Lord Overstone, and Mr. Hubbard, late Governor of the Bank. We make every allowance for this cautious determination. The change involves some interference, Lord Palmerston does not know how little, with the habits of the lower orders: and his step in advance was urged upon him, by the Decimal Association, at a moment when the supineness of the Cabinet with regard to the proceedings of private Members had very recently produced startling effects. The mob, on a Sunday, got hold of the maxim of Horace, *Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, and—in spite of the police, who thought that Horace was not a Sunday book—they construed it into such plain English that the House understood it. No wonder that the Prime Minister chose to be supported by one commission more. It might be worth a reform bill if the Cabinet should become quick to remember that the House is elected by the sovereign people, and not by the shilling and sixpenny people.

All the sovereign people who have advocated the plan proposed by the Committee, declare and maintain that this plan is by far the best for the sixpenny people; and the shopkeepers, who know the sixpenny people, assent. This is the question. If the two *must* be placed in opposition, let the convenience of the fare yield to that of the driver. In this discussion a coin is but a coin, be its value what it may; and the man of *two* sixpences is of more importance than the man of *one* sovereign.

We have never joined any party on this subject; but a party has joined us. Long before any discussion arose, we were in favour of the system which we now hope to see adopted, as combining advantages for all ranks of the community. We advocated it at a time when we heard an official of the Government declare that no such plan could be carried until the Cabinet was composed of men of science. We are not come to that yet: in fact there is reason to believe that when the Commons passed their resolution, the science of the Cabinet stood at less than its ordinary stint of school arithmetic.

By a *decimal reckoning* we mean one in which, in every case, ten of a sort make one of the next sort; as in 10 mils make a cent, 10 cents make a florin, 10 florins make a

pound: so that the *carriage* of arithmetical processes is always in tens, hundreds, &c. For common people, and usual transactions, we have nothing to do with *decimal fractions*. No one will learn from this article how mathematicians write decimal fractions, or what they do with them. Some of our opponents have talked grand nonsense about decimals; and, perhaps, some of our advocates have talked too much grand sense. No wonder frightened souls should think that grim science means to send them back to school. No such thing is intended. Simplification is the object, and when the first embarassment of the change is over, which we do not believe will last three days, that simplification will be fully achieved. To most persons, money arithmetic consists in adding sums of money together. We put side by side two corresponding questions, one in each system, and we write the processes of both in detail. On the change from one system to the other, and the methods of meeting such difficulties as it presents, we shall afterwards speak at length.

Present System.			*Proposed System*			
£	s.	d.	£	f.	c.	m.
1	17	8¾	1	8	8	6
2	11	9½	2	5	8	9
4	19	11¼	4	9	9	6
9	9	5½	9	4	7	1
Add the farthings, 6, or 1½d.			Add 6, 9, 6, mils, 21, 2c. 1m.			
Add 1, 11, 9, 8, pence, 29, 2s. 5d.			Add 2, 9, 8, 8, cents, 27, 2f. 7c.			
Add 2, 19, 11, 17, shillings, 49, £2 9s.			Add 2, 9, 5, 8, florins, 24, 2l. 4f.			
Add 2, 4, 2, 1, pounds, £9.			Add 2, 4, 2, 1, pounds, £9.			

Reader! if 10 pebbles were a parcel, 10 parcels a basket, 10 baskets a sack, and 10 sacks a load, should you know, without calculation, that 67,234 pebbles would be 6 loads, 7 baskets, 2 sacks, 3 parcels, and 4 odd pebbles? If yes, it is well, and you have a pretty notion of *decimals*; if no, you need not be ashamed, for you have comrades among the great people who manage the nation. Again, if 10 pebbles made a packet, 10 packets a pack, 10 packs a heap, and 10 heaps a store, do you see that this is the very same system, differing only in names of collections? If you do, you see more than our Chancellor of the Exchequer, the chief of our financial arithmetic. The right honourable gentleman, after stating that there are differences of opinion, proceeds to give "some of the plans" which have come under his observation. One is the tenpenny plan, others are as follows:—First, 10 farthings or mils one cent, 10 cents one dime, 10 dimes one prime. Secondly, 10 farthings

or mils one coin unnamed, 10 of these a florin, 10 florins a Victoria. Thirdly, 10 farthings or cash two pence, 100 cash a cent, 10 cents a mil. Fourthly, 10 farthings a lion, 10 lions a florin, 10 florins a queen. To these four plans we crave permission to add two of our own invention, as distinct* from the above as the above are from one another. Our first plan is, 10 farthings a what's-his-name, 10 what's-his-names a how-d'ye-call-it, 10 how-d'ye-call-its a thingembob. Our second plan is, 10 farthings a George, 10 Georges a Cornewall, 10 Cornewalls a Lewis.

Our ministers are alarmed at the difficulties which one and another system would impose upon the labouring classes: they judge of these classes by themselves. It is impossible to teach the legislature how much fitter the humble classes are to practise *any* system, than a great number of the Commons are to discuss the differences between one and another.

Two remarks will enable any one to dispose of most of the few opponents of the proposed system. First, some argue the question as if it were one of money-changing only, and calculation had nothing to do with it. Now our present system is convenient enough for paying and receiving in; it would do well enough if calculation were never required. Secondly, others imagine that we intend *all* our plan for *everybody;* whereas we carefully distinguish between the easy processes which will suffice for ordinary life, and the more elaborate processes by which the accountant will bring the full power of decimal arithmetic into commerce. Observe, therefore, in the case of every opponent, first, whether he fully explains the difficulties of transition, and compares his own system with others in this respect, *especially as to the uneducated;* secondly, whether he is clearly aware of the differing difficulties of different classes, and is careful not to mix them up together.

The pound sterling consists of 960 farthings. In a system which proceeds by *tens*, no larger coin can be 960 times the smaller: it may be 1000 times. All the plans which have been proposed have dropped out of very serious notice, except two; one of these two keeps the present pound, the other keeps the present farthing. The advocates of the unaltered penny will not be pleased at our summary disposal of their plan; but since their alternative is the retention of the pound, which would destroy the decimal character of the system, or else the introduction of a coin of 100 pence, which is too large for silver and too small for gold, the more sober opponents of the

* Did the Chancellor of the Exchequer mean that these plans are all one? As if to prove the contrary, he inserted between the third and fourth a plan of a peculiar kind, which its author calls *octagal*, meaning perhaps *octaval*, and then went on with "The only other plan I shall mention . . . ."

approved plan will have nothing to do with them. We shall add a few words on the penny scheme in the sequel.

Pound system, approved by the House of Commons. Let *the present pound sterling* consist of 1000 *new farthings* or *mils*. Let 10 mils be one *cent:* let 10 cents be one florin, *the present florin:* let 10 florins be one pound.

Farthing system. Let the farthing remain as at present. Let 10 farthings be, say one *doit* (2½d. present money): let 10 doits be a new florin (2s. 1d. present money): let 10 florins be a new pound (£1 0s. 10d. present money).

The representation of new money in terms of old, will be as follows:—

Pound System.	*Farthing System.*
The pound *remains the same.*	The *new pound* is £1 0s. 10d.
The florin *remains the same.*	The *new florin* is 0 2s. 1d.
The shilling *remains the same.*	The *new shilling* is 0 1s. 0½d.
The *penny* and the *farthing* are changed, each losing one 25th part of its value: so that the ½-shilling, commonly called sixpence, is 25 new farthings, or mils, instead of 24 old ones.	*The penny and the farthing remain unchanged.*

In the new coin introduced, the two systems have great resemblance.

Pound System.	*Farthing System.*
The new cent, the fifth part of the unchanged shilling, is ten new farthings, or 2½d. present money.	The new doit, the fifth part of the new shilling, is exactly 2½d. present money.

But this ⅖d. will give no trouble, except for a few days following the change. The pound system abandons the penny, except as a common name for four mils, or new farthings, with those who choose. The advocates of the farthing and penny take care to speak of the cent as 2½d., instead of the *hundredth part* of a pound, or 10 mils. And one of the chief among them, Mr. Lowe, the member for Kidderminster, actually makes it an argument against the pound system, that people do not *now* buy and sell in coins of 2½d. We cannot make such an assertion without proof.

Report of Mr. Lowe's Speech.	*Answer of the Decimal Association.*
From a florin they get to 2½d., but who *ever bought* anything, who *ever reckoned* or wished to	Nobody buys anything at a cent, because the cent is not yet in-

reckon in such a coin as that? (Hear, hear.)

troduced. Nobody reckons in cents, for the same reason. Everybody wishes to reckon in cents, who wishes to combine the advantage of decimal reckoning with the preservation of the pound as the highest unit; among others, a majority of the House of Commons, the Bank of England, the majority of London bankers, the Chambers of Commerce in various places, &c. &c. &c.

All decimal systems are equally good, arithmetically speaking, when once they are established, and the old system is forgotten. Putting out of question the convenience of coinage, as to size and material, the choice between one and another depends on the facilities for passing out of our own system into its substitute. The moon may be a delightful residence, if Whewell and Brewster can finally so arrange; but how are we to get there? Let us first ask a simple workman's question. A man's wages are 16s. 6d. a week; what is the way of paying this sum in the pound and in the farthing systems? In the pound system it is 8 florins and a half-shilling, as now: probably, in mere matter of money-change, it will be called sixteen and sixpence, as now. In accounts, it will be 8 florins 25 mils, or 8f. 2c. 5m., or 825 mils. *In the pound system, what is now even money remains even money: all the gold and silver coinage lasts; even the halfcrown, the most inconvenient piece of all, may be withdrawn gradually, and after the change.*

In the farthing system, all the even money becomes broken money; the silver coinage must be altered throughout, and the gold coinage also. The same of the penny system: to make this really decimal, there must be a coin of ten to the penny, a franc of 10*d.*, and a coin of ten francs, or 8*s.* 4*d.* present money.

The workman, in the pound system, is paid his 16*s.* 6*d.* in the same silver as now: and when he gets change at the shop, he is to have 25 new farthings or mils for a half-shilling, instead of 24 old ones. Now as to the farthing system. The old coins are gone, and new pounds (£1 0s. 10d.), new florins (2*s.* 1*d.*), doits (2½*d.*), and farthings, are seen in their places. To turn old money into new, *the old money must first be turned into farthings.* One may do it in one way, another in another; but it must be done. The workman must find out that 16*s.* 6*d.*

is 792 farthings; and then he knows that he is to receive 7 new florins, 9 doits, 2 farthings.

But, vexatious as this constant reduction to farthings would be, it would not be the worst. There would be a prospect to face, which few ministers would dare to contemplate: the crowd may find another bit of Horace to construe, and those who pay wages may not be so apt to see their construction as those who vote supplies. Since the new shilling is but a halfpenny more than the old one, it may strike the workman that even money would not only be a nice thing *per se*, but an acceptable saving of arithmetic. Just issue a new shilling of 12½d. and demand of the working man a good knowledge of reduction to farthings *up to one pound* before he can know what is due to him, and see whether he will not discover that the new money is Latin for a rise in wages, and that ½d. in the shilling is a better thing than learning how to do without it by the multipliers 12 and 4. So that, to save a legislative adjustment of tolls, postages, &c., which are all within the power of Parliament, it is proposed by some to throw upon the whole country such a question of adjustment of wages, with which Parliament neither can nor will meddle, as might almost amount to a commercial revolution.

It is not unlikely that the name of shilling might be retained, if such a confusion as the farthing system were to be successful; and 16s. 6d. (old) would come out 15s. 10½d. (new). Those who work in their heads would do it as follows:—In 16*s.* and 12 halfpence, not halfpence enough, say 15s. and 36 halfpence (old), taking off 15 halfpence, say 15s. and 21 halfpence (new), or 15s. 10½d. This kind of headwork would never become general. We see in the existing state of things hundreds of abbreviating processes which, demanding a little mental calculation, are the property of a small class, even among educated arithmeticians. To the world at large, all that can be held out as generally feasible, is the reduction into pence and farthings. To turn 16s. 6d. into new money, the great mass of uneducated calculators must find out that 16 times 12 is 192, and 6 is 198, and four times 198 is 792, whence 7 new florins, 9 doits, 2 farthings, or 15 new shillings, 4 doits, 2 farthings, or 15s. 10½d., if they prefer this form. We should enjoy seeing half a dozen advocates of the farthing system contriving the uneducated man's *vade mecum* during the embarrassment of the change; we strongly suspect it would end in a proposal to have it printed on a card, with 'Persons who cannot read are recommended to learn' at the top.

So far as even money is concerned, the superiority of the pound system is indisputable. Let us now consider the broken money. It is unquestionably *the* disadvantage of the system,

and the only one, that small money must be invented, which is not changeable with the small money now in use. It would be requisite, by proclamation, to make the half-shilling consist of 25 of the coins now called farthings, instead of 24. A man with six *pence* in his pocket, would need another farthing to make up the half-shilling. On the day on which the proclamation takes effect, this would be his loss. On every other day, it would be neither loss nor gain; for the additional farthing would come in before it has to go out; it would come from the same quarter from whence the six *pence* came. Those who collect their incomes by pence, as the sweepers of crossings, would lose four per cent. for a while: but when the *five mil pieces* became frequent, they would gain much more than they had previously lost. If, as has been proposed, the proclamation made the large, or rimmed, pence pass for five mils and others for four, the petty effects of the change would be made still less.

It would be necessary to make a positive enactment upon the last, or broken, half-shilling of outstanding debts. The fairest way would be to make farthings payable by new farthings, or mils, up to 3d., or 12 mils; and afterwards to make one additional mil payable. Suppose that, on the day of the change, a master owes his workman 16s. 3¾d. for work and small money laid out. Here 16s. is 8 florins, as before, and the workman knows better than his master that 3¾d. is 15 farthings. Now 15 new farthings, or mils, is too little, and 16 mils is too much: but, because the sum exceeds 3d., the 16 mils is paid. Mr. Lowe, of Kidderminster, is of opinion, that if a poor man owed another a penny, for which 4 mils is too little, and 5 mils too much, this mil between them would lead to a *mill* between them: and some of the conscript fathers cheered him. If men were left to themselves on the point, there might be cases in which that which was all but a quarrel before might come to a crisis on the difference between 4 mils and 4 farthings: but there is no need to say that a legislative arrangement would remove all difficulty, on a matter which can happen but once.

To those who keep no books, there is nothing to do except to remember "25 new farthings, or sixpence farthing, if four new mils be still called a penny, to the half-shilling." It was very well observed by Lord Stanley, in the debate, that those who please may even keep their accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence, as now. All they have to do is to draw off 12½d. for the shilling, instead of 12d. For example, the pence column gives 42; at present, we write down 6d. and carry on 3s.: in the new system we take off 1½d. from this 6d. and write down 4½d., that is, put one halfpenny more on to each of the shillings, carry-

ing 3s. as before. Many a good housewife, whose only practice in arithmetic is adding bills once a week, will adopt this plan for a time.

The opponents of the pound system, whether they hold by the farthing or the penny, are very careful not to come to close quarters with its advocates, in comparison of the modes of learning the systems, and especially in the case of the uneducated. As before noticed, they talk only of coinage, and not of calculation. They assault the arithmetic of their opponents, but no amount of defiance will bring out their own. The Russians will come out of Cronstadt and attack the allied fleets, before they will dare to put forward the way in which the poor man is to learn and practise one of their systems, in opposition to our single rule of 25 new farthings to the half-shilling, and everything else as now. All the modes of attack which they employ may be reduced to five, as follows:—

First, they parade the mathematical mode of writing decimals, and charge the advocates of the pound with forcing this mode and all the higher notions of arithmetical process upon the uneducated world. Mr. Lowe, after talking more learnedly than any expert arithmetician would have done about reducing fractions of a pound to decimals, observed that this was a pleasant sum for an old apple-woman: and some of the conscript fathers cheered him.

Secondly, they persist in the tacit assumption that contracts and sales will still be made in old pence, and ask how they are to be *exactly* rendered in the new money.

Thirdly, they magnify the advantage of retaining exact expression to the utmost fraction of a farthing, and diminish the disadvantage of losing the shilling and the pound as coins of exchange and of estimation.

Fourthly, they exaggerate the difficulties of detail which will arise in the adjustments of postage duties, stamp duties, bridge and other tolls, &c.

Fifthly, they introduce sarcasm and something approaching to reflection upon motives. To this there is no great objection, as they thereby render the task of the other party somewhat more easy, by the power of reprisal which they give.

As to the first point, the charge of forcing decimal fractions on the poor by Act of Parliament. No system, pound or farthing, decimal or common, *forces any fractions at all*, in the sense in which the word is used by the accusers. There are two ways of treating the relation of part and whole: in one, a foot is compounded of 12 inches; in the other, an inch is taken off as the twelfth part of a foot. There seems not much to choose, and both methods are convenient to a practised arith-

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metician: but there are two kinds of persons to whom the matter is not indifferent. The first kind, including the uneducated and beginners in arithmetic, find multiplication more easily conceived than division. For them was contrived that excellent old mode of expression by which "seven-nineteenths of a foot" was described as "seven of those parts of which nineteen make a foot." With the beginner in arithmetic there is some trouble: but by practice the two expressions are conjoined. With the uneducated world there is none at all: their wants are supplied by the notion of multiplication, and all that is fractional may be kept out of view. They require to know that 12 pence make a shilling: it matters little whether or not they attach a distinct idea to the statement that a penny is the 12th part of a shilling. For them all tables are constructed in ascent: they are led up from the farthing to the pound, not down from the pound to the farthing. The advocates of the pound may reason downwards, but they will teach upwards.

The second class of persons to whom we have alluded form a considerable portion, but not the whole, of our opponents. Among these we find some rational arithmeticians who, starting on what we believe to be a mistaken estimate of convenience and inconvenience, find their way to a conclusion opposite to ours, in what we can readily admit to be the proper mode of handling premises to which they have a full right, though we believe them wrong. But there are others who, we feel confident, deserve the following description.

They have some idea of the phraseology of fractions, and employ it in framing arguments against the pound system, on the supposition that its promoters are as much given to abuse the idea of fractions as themselves. They make a dangerous thing of their little knowledge, by assuming that they are fit to discuss the attempts of those who have more to benefit those who have none. They hold that men of long and practised acquaintance with arithmetic cannot communicate with the world at large, except through their own inbroglio of half-understood terms, and their own farrago of doubly-loaded routine. They attribute to the working man their own incapacity to learn, and to the man of knowledge their own inaptitude to teach: and having thus divided themselves, they go to buffets, and call the contest a picture of society. In comparing systems of coinage, they describe what they prefer in the simplicity of ascent by multiplication, and what they oppose in the complexity of descent by division: and this is their only way of intimating that they know the difference. They frighten a poor man with decimal fractions: though in truth there is no

more occasion to tell him that the new system is *decimal*, than that the old one is *quarto-duodecimo-vicesimal*. They declare that an apple-woman must deal with decimal places *ad infinitum*, or else have a ready reckoner: they talk of incommensurables, of finite ratios, of reducing vulgar fractions to decimals, &c. They teach a working man that the *proper way* of representing a thousandth part is ·001, and triumph in his perplexity as a thing brought about by the advocates of the pound system. Their arithmetic is never higher than school-boy routine, sometimes lower. We have heard one of them,—a man employed by the country in its arithmetic, at a tolerable salary,—maintain that there is no difference worth speaking of between the trouble of dividing by 10 and dividing by 12: and we saw reason to suspect that his mode of finding out the tens in 287 involved "28 times 10 make 280, and 7 over." Mr. Lowe announced his opinion that it would be a hard thing for members of the House to turn 4½d. into mils; and he was cheered. From the glimpses he gave of his own idea of arithmetical process, and the frequent occurrence of allusion to turning common fractions into decimals, we have no doubt he had in his head the computation on the left, opposite to which we place our own.

$4\frac{1}{2}$d = 18 farthings
= £$\frac{18}{960}$
= $\frac{18}{960}$ × 1000 mils.

960)18000(18¾ mils.
96
—
840
768
—
$\frac{72}{96} = \frac{3}{4}$

Since a farthing is a mil and one 24th of a mil, 18 farthings is 18 mils and 18-24ths of a mil, or 18¾ mils.

Mr. Lowe has written his name on the history of this question in legible, and perhaps lasting, characters. He was the only member who made a specific attack upon the proposed system: and, for a few days, he enjoyed the reputation of having done a clever thing. A journalist apologises for him, and condemns the Association for answering, on the ground that he was only attempting to bring some humorous help to the government in delaying the question. This we doubt; there was too much argument in his humour, too much elaboration in his argument: but there can be no objection to his friends putting him to death to save him from slaughter. With great respect for decimals, he denied having any very profound knowledge of them: for a time there were some who thought that this was only modesty. The presumptuous manner in which he tried to raise

a laugh at the opinions of those who had studied a question of which he knew nothing, calls for castigation. Let a man who really knows his subject be tolerated when he teaches by ridicule, and be applauded if he do it well; for there is good elucidation in good joking, and a dry discussion is all the better for the introduction. But the sayer of yesterday's lesson, especially when he only grafts the blunders of a novice upon the teaching of an ignoramus, deserves no mercy if he try to be smart upon his betters.

Neither Mr. Lowe, nor any of the minority, ventured to propose any system in opposition to that which ends in the pound. We now take our leave of those who imagine that the technicalities of decimal fractions are part of the proposed plan, and proceed to meet those who insist on it that all sums payable in the old coinage should be capable of exact representation in the new.

The matter in dispute never amounts to a farthing in calculation, and need not amount to half a farthing in payment, as already seen. Let us first inquire *what sort of exactness prevails in actual business.* Do men neglect to set down results to the uttermost fraction? Do they ever abandon a farthing for the sake of facility? Do they ever pay a fraction of a farthing more than the goods ought to cost, because there is no coin less than a farthing? Does every man in business, and every customer, do one or more of these things usually, frequently, day after day, and year after year? If all these questions must be answered affirmatively, it follows that a fraction of a farthing, lost or gained on each transition from old money to new, can only be a great matter to one whose power of judging is a small matter.

And first we take the farthing customer at a chandler's shop. It appears in evidence, that when he buys goods which require the fraction of a farthing to complete the payment, the shopkeeper always takes the whole farthing. This makes a "keen calculator," as one witness called it, of the customer, who has to ask himself, and settle for himself, whether the next quality will be so much higher in price as to overpass the farthing. For instance, buying half an ounce of three-and-sixpenny tea, by which he will forfeit a fraction of a farthing for want of smaller coin, he finds out whether that fraction would or would not enable him to buy the quantity of three-and-ninepenny tea. What a question for those members of the House of Commons, who, according to Mr. Lowe, would find it hard to turn 4½d. into mils at 25 mils to 24 farthings! We may now guess one reason why neither the small shopkeepers nor their customers would have anything to do with the *half-farthings*, which the

Mint tried to introduce more than twenty years ago. Precisely the same sort of trouble would have occurred with fractions of this half-farthing, with more elaborate fractions, and for smaller results.

We thus see that the poorest are constantly obliged either to sacrifice a fraction of a farthing, or to make, every now and then, what their *betters* (but not in arithmetic) would call an intricate calculation. If this calculation were never made, the average loss would be half-a-farthing: probably, the calculation reduces this average to a quarter of a farthing. This is the loss which the necessary subdivisions of retail business impose upon every small purchaser on the average of his small dealings. Now a quarter of a mil is more than the average loss which would be sustained, once for all, on the day of the change, by enacting payment of outstanding copper debts at a mil for the farthing, with a mil additional above 3d.

Is it impossible to make people understand that they can secure a very great advantage to themselves and their children at no greater cost than running the risk of sustaining, on some one particular day, and on debts below 6d., that loss which they cheerfully sustain on all the days of the year, and which they would rather bear than trouble themselves with coins less than a farthing?

Let us now look at the manufacturer and the tradesman. We need hardly say that they neglect fractions of a farthing in accounts. The more important question with them is the pricing of small articles under the new system. To the wholesale dealer this question does not occur. He sells by the gross or by the thousand, and when he quotes goods at one-32nd or one-64th of a penny a piece, it is only a mode of quotation. This wholesale dealer asks nothing of the House of Commons but to give him decimal coinage, and to keep its arithmetic to itself. The retail trader has a harder question; but it is one of policy, not of arithmetic. Goods are priced at three-farthings a piece: what shall he do when the change comes? Sell at 3 mils, and abandon 4 per cent.? or sell at a penny (4 mils), and take chance of competition? This is no new question for him: the like comes upon him every day of his life; but he is a good administrator, and the details of each hour are linked in his mind to the system of his business. He knows that in very many cases, in a great majority of all, his prices have been adjusted to the farthing or the penny above the result of his calculation of necessary profits; and this to a greater extent than 4 per cent. of the whole. He knows, too, that the facilities of a decimal coinage would be worth to him more than 4 per cent. on his capital.

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As an instance of the complicated character of business calculations, we subjoin what is called a *cost* of a manufactured

article. Mr. Bennoch, of Wood-street, Cheapside, for whom thousands of such costs are calculated every year, states his belief, in his evidence before the Committee, that results which now take minutes to produce would take only a fraction of a minute, if the proposed system were introduced :—

lb.	oz.			£	s.	d.
1	2¼	Silk	24s. 8d. .	1	8	1½
	5¾	Fine Cotton . .	4s. 6d. .		1	7¼
4	0½	Coarse Cotton . .	1s. 2d. .		4	8½
7	4¼	Sewings . . .	17s. 0d. .	6	3	6¼
		149½ Pieces making .	7d. .	4	7	1¼
		37½ Gross making up .	5d. .		15	6¾
				13	0	7½
			Expenses	1	19	1
		Cost of 37½ gross, 8s. 0¼d. per gross.		£14	19	8½

In the first six lines, no money result is perfectly exact: nor is any such thing necessary. The prices are all in even pence, and this is mainly for facility of calculation. A decimal system, instead of forcing fractions of coinage upon those who do not want them, would give great power of introducing fractions to those who do want them, and who cannot with sufficient ease make them available under our present system. Not only would the mil become much more common than the farthing is now, but the minute fractions of a penny, which are sometimes spoken of, would be supplanted by the *decimil*, or tenth of a mil, and the *centimil*, or hundredth of a mil.

We now come to the banker, bill-discounter, &c.; and here we shall find that more than a farthing is wilfully neglected. Every one knows that the Bank of England, and the private bankers, recognize nothing under a penny: but this is not all. We heard, some time ago, of a sententious individual who, by way of damaging a particular place of education, said, "I asked a boy educated at ———, what was the difference between *interest* and *discount*, and he answered that they were the same; which of course is wrong." Some of the opponents of the pound system have followed this worthy man in drawing ideas from old school books, instead of from actual business in our own day. The boy was right; interest and discount *ought* to be different things, but for ease of calculation *are* made the same.

When a bill of £100 has three months to run, it is discounted at 4 per cent., by deducting three months' interest from £100, leaving £99. This, in three months, amounts to £99 19s. 9d.,

not to £100: what ought to be paid is £99 0s. 2½d. This twopence-halfpenny is cheerfully abandoned, to save a little amount of calculation.

In truth, all this difficulty about neglecting, *during the change*, a portion of the lowest coin in use, is of that disposition to exaggerate trifles which always arises during discussion, acting upon imperfect knowledge of actual business. An advocate of decimal division, Lowe (not the member for Kidderminster, but quite a different person, *Solomon* Lowe, who published on arithmetic in 1749), says, speaking of the error committed, ". . . if it is brought so low as to be less than any quantity of that kind which is usd (for example, the smallest real coin, or weight, &c., that has any name or distinct being in society), then the defect is not to be complained of . . . ." And this is, and always was, the common sense of the question; and nothing but a strain upon the cleverness, such as is caused by party discussion, ever brings out any opposition to it.

Before proceeding to the third point, we shall venture a little further into arithmetic, to show how very easily, *and by head-work alone*, any degree of approach towards a perfect reconciliation between the two systems may be made. It is due to the member for Kidderminster that we dare venture on such a thing; for he paraded the rules of reduction of common into decimal fractions, and such results as .00104166666 *ad infinitum*, as necessary for apple-women. Surely, then, we are justified in showing our readers, whom we can trust to turn 4½d. into mils, how much less than Mr. Lowe's allowance of arithmetic for an apple-woman will do for the highest clerks in a bank.

On our lowest scale of conversion, *twenty-five new farthings to the half-shilling*, we need only further remark that the man who has nothing to do with *accounts* needs no more. To him the florin is but a two-shilling piece, and the cent is but a coin of 10 new farthings, a *new twopence-halfpenny*. He exchanges these coins, but he does not reckon with them. No one can teach him half so well as he will teach himself, upon the basis of the words in italics.

The second step will suffice for ordinary book-keeping. It runs thus:—*Mils are farthings below sixpence, with a Parliament mil put on at sixpence.* Not a Parliament *mill*, Mr. Lowe! we cannot afford a column for debates. The victim, as the penny wise would call him, must manage, below the shilling, to turn pence and farthings into farthings; he must be clear in a moment that 9¾d. is 39 farthings. Equally ready must he be at adding on to 50 anything less than 49; he must be strong in the power of seeing that 50 and 39 make 89. Is he too much

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of a victim? The penny wise, if they had him, would draw harder upon him. We put down the requisites which the two systems require, *headwork both*, to obtain equal expertness in converting old money into new.

Pound System.	*Farthing System.*
He must be able to turn pence and farthings, *under a shilling*, into farthings: to add less than 50 to 50, and thus to arrive at any number under 99.	He must be able to turn *pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings* into farthings.
He omits a fraction of a mil, which we shall show how to supply, *when needful*, at much less trouble than that of turning mixed sums into farthings.	His answer is perfectly exact.

Our book-keeper must learn to allow 100 for each florin or pair of shillings, 50 for the odd shilling, if any, and mil for farthing on the rest, with the Parliament mil at sixpence. Say it is, in old money, £42 11s. 9¾d. Here we see 5 florins and an odd shilling, say 550; 39 farthings, say 39 mils, with the *Parliament mil*, 40 mils; altogether 590 mils. Accordingly,

42l. 11s. 9¾d. = 42l. 590m. = 42l. 5f. 9c. 0m. = 42,590m.

Suppose the farthing system established, what then? Turn £42 11s. 9¾d. into farthings—in the head, if you can,—but turn it into farthings. The answer is 40,887 farthings. Accordingly, the given sum is 40 new pounds, 8 new florins, 8 doits, and 7 farthings.

If the fraction of a mil be worthless, as it will be in almost every case, we stop here. But what *is* this fraction of a mil? As many 24ths as there are farthings above sixpence, or, if not a whole sixpence, above the shillings. We put down a few examples, and we ask Mr. Lowe, as an honest man who knows the trouble of canvassing—assuming always that men may be honest who have gone through that *mill*—whether any member would not cheerfully work three dozen of them to get a single vote.

Old Money.	*Approximate new Money.*	*Fraction of a mil omitted.*	*Numbers employed in the process.*
0s. 7½d.	0f. 3c. 1m.	6 twenty-fourths	30, 1.
1s. 2¾d.	0f. 6c. 1m.	11 ,,	50, 11.
2s. 0½d.	1f. 0c. 2m.	2 ,,	100, 2.
17s. 10¾d.	8f. 9c. 4m.	19 ,,	800, 50, 43, 1.
18s. 6d	9f. 2c. 5m.	0 ,,	900, 24, 1.
19s. 11¼d.	9f. 9c. 8m.	23 ,,	900, 50, 47, 1.

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A great many persons will not readily bring themselves to *write in mils*, that is, put down 925m. instead of 9f. 2c. 5m. They will distrust such facility: they will doubt if it can be lawful alchemy which turns copper into gold and silver without real tough division. That 4l. 3f. 7c. 9m., and 43f. 7c. 9m. and 437c. 9m., and 4379m., and 4l. 379m., and 43f. 79m., &c., should be obtained by reduction at sight, instead of by the good old multipliers 4, 12, 20, will seem almost too easy to be true. And we have sometimes been amused by hearing advocates of the pound system settling how to provide by Act of Parliament for the manner in which people are to read. We feel pretty certain that, any act to the contrary notwithstanding, they will read in pounds, florins, and mils. When one banker's clerk now checks another, the latter reads £53 11s. 4d. as *fifty-three, eleven, four:* in the decimal system, 53l. 2f. 6c. 3m. will probably be read short, *fifty-three, two, sixty-three*, as if it were 53l. 2f. 63m. However it may be, opinion and not law will settle the matter.

The conversion into mils, above described, will serve ordinary purposes. But it will occasionally happen, for a time, that the rejected 24ths of a mil are wanted by the *higher order of book-keepers* in tenths, hundredths, &c. of a mil, or in decimils, centimils, &c. Those who want to make this conversion in their heads, must become quick at the multiplication table of *fours* up to 4 times 23. Tell this to the representative of Kidderminster, and let him set the House in a roar, which he will not fail to do, by representing us as demanding this acquisition from apple-women and members. But we can point out how such multiplication is within the power of numerical expertness of a degree far below that of an ordinary clerk.

When children first count, they sometimes forget to take a new departure from ten, and go on as in twenty-nine, twenty-ten, twenty-eleven, &c. In adding, say thirty-four to fifty-nine, in the head, the best way is to imitate the children; call it *eighty-thirteen*, and then ninety-three. Similarly, four times 17 is forty-twenty-eight, or 68; four times 19 is forty-thirty-six, or 76; and so on. Having mastered this by practice, the method of treating the rejected fraction of a mil is as follows: —Take four times the number of farthings above the shillings, or above the odd sixpence, if there be one, and add one for every complete *six* which that number contains; the result is the number of centimils, a fraction of a centimil being rejected. For example, 17s. 10¼d. As already described, using 800, 50, 41, 1, we have 892m. Above the sixpence we have 4¼d., or 17 farthings (having 2 complete sixes). Four times 17 and 2

make 70, whence 17s. 10¼d. is only a fraction of a centimil (cm.) above 892m. 70cm., or 89,270cm. Again, 14s. 8¾d. gives (700, 35, 1) 736m. to begin with: 4 times 11 and 1 is 45, and 14s. 8¾d. is 736m. 45cm., or 73,645cm. Suppose now that a *wholesale* trader who has sold at 2¾d. a piece, old money, wants to price the goods in new money, so as to be within one-hundredth of a farthing. Here 2¾d. is 11m. and a fraction: 4 times 11 and 1 is 45; so that 11m. 45cm., or 1145cm. is the price. This means 0f. 1c. 1m. 4dm. 5cm. a piece, or 1l. 1f. 4m. 5dm. per hundred, or 11l. 4f. 5m. per thousand. This may be his mode of sale, and the hundred or the thousand will soon supplant the gross: while 1145cm. will be his mode of pricing the single article. But so long as he continues to use the gross, he will use 1145 × 144, or 164,880cm. the gross; that is, stopping at mils, 1l. 6f. 4c. 8m. per gross.

We have now got to what the learned call five decimal places, denominated, for the higher sort of arithmeticians, florins, cents, mils, decimils, centimils. But Mr. Lowe will not let us stop here; he parades his interminables *ad infinitum;* so that, to diminish the terror which he excited, we shall show how easily all the following places are obtained. Strike out all the shillings and every *three-halfpence* out of the pence. If no farthings be left, say 000. . . . ; if 1 farthing, say 1666. . . . ; if 2 farthings, say 3333. . . . ; if 3 farthings, say 5000. . . . ; if 4 farthings, say 6666. . . . ; if 5 farthings, say 8333. . . .

A fair trial given to these rules will show that the method of turning old money into new can hardly be said to involve calculation up to mils, and can be carried with great ease, and without any writing, except of the result, up to any fraction of a mil. But if the country were to be burdened with the farthing system, it is easily shown that in turning old money into new, the shortest method would be to pass through the pound system by the preceding rules. Deduct 4 per cent. from the representation in the pound system, and the result is that in the farthing system: the five places will be sufficient. For example:—

£136 13s. 4¾d. is	£136 66979 CM.
4 per cent. of this is	5 46679
Difference	£131 203

Hence £136 13s. 4¾d., present money, is, in the farthing system, 131 new pounds, 2 new florins, and 3 farthings. The given sum contains 131,203 farthings.

Thus it appears that the preference of the farthing to the pound system would be, so far as business calculations are

concerned, precisely the same thing as avoiding York by going to Edinburgh and stopping at York on the way.

We now come to the exaggeration of the importance of the farthing, at the expense of the shilling and pound. We have two evils to choose between, either of which will be compensated at last by an immense balance of advantage: but this consideration does not affect our comparison. A prudent man does not buy even a large diamond for a shilling, if he can get it for a penny. The farthing system adds 4⅙ per cent. both to the shilling and the pound: the pound system deducts 4 per cent. from the farthing. Since the rate of alteration is nearly the same in both, any argument which turns on the smallness of the change in the pound and shilling, is met by the smallness of the change made in the farthing.

The pound is to the rich, and the shilling to the poor, the coin in which affairs of weight are transacted, the coin of all dealings on which thought is expended and conduct depends, the coin of their hopes and anxieties, the coin in which this year is compared with last year. The wages of the week, the income of the year, are told in shillings and pounds. The farthing and penny are only the purchasers of to-day's supply: goods bought in copper undergo changes of price from day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, almost always from shop to shop, of more than 4 per cent. Those who are used to *rapid* fluctuations of price, are used to fluctuations of coin, so far as calculation is concerned. Show any reason for altering even the shilling, to say nothing of the pound, and it can instantly be shown that there is better reason for throwing the change upon the farthing, and leaving the shilling unaltered. Nineteen out of twenty see this at once: it has been recognized by every public assembly which has discussed the question. The best thing that could happen would be some association in favour of the farthing or penny, of sufficient weight and notoriety to create an impression that possibly it might succeed. Let the general community once fairly realise the notion that the shilling and the pound are in danger, and we shall have a rising in their favour which will settle the question. At present, there is no combined attack upon the pound system: the scattered and divided opposition which it has met with, is just enough to terrify a prime minister, and no more.

The fourth point, the question of stamps, tolls, &c., is one which is insisted upon rather to frighten the Government than the people. If the postage stamp and receipt stamp be raised to five new farthings or mils, the revenue will gain half-a-million, and no one will object: the war may demand an augmentation independently of the coinage. Tolls, as has been

shown, can easily be adjusted by allowing an additional mil for a term of years. There is no need to do more than refer to the evidence given on these points before the Committee of the House. All the objections of this kind are but make-weights. Never a session passes without adjustments of far more difficulty being made, without agitation or subsequent complaint.

The penny, or tenpenny scheme, is one of so peculiar a character, that there is little use in arguing it in connexion with that of the farthing. If its advocates proposed to start from the penny, and to have coins of 10d. and 100d. on the one side, and of $\frac{1}{10}$d. on the other, their system would be intelligible. The proposer of this system, we believe, adheres to the coin of 100d., which is too large for silver, and too small for gold. If, indeed, all other points presented advantage, the country might perhaps afford the wear and tear of a coin less than the half-sovereign for its principal gold coin. But we need hardly say, that all the difficulties which we have pointed out in the farthing system, would, in almost if not quite as great a degree, attach to the tenpenny system. But others (as the writer in the city article of the *Times*, and a writer in the *Spectator*, who has much more power of explaining himself) tell us that *every existing coin is to remain;* that, *calculating* in tenpences, we are to *pay* in shillings and pounds. That is, they repudiate decimal *coinage*, and propose a decimal *system of accounts;* which amounts to nothing more than a permission to those who like to turn sums into pence, and use the number of pence in reckoning. Their only direct action upon the coinage would be to divide the penny into ten parts, thus introducing a coin of a degree of smallness which the whole community has deliberately rejected when it was offered; for the Government never could introduce half-farthings.

We are informed, that in all probability, people in general would prefer pounds and shillings for daily payments. No doubt they would: but would they learn to calculate in pence, tenpences, &c., when they must reduce the result to pounds and shillings, in order to know what to pay? This could be done already, if it were convenient, without asking Parliament to interfere. What is to hinder any one from keeping his books in pence, calling tenpence a franc, one hundred pence a Victoria, &c., if he pleases? And bankers, who use no farthings, could at once have a system of this kind for their books. They would probably answer, that the trouble of reducing into pence, and back again, would overbalance any advantage which would accrue from the strictly decimal character of the summations. When this tenpenny scheme of *accounts without coinage* comes fairly before the commission, in juxtaposition with either that

of the pound or that of the farthing, it will soon be disposed of. No such absurdity raised its head before the Committee of the Commons.

There is one argument in favour of the tenpenny unit, which may excite a smile. Its promoters have found out that it takes a smaller number of fractional places to go down to a farthing, than are required when the pound is a unit. They say the pound system requires *three* places of fractions, the tenpenny system only *two*. Let the pound system be read with the *florin* as a unit, and then the pound system requires only two places. These arithmeticians do not remember that in a decimal system the very homogeneity of the scale enables any one, either in expression or in calculation, to treat which place he pleases as the unit.

The Decimal Association, answering Mr. Lowe, states as follows:—

It is one of the advantages of a decimal system, arising from its perfect uniformity of mode of transition, that all classes of the community may choose their units. At present it would be absurd to allow a man to sue his debt in farthings. But if a decimal system were established, no matter what, any one might choose his unit out of the system. Thus, in ours, a creditor might, without inconvenience, bring into the County Court for 2638 mils, a debtor who wishes to shirk payment of 263 cts. 8 m., by an attorney who is sternly indignant at the wickedness of cheating a fellow-creature out of 26 fl. 3 cts. 8m., before a judge who would calmly award payment of £2 6 fl. 3 cts. 8 m. and costs, and might be reported as having awarded £2 6 fl. 38 m. by one newspaper, 26 fl. 38 m. by another, and £2 638 m. by a third.

In leaving the direct advocacy of the system of the *pound and mil*, we remark that we believe our unbiassed readers will clearly see the distinction between the easy rule by which the uneducated man may pay and receive, the easy calculation, if it deserve such a name, by which the ordinary book-keeper may render old money into new, and the by no means difficult process by which the higher order of accountants may carry this conversion to any extent. But it would no way surprise us if opponents were to be found who should, even after this warning, represent us as intending the whole of our rule of conversion for applewomen, bakers' boys, costermongers, &c. Against these we can only contend, by taking the precaution of the Irishman's postscript:—"P.S. If you do not receive this, let me know." We desire the readers of such opponents, if they have not seen our article, to be sure to refer to it.

We have now, for several generations, had a very simple coinage, consisting of few pieces. We are apt to imagine that

the world at large would be unable to contend with the difficulties of a very complicated and varied system. We shall, therefore, proceed to show what kind of money our ancestors possessed. And we do this, not merely because it is of consequence to point out how much more can be endured than it is proposed we should endure, in the way of meeting changes, but also because the information we shall give is not to be obtained from any of the works in which it would naturally be looked for. Histories of the coinage* are not written by men who know how to consult old books on arithmetic: and those who go to old books on arithmetic are seldom interested in numismatics.

From very old time our *reckoning* has been in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings; but this does not mean that these *coins of account* have always existed as coins of exchange. The common law implicitly supposes that people must have had a complicated variety of pieces of money from all time: before Edward III. *all* the coinage was *small silver*. By the old law, the tenant was bound to tender his rent at such time before sunset as would leave the landlord time to count it by daylight. What may this mean? Twenty marks would seldom have been paid at once for house-rent. In our day, any sunset which is preceded by daylight, or by anything better than London fog, would leave light enough for any one who can count to verify the rent of any three houses, paid in any collection of coins which is legal tender. We shall read the riddle as soon as we come to examine the state of the coinage.

Passing over the time of small silver, our first opportunity is afforded by the book of arithmetic of old Robert Recorde, the "Grounde of Artes," published in 1540. In this book, accounts are kept, as usual, in pounds, shillings, and pence; but the description given of the coinage, in modern spelling, is as follows:—

Gold coins: Sovereign, £1 2s. 6d.; half-do., 11s. 3d.; royal, 11s. 3d.; half-royal, 5s. 7½d.; quarter-royal, 2s. 9⅜d.; old noble, 10s.; half-do., 5s.; angel, 7s. 6d.; half-do., 3s. 9d.; George noble, 6s. 8d.; half-do., 3s. 4d.; quarter-do., 1s. 8d.; crown, 5s.; half-do., 2s. 6d.; another crown, best known by the rose having no crown over it, but four fleurs-de-lys round it, 4s. 6d.

Silver coins: Groat,† 4d.; harp-groat, 3d.; penny of 2 pence, 2d.; dandiprat, 1½d.; penny; halfpenny; farthing, to be distin-

* For example, Camden, Clarencieux King at Arms, states that Henry VII. stamped a small coin called a *dandiprat*, but he did not know its value. Leake, another Clarencieux, a good antiquary, follows Camden in his history of the coinage; and can get no further. We shall presently see this coin of 1½d. in its proper place in the *arithmetician's* list.

† *Groat* and *great* are the same words: it means the *largest* silver coin.

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guished from the smaller halfpence only by a cross and a portcullis

Here is a sufficient account of the want of daylight for counting money, which must have required either the chequer-board, or pen and paper to write down and then add up. Twenty marks paid in gold, with mixture of half and quarter royals and the two kinds of crowns, would astonish a banker's clerk of our time, who feels it a grievance to have to find out the difference between our threepenny and fourpenny pieces.

This state of things, bad as it was, grew gradually worse. The editor of the edition of 1573 says that the coins were very different from what they were in 1540; meaning, we believe, that there were more of them. He promised a table at the end of the book, and forgot his promise. It may be suspected that the increase of trade, the Spanish marriage, &c., caused an influx of foreign coins; and it is known that the variety of English coins was rapidly increasing. Similar omissions occur in the remaining arithmetical books of the century.

The principal "valuers" of money were the pound, the mark (13s. 4d.), and the shilling; not one of which was a coin in 1540: for though Henry VII. did coin a few shillings, or *groats of* 12 *pence*, and thereby converted the shilling from a weight into a coin, yet this was merely as a specimen, and the coins were not put into circulation. The complication of actual coins increased, until, at the restoration of the monarchy, it had arrived at a fearful pitch. A multitude of gold pieces were in circulation, at odd pence per piece when of standard weight, and subject to reduction for loss of weight. At the Restoration, the value of every piece was augmented by proclamation, and this by other odd pence; so that, immediately after the Restoration, there were three things to consider, on each of 56 gold coins; the old value, the augmentation, and the loss due to the wear of the particular piece in question. And we do not hear of any very strong complaint, or even dissatisfaction.

William Jeake collected the following list of coins in 1674, and inserted it in his "Λογιστικηλογία, or Arithmetick Surveighed and Reviewed," which was not published till 1696, in folio. The values are given before and after the proclamation: the initial letters are those of the sovereigns who issued them.

GOLD COINS.

	1640. £	*s.*	*d.*	1660. £	*s.*	*d.*
Old double rose noble	1	16	4 ..	1	18	8
Double do. H8. E6. PM. El.	1	16	0 ..	1	18	4

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	1640. £	s.	d.	1660. £	s.	d.
Great sovereign J. / Double rose noble.	1	13	0	1	15	3
Double rose royal or real	1	10	0	1	12	0
Double old sovereign	1	6	8	1	8	5
Best double sovereign H. / Double sovereign E6. El.	1	3	10	1	5	5
Double sovereign (Jacobus)	1	2	0	1	3	10
Laureat or 20s. piece J. / 20s. piece of Cl.	1	0	0	1	1	4
Old rose noble	0	18	2	0	19	4
Spur royal. H8, E6, PM. El.	0	18	0	0	19	2
Spur royal J.	0	16	6	0	17	7
Double noble El. / Old noble H.	0	16	0	0	17	1
Rose royal	0	15	0	0	16	0
Old sovereign	0	13	4	0	14	2
Best sovereign H. / Sovereign E6, El.	0	11	11	0	12	8
Old angel noble H.	0	12	1	0	12	10
Last angel noble H8, E6, PM. El. / First angel J.	0	11	11	0	12	8
Sovereign J. (double Britain crown)	0	11	0	0	11	9
George noble	0	10	10	0	11	6
Last angel J.	0	11	0	0	11	9
Half-laureat J.	0	10	0	0	10	8
10s. piece Cl	0	10	0	0	10	8
Angel Cl.	0	10	0	0	10	8
Half-spur-royal	0	9	0	0	9	7
First crown H.	0	8	0	0	8	5
Single noble El. / Half old noble	0	8	0	0	8	6
Salute	0	7	11	0	8	5
Base crown H., Rose crown / Crown E6, El.	0	5	11	0	6	4
Half angel noble H.	0	6	0	0	6	5
Half last angel H. / Half-angel E6, PM. El. / Half first angel J.	0	5	11	0	6	4
Britain crown J.	0	5	6	0	5	10
Half George noble	0	5	5	0	5	9
Half last angel J	0	5	6	0	5	10
New crown J. / Crown Cl.	0	5	0	0	5	4
Two parts [thirds] of salute	0	5	3	0	5	7
Half first crown H.	0	4	0	0	4	2
Half salute	0	3	11	0	4	2
Half rose crown / Half crown E6, El.	0	2	11	0	3	2

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	1640. £	s.	d.	1660. £	s.	d.
Quarter old angel noble	0	3	0 ..	0	3	2
Quarter last angel H. Quarter angel E6, PM. El. Quarter first angel J.	0	2	11 ..	0	3	2
Half Britain crown J. Quarter last angel J.	0	2	9 ..	0	2	11

SILVER COINS.

	s.	d.
Crown E6, El. J., C1, C2.	5	0
Half crown do. do.	2	6
Shilling E6, PM., El., J., C1, C2.	1	0
Sixpence do. do.	0	6
Groat old H8, last H8, M. El. C1.	0	4
Threepence El. C1.	0	3
Twopence H8, El., J , C1, C2.	0	2
Three halfpence El.	0	1½
Penny H8, E6, M., El., J., C1, C2.	0	1
Three farthings El.	0	0¾
Halfpenny El., J., C1, C2.	0	0½

If this confusion had run through the silver coinage, it would perhaps have been wholly unbearable. But the labouring man must have had a tolerable share of it. Sixteen at least of the current gold coins were lower than, or nearly the same as, the highest silver coin. Every man who dealt with sums of five shillings was liable to come in contact with this part of the gold circulation, and with its changes. And we do not know the worst: for Jeake does not pretend to give all the gold "yet current" in 1674, only "most" of it. We should like to have heard a speech from Mr. Lowe on the proclamation.

The renovation of the coinage which was completed by Newton in 1699, appears to have had no reference to the complexity of the pieces in number and value: the great cause of complaint was the depreciation. Of course, in calling in the battered mass, simplicity was observed in the new issue. We have often wondered why the details of this new issue are not matter of the utmost notoriety: it may easily be found that such is not the case. The histories of the coinage do not state the particulars of the new system. At the Mint, the controlment-rolls of the recoinage of 1699 do not give the denominations, though sufficiently full in other respects; and this is the only official record. And for the omission we find, on examination, a very simple reason. Whatever he had to do with calling in old coins, Newton had nothing to do in issuing new ones, except only to continue what his immediate predecessors had

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been doing: he found simplicity of issue established. From Charles II. downwards, the silver issued had consisted of crowns, halfcrowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, threepences, twopences, and pence: the gold of five-pound pieces, double-guineas, guineas, and half-guineas. The only coin peculiar to Newton's administration is the quarter-guinea of 1718, but this coin was found too small for use; a lesson to those who would give us gold of 8s. 4d. Nevertheless, it continued in circulation at least to Wilkes's time; for Sam Johnson, speaking contemptuously of the petitions which that hero excited, said that with a little hot wine he would undertake to get up a petition against the half-guinea or the quarter-guinea.

The old gold coins were not entirely called in at the recoinage. The Carolus (£1 3s.) and the Jacobus (£1 5s.) retained some circulation till 1740, at least; for so late are they set down as "usual coins" in books of arithmetic.

It is not worth while to trace the copper coinage, an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather an idea of Elizabeth, carried into practice by her successors. The first English copper coin, *so called*, was the adulterated silver of Henry VIII, some of which had little more than the sixth part of its exchangeable value; as to which "Sir John Rainsford meeting Parson Brocke, the principall devisor of the Copper Coyne, threatned him to breake his head, for that he had made his Soveraigne Lord, the most beautifull Prince, King Henry, with a red and Copper Nose." It may be that these experiments upon the silver first suggested the notion of using copper, *ipso facto*, as a circulating medium.

Our readers will have remarked that for a long time, the bulk of the coin was gold, silver being, as copper now is, a base substitute for very small amounts. It is sometimes popularly stated that Henry VII. coined *gold pence*, but this golden coin was of a large value, though called a *penny*. It should follow, one might suppose, that the popular notion of a mass of coin, taken as it came, would be that of a larger bulk of gold, and a smaller bulk of silver: in our day, the result of putting together many mixed sums would be, that the bulk of silver would be greater than the bulk of gold. It so happened that, while writing on this subject, we chanced to read over that most excellent old ballad, the "Heir of Linne," which, though reputed (wrongly, we believe) Scottish, will serve our purpose, since the Scotch and English coinage were of the same character. The prodigal finds his father's hoard in *three* chests:—

> *Two* were full of the beaten golde,
> The *third* was full of white money.

So that the ballad notion of a hoard of coin seems to have been that there would be two bulks of gold to one of silver.

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Seeing what our ancestors could endure, and did endure, and taking into account all the advantages which we have over them in the power of spreading information over the country, we ask whether the conversion of the half-shilling into 25 farthings instead of 24, is more than could easily be mastered. It is certain that at a very low estimate, by many thought much too low, this proceeding would set free five hours out of every hundred employed in education throughout the whole country that is to say, ninety-five hours would do what one hundred now do. This takes in all kinds of education: to the poorer classes the proportion per cent. set free is larger. And further, the much greater facility given to money calculation would throw competition for clerks' and book-keepers' places among those who have at present no chance. It may be doubted whether the opening of the civil service and the East India service will be so large a boon to the middle classes, as the establishment of this simple coinage would be to the lower classes.

When the question had been carried in the House of Commons, the Decimal Association, desiring to proceed towards the change in the most cautious manner, recommended to the Government, by two deputations, one to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one to the Prime Minister, to take the following course:—First, to cease from coining halfcrowns, and from issuing the halfcrowns which return into the Mint; supplying their place by issue of florins and of sixpences. Secondly, to stamp on every new sixpence issued from the Mint the words "half-shilling, 25 mils;" not thereby meaning, at this time, to interfere with the existing farthing, but only to signify the advent of a new name, and to excite inquiry as to what this new name might mean. The Association was of opinion that, so far as the most ignorant classes are concerned, this sixpence, so stamped, *would be the only book wanted.* They urged upon the ministers that this step pledged the Crown to nothing, and gave nothing to retrace, if the plan were even finally abandoned.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the deputation to understand that the Government would do nothing. He denied—and in doing so he gave reason to doubt that he knew the meaning of a *decimal coinage*—that the resolutions of the House contained an affirmation of the principle of retaining the pound. He maintained that it might be construed in favour of the penny. The resolutions were as follows:—"That in the opinion of this House, the initiation of the *decimal* system of coinage, by the issue of the *florin*, has been eminently successful and satisfactory."—"That a *further extension* of *such* system will be of great public advantage."

It was pointed out to Sir G. Lewis, that a *decimal* system proceeds only by *tens;* that a decimal system which contains the *florin,* must contain 10 florins, which is not a penny; and the 10th part of a florin, which is not a penny; and the 100th part of a florin, which is not a penny. "That," said he, "is one construction; but there are others." How the penny is to be retained in a decimal system which adopts the pound and florin, he did not point out; and we know no more than our readers what he meant.

Lord Palmerston, when the Association waited on him a few days afterwards, showed an utter want of Exchequer ingenuity, and much more aptitude at understanding logical necessity and arithmetical meaning. He did not for a moment fence with constructions, but admitted the plain English of the Resolutions, threw himself behind the barrier of ministerial discretion, and announced his intention to seek information through a Commission. Though some imagined that this was only a method of hanging up the question, yet, for ourselves, independently of the circumstances mentioned at the beginning of this article, we are inclined to think that Lord Palmerston saw clearly enough that the change—the *pound and mil* change—is sure to come. We do not believe that he ever entertained the idea of overturning *three* Committees by a Committee of *three;* but we suspect that, like all other ministers of our time, he did not want trouble upon a matter which is not a question of party, nor an outwork of the august city of ministerial power.

The opponents of the Association affirm that the commercial world takes no interest in the question; and one of their organs fathers upon Mr. Rogers an assertion that this is because the pound and mil scheme is simply impracticable. How exquisite the irony of fastening upon Nestor a dictum which would show an utter ignorance of mankind! Do large masses of men remain not only inactive, but uninterested, when a change affecting themselves is carried in the House of Commons, because they believe that such change, if attempted, would not succeed? Do they not know that the attempt, if seriously made, must either succeed to their gain or loss, or fail to their loss? Have the men of commerce a joint but unexpressed feeling that a measure carried in the House, approved by the mayors of cities and towns by the fifty, petitioned for by chambers of commerce by the dozen—to say nothing of advocacy not so directly commercial—can be trusted to work its own failure? The supposition is simply absurd. The commercial classes are *interested,* but not *excited.* They are generally in favour of the House of Commons plan, the only plan which has secured a combination. The opponents of this plan cannot

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combine. There is neither unity among themselves, nor numerical force to back them. The commercial classes do not trouble themselves about the opposition, because they know next to nothing about it; they are not readers of pamphlets, and they only skim the correspondence of the newspapers.

In truth, the commercial feeling of the country acts in a very quiet way; as, for instance, in the question of limited liability, which the press did not lash one-half as much as the question whether or no the Hon. Major C. D. has been unjustly preferred to Captain A. B. Commerce *earwigs* its representatives, and shows itself in the results of the division: it was so in the present instance. Secure in this power, its organs of the press are mild and argumentative. There is no occasion to fume or fret, for as the commercial mind wills, so will the commercial measure be. It is only when the trade of the country comes into opposition with some other interest, as in the case of the corn-laws, that we see the excitement, the want of which our opponents call want of interest. We have no doubt that, in the present question, there is nothing left to overcome, except the inertia of the executive Government. Should the proceedings of the Commission now appointed fail to rouse ministers to action, the division of next session will be more effective. Members will not again be sent away by the dozen on the faith of the declaration of a government manager of debates, that *in all probability there will be no division.*

Since writing the preceding article, we have had the advantage of seeing the report (in the Journal of the Society of Arts) of a lecture by Mr. F. J. Minasi, an advocate of the tenpenny system, and we believe, the best arithmetician of his class. It is the most recent publication on the subject, and has much condensed information on other systems, and on the history of the whole question. The *pound and mil* system, which we have advocated, is traced by Mr. Minasi to a writer who signs himself *Mercator* in the *Pamphleteer*, for July 1814. Earlier versions of the same proposition will no doubt be found; for it is difficult to imagine any one turning his mind to the subject, without this plan suggesting itself, whether with approbation or not.

Mr. Minasi propounds the tenpenny system as we have set it forth: that is, not as an *adoption* of a decimal system, but as an *option*. The *franc* of tenpence, a silver coin, very likely to be confounded with the shilling, and the *imperial* of one hundred pence, a gold coin of 8s. 4d., very likely to be confounded with the half-sovereign, are proposed to be added to

our existing currency; and those who like may then calculate decimally in pence, francs, and imperials. The farthing and halfpenny are to be left for the poorer classes, or *perhaps*, if found desirable, the penny is to be divided into ten *mites*. The immediate effect would be, that this hash of different pieces of money would not deserve to be called *currency*, that which runs about, but rather *claudicancy*, that which halts most wofully: poor Mammon would immediately become a *diable boiteux*, a devil on two sticks of unequal length, one of twelve pence the other of ten. Suppose a person to hand over as his payment to the tax-gatherer, who calls at the door, four sovereigns, three half-sovereigns, four imperials, seven shillings, eight francs. How is the amount of this to be told? It would never be done with any certainty, without setting down and adding up, £4, £1 10s., 8s. 4d. × 4, or £1 13s. 4d., 7s., 10d. × 8, or 6s. 8d. To re-impose this kind of chequer-board work, from which we have been so happily delivered since the time of Newton, would be a piece of insanity of which no legislature could be capable. The period of confusion would last until all the present currency had found its way back to the Mint, which Sir J. Herschel supposed would take twenty years: and the decimal calculation would be introduced with the utmost slowness. The truth is that, as appears by the earlier publications, the advocates of the tenpenny scheme at first intended to propose the grand measure of *calling in all the coinage*, all the silver at least, except the half-crowns. As soon as their eyes began to open to the impracticability of this scheme, and to the immense advantage which the pound and mil scheme possessed in retaining all the silver, except the 3d. and 4d. pieces, *at its present value*, they hit upon this plan of mixing a decimal and a duodecimal currency, with the option we have described. Our readers would not thank us for wasting further space upon a hybrid scheme, which carries its own condemnation with it.

The tenpenny scheme is the admiration of those who wish to assimilate the English and French coinage. It so happens that the two parliamentary movers of a decimal scheme are men singularly well acquainted with the coinage of foreign countries, and both are decidedly against this attempt. Sir John Bowring, to whom the florin is due, has seen the decimal system at work in all parts of the world. Mr. William Brown has long been acquainted with the American system in the country itself, and in his large mercantile transactions at home. We now leave the question to the Commission, trusting that the opponent systems will be so pitted against each other, that each side shall have full and immediate knowledge of what is brought forward by the others.

We conclude with a remark upon the assertion of some advocates of decimal reckoning, that practice, the rule of three, &c., will be banished from arithmetic. No notion can be more unfounded: every good plan of arithmetical operation is sure to find its way into every possible system Relative advantages may be altered, and the questions in which one or another rule is advantageous may change places. All the difficulties of mere calculation will be greatly simplified by *any* decimal system: those of thought and arrangement will not be affected in any way.

Art. III.—SIR G. C. LEWIS ON EARLY ROMAN HISTORY.

An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis. In Two Volumes. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

MORE than forty years have now elapsed since Niebuhr published the first edition of his History of Rome. The novelty of his views attracted immediate attention in Germany, and they were controverted by authors of great eminence,—A. W. Schlegel, in the *Litteratur-Zeitung* of Jena, and Creuzer, in the *Jahrbücher* of Heidelberg. But in this country his work was long altogether unknown, except from an article of Dr. Arnold's in the *Quarterly Review*. His fame and authority amongst us date from the appearance of Hare and Thirlwall's Translation of his Second Edition, in 1828; and for some years after that time it required no little boldness to express any doubt respecting the reality of his discoveries. One of the literary journals of the day,* in a notice of the first volume of this translation, ventured to controvert his favourite theory of the derivation of the Roman History from ballad poetry, his definition of the *populus* as a patrician body, which is the foundation of his whole constitutional history, and his exclusion of the clients from the general body of the *plebs*: but in general his opinions were received with profound acquiescence. All were dazzled for a time by the sudden brilliancy of the light which had burst upon them. The immense learning and great sagacity of Niebuhr seemed to place him above the reach of

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* See Westminster Review for October, 1829.

criticism by ordinary men. There was an attractive earnestness, as well as an imposing self-confidence, in his style. Those who doubted the origin of the Roman History from poetical lays were told "that they might continue blind to their existence if they pleased; they would be left more and more alone every day; on this point there could be no going backward for generations." His friends and translators caught and imitated his earnestness of conviction and confidence of statement; and being placed where they had the influence of station and office over the minds of the young—Arnold, at Rugby, Hare and Thirlwall, at Trinity College, Cambridge—they imbued the rising generation of scholars with their own faith in the infallibility of Niebuhr. Arnold united his critical fragments into a continuous narrative, more popular and intelligible than the original. Macaulay lent the aid of his brilliant talent to the belief in the poetical origin of Roman History. Who could doubt that the story of Horatius Cocles and the Battle of the Lake Regillus had originally been ballad poetry, when he saw what admirable ballads had been made out of them? unless, indeed, it had happened to occur to him that the Roman history had furnished very little to the ballad, and that it owed nearly all its poetry to the modern composer.

Of late years the symptoms of reaction have been visible, both at home and abroad. Not only has the poetical theory been called in question,* but the theory of an originally patrician constitution, and even Niebuhr's explanation of the Agrarian laws, long deemed the unassailable point of his discoveries. Almost all the late publications on the Roman history in Germany have attacked some of his assumptions, and indications have not been wanting that Livy and Dionysius were about to be restored to their ancient dominion. Accordingly, MM. Gerlach and Bachofen have recently published a portion of a work, in which the voyage of Æneas to Italy, and the wars described in Virgil, resume their place as authentic facts. It

* Niebuhr himself appears to have felt some distrust of his own poetical theory; for he says, Vol. II. p. 6. Eng. Translation, "The rhythmical form is a secondary matter, the one main point is that those very stories which speak to the soul are treated by tradition freely and creatively; that it does not give back the chain of incidents one by one, as it receives them; that in proportion as a story is listened to with general interest, it is more liable to be transformed without any limit, until it becomes fixed in some book; while on the other hand, what excites no emotion comes down just as it was recorded to the historian, who likes to employ himself in putting some life into it." This amounts to no more than that imagination and patriotic feeling seize on certain events for their exercise, and neglect others, and is a very different thing from saying that every one must be blind who does not acknowledge the existence of incorporated lays in Livy's history, traceable at this day by their metre: which was Niebuhr's original dictum.

was impossible to study Niebuhr's writings, and compare his statements with his authorities—a process hardly ever performed by the first readers—and not to perceive how much his feelings and imagination had influenced his judgment. No writer was ever more remarkable for what the Germans call *subjectivity*. He has himself described the excitement under which he wrote. "The consequence of the continued exertion of all my faculties, directed to a single object for sixteen months without any intermission, except now and then a very few days, was that my sight grew dim in its passionate efforts to pierce into the obscurity of the subject." * Elsewhere he compares himself to the youth in the Sclavonic tale, beneath whose yearning gaze of love a scarcely visible aërial form rises out of the mist, and takes the body of an earthly maiden,† in shape and substance. We have no doubt that he describes faithfully the emotions of his own mind; but we cannot regard this state of *nympholepsy* as a clairvoyance favourable to the divination of historic truth. It rather resembles that to which the religious devotee reduces himself by intense concentration of his thoughts and affections on one object—a state in which he sees visions and dreams dreams with an entire conviction of their reality.

The author of the work before us is in every respect, but extent of knowledge, the very opposite of Niebuhr. Happily for the tax-payers of England, their Chancellor of the Exchequer is altogether a man of facts and figures. He brings with him to his investigations of history, the habits of a mind trained in economy and statistics. He will accept no inferences, no analogies, no conjectures, no second-hand reports as substitutes for precise, contemporaneous, well-authenticated written documents. Where these begin, there, to him, history begins; all that precedes them he abandons to those who are willing to waste their time in building houses of cards, to be blown down by their successors at this idle and endless work, or in grinding the wind in a treadmill from which no grist can ever issue.

Accordingly he considers the Italian expedition of Pyrrhus as fixing the time at which the Roman history begins to be a profitable study. The learning and sagacity employed in constructing a history of the preceding five centuries have been wasted; the hypotheses which speculative men produce may be more or less ingenious and attractive, but they are equally unsusceptible of proof, and no increase of our knowledge can result from them.

"The main cause of the great multiplicity and wide divergence of opinions which characterize the recent researches into early

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* Preface. Vol. ii. p. 4. † Vol. ii. p. 14.

Roman history, is the defective method, which not only Niebuhr and his followers, but most of his opponents, have adopted. Instead of employing those tests of credibility which are consistently applied to modern history, they attempt to guide their judgment by the indications of internal evidence, and assume that the truth can be discovered by an occult faculty of historical divination. Hence, the task which they have undertaken resembles an inquiry into the internal structure of the earth, or into the question whether the stars are inhabited. It is an attempt to solve a problem, for the solution of which no sufficient data exist.

"The consequence is, that ingenuity and labour can produce nothing but hypotheses and conjectures which may be supported by analogies, and may sometimes appear specious and attractive, but can never rest on the solid foundation of proof. There will, therefore, be a series of such conjectural histories; each successive writer will reject all or some of the guesses of his predecessors, and will propose some new hypothesis of his own. But the treatment of early Roman history, though it will be constantly moving, will not advance; it will not be stationary, but neither will it be progressive; it will be unfixed and changeable, but without receiving any improvement; and it will perpetually revolve in the same hopeless circle. Like the search after the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, it will be constantly varying its aspect, under the treatment of different professors of the futile science; but truth and certainty, the aim of all rational employment of the intellect, will always be equally distant. Each new system of the early Roman constitution will be only (to use Paley's words) one guess among many; whereas, he alone discovers who proves. There is indeed no doubt that long habit, combined with a happy talent, may enable a person to discern the truth where it is invisible to ordinary minds, possessing no peculiar advantages. This may be observed, not only in historical researches, but in every other department of knowledge. In order, however, that the truth so perceived should recommend itself to the convictions of others, it is a necessary condition that it should admit of proof which they can understand. Newton might have perceived, by a rapid and intuitive sagacity, the connexion between the fall of an apple and the attraction of the earth to the sun; but unless he could have demonstrated that connexion by arguments which were intelligible and satisfactory to the scientific world, his discovery would have been useless, except as a mere suggestion. In like manner, we may rejoice that the ingenuity and learning of Niebuhr should have enabled him to advance many novel hypotheses and conjectures respecting events in the early history, and respecting the form of the early constitution, of Rome. But unless he can support those hypotheses by sufficient evidence, they are not entitled to our belief. It is not enough for a historian to claim the possession of a retrospective second-sight, which is denied to the rest of the world; of a mysterious doctrine, revealed only to the initiated. Unless he can prove as well as guess; unless he can produce evidence of the fact, after he has intuitively perceived its existence, his historical system cannot be received."

The allusion in this passage to the fruitlessness of the inquiry whether the stars are inhabited, we leave to be digested by the eminent philosophers who have lately occupied themselves with this question; but our author is not happy when he classes with it an inquiry into the internal structure of the earth. He had perhaps Burnet and Whitehurst in his mind. But when Arago sinks an Artesian well to the depth of two thousand feet, and brings up water of the temperature of 85° of Fahrenheit, or Airy ascertains the vibrations of the pendulum at the bottom of a coal-pit, they do give us information respecting the internal structure of the earth. And as regards the earth's revolution around the sun, we should maintain that one who preferred the Pythagorean to the Ptolemaic system, even while both were hypotheses, showed a sound and philosophical judgment, grounded on the best evidence which was then attainable. Can we be said, indeed, even now to have any proof of the Copernican system, except that it solves the phenomena, the test by which every historical hypothesis claims to be tried, however inadequately it may often fulfil the condition?

Niebuhr's historical investigations divide themselves into several periods—that which preceded the rise of Rome—the regal government—from the expulsion of the kings to the burning of the city—and from the rebuilding of the city to the war with Pyrrhus. Through all these Sir George Lewis follows him, for the purpose of establishing the thesis laid down in the extract which we have given above, and showing that, instead of solid and well-guaranteed facts, his work presents us with nothing but arbitrary assumptions and fanciful combinations. Occasionally he has a graver charge to prefer, of assertions made without proof, and evidence incorrectly stated, through the zeal of an advocate in the cause which he had undertaken. These criticisms on the work and its author are not hastily made. Sir George has evidently studied the whole history of Rome, with a view to the present discussion, in the original writers; he has besides consulted every author, even the most recent, who could throw any light upon the subject. His tone is decisive, but dispassionate; and could we agree with him as to the limit within which he would confine history, and the sources from which it must be derived in order to deserve its name, we should find little to object to against his special criticisms. As may be anticipated, he has no difficulty in showing that the attempts to construct a connected and credible history out of the traditions of the Italian nations who preceded the rise of Rome, have been attended with little success. His method is to place one in opposition to another, and then dash them together in order to pulverize both. The following extract will

show in what light estimation he holds this whole class of inquiries:—

"When we come to examine the evidence on which the ethnological theories of the majority of antiquarian treatises are founded, our wonder at their wide, and indeed almost unlimited divergences is at an end. No probability is too faint, no conjecture is too bold, no etymology is too uncertain, to resist the credulity of an antiquarian in search of evidence to support an ethnological hypothesis. Gods become men, kings become nations, one nation becomes another nation, opposites are interchanged, at a stroke of the wand of the historical magician. Centuries are to him as minutes; nor indeed is space itself of much account, when national affinities are in question. Chronology, as Niebuhr remarks in the passage quoted above, forms no part of such history; dates, in such a context, are misleading and deceptive. To ask for the ordinary securities of historical truth—determinate assignable witnesses, whose credibility can be weighed and estimated—would be an impertinence; would imply an ignorance of the conditions of the problem, which are, that the events are antecedent to the period of regular history and contemporaneous registration.

"Niebuhr remarks, that 'unless some boldness of divination be allowable, all researches into the early history of nations must be abandoned. The subject may be interesting, and our curiosity may be great; but because the authentic information is scanty, we must not therefore assume the liberty of setting aside well-ascertained rules of historical evidence. To permit boldness of divination to supply the place of well-attested fact in inquiries into primitive ethnology, is similar to the ancient legal maxim, now happily exploded, that, in trials for atrocious crimes, a less degree of proof, than in ordinary cases, would suffice, and that the judge might outstep the law."

The ethnologists who have exercised themselves on the problem of the early population of Italy, would hardly admit that they have proceeded on a principle equally bad in law and logic. They would probably allege that they have only followed out the sound maxim, that when primary and positive evidence is not to be obtained, secondary and circumstantial may be admitted; and that, not because it would be a great dishonour to the law that a crime should be committed and no one be punished for it, but because experience has shown that such evidence is capable of furnishing a safe conclusion. No doubt much evidence is tendered on this subject which is of no value, and some has been admitted which did not deserve reception, but the sweeping condemnation in which our author involves the whole, appears to us not to be deserved. He makes no discrimination between witnesses according to their character and means of knowledge; indeed, he assumes that none of them

did or could know anything of times preceding the establishment of the Roman power, and that therefore none of them should be listened to. This we think an unfounded assumption. Herodotus and Dionysius are at variance on the subject of the origin of the Etruscans or Tyrrhenians. Dionysius, writing immediately before the Christian era, pronounced them to be in no way related to the Lydians, either in religion, language, or manners. Herodotus, in the fifth century, B.C., tells us that they were a colony from Lydia.* Is no account to be made, in weighing their authorities against each other, of the circumstances that one lived four centuries and a-half before the other; that Herodotus knew both Lydia and Italy, and had seen the Lydians when their traditions were so much more recent, and their manners and institutions so much less changed, than in the days of Dionysius? There is no perspective in Sir G. Lewis's estimate of evidence; what does not stand in the foreground of contemporary testimony vanishes at once from his view, be it nearer or more remote. Nor does he allow any weight to the traditional belief and historical consciousness of a nation, in regard to its own origin, which we should consider, when its existence can be ascertained, as at least good *prima facie* evidence, to be received and held valid till it can be proved also groundless. It is true that Niebuhr has said, and our author repeats the assertion, that popular belief requires no long time, in spite of the most obvious facts, and the clearest historical proofs, to become national, provided people are only roundly told that it was what their forefathers knew and believed. Niebuhr was very inconsistent, for he often argues from this belief as evidence of a true historical tradition: Sir G. Lewis is consistent in its rejection. We should hesitate to lay down an absolute rule. First of all, indeed, it must be ascertained that the belief *is* national, and not a mere literary or poetic fiction, like the deduction of the Britons from Brutus the Trojan, or the Milesian colony in Ireland. If it be truly national, its evidence is not to be set aside by any general assertion that it may have been produced by bold asseverations of its truth; the burden of proof is fairly thrown on those who maintain its falsehood. We do not mean, of course, that they are bound to show when and by whose means it originated, for it is not a thing of individual creation and instantaneous birth; but neither is it generated by the wind, or produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. It is a fact, for which a cause has to be assigned, a phenomenon, which demands an explanation, not indeed an explanation of every ornamental circumstance or minute variation in the story, but of that which is its substance

* Ant. Rom. i. 30. Herod. i. 94.

and underlies all its forms. Our author has collected from different ancient writers a number of traditions or legends respecting the original population of Italy. We readily concede to him that there is no one which deserves to be set up as history to the exclusion of the rest, and that to select from each what we think probable would be an arbitrary and uncritical proceeding. Yet they all involve an historical consciousness on the part of their authors, that in the language, religion, and customs of the Latins, to whom the Roman people owed their origin, there was a large infusion of a Grecian element, along with another which was not Grecian. Further, they all denote the existence of a conviction that it was not in any recent time, or from the Grecian people in any of its later divisions of Æolians, Dorians, Ionians, that this element was derived. They were Pelasgians,* the predecessors of the Hellenes, not any of the branches of the Hellenes themselves, who were believed to have crossed the Adriatic into Italy; or Arcadians, older than the moon, the primeval possessors of the Peloponnesus, who settled in Latium, and brought with them some of the arts of life and the simplest form of the alphabet.† If these accounts of Greek colonization were nothing but fictions, the effect of a desire on the part of the Romans to claim for themselves the respectability of a Greek origin, how has it happened that they correspond so well with facts so little popular and obvious as the agreement of the Latin language with the oldest form of Greek, of the oldest Italian alphabet with the most archaic Greek letters, and the worship of the Roman Penates with the primitive mythology of the Pelasgian Cabiri? Etymology may have amused itself with tracing a resemblance between the Roman *palatium* and the Arcadian town Pallantium; but if there had not been some other and better reason for fixing on Arcadia as the special source of the Grecian colony, this similarity of name, though something greater than that between Macedon and Monmouth, would hardly have given origin to the legend. We do not claim historical reality

* Sir G. Lewis says (i. 282, note 50) that two opposite and inconsistent views respecting the Pelasgians prevailed in antiquity, one representing them as a fixed and stationary, the other, as a migratory people; and he thinks this radical inconsistency a proof that the accounts of them rest on no historical basis. He quotes Herodotus i. 56, as an instance of the former opinion; but the words *οὐδαμῆ κω ἐξεχώρησε* refer only to the Pelasgians of Attica, who, according to him, were the progenitors of the Ionian population. In the next section he speaks of the Pelasgians migrating into the countries which they occupied in his own time.

† Livy i. 7. Plin. vii. 58. Repertores literarum Cadmus ex Phœnice in Greciam et Evander ad nos transtulerunt literas numero sedecim. Gramm. ap. Putsch. 2458. In Latium literas attulerunt Pelasgi. Plin. vii. 56.

for the expedition of Evander, though affirmation is as easy as denial; all we maintain is that this legend, and others of the same class, give evidence of historical truth, though not of their own truth. The gain, it may be said, is not great; we have better proof of the affinity between primæval Greece and Latium than any legend. This is true; but we might have had the legend alone, without the corroboration of language and archeology, and it is important to know that it is something more than an idle invention, and might have been safely used if it had stood alone. The Etruscan nation differed essentially from the Roman. It had a language wholly unlike the Greek in roots and structure, joined with an art manifesting the closest resemblance to archaic Greek art,* and an alphabet not only corresponding generally with the old Greek alphabet, but specially with that of which we have remains in the Phrygian and Lycian inscriptions. And while these circumstances point to a connexion between Etruria and the coast of Asia Minor, we are told by the father of history that the Tyrrhenians emigrated from Lydia, a country in contact or close contiguity with Phrygia and Lysia. The supposition of an emigration from the coast of Asia to Etruria, and its incorporation with a people of a wholly different language from the Greek, explains the phenomenon, and is in entire accordance with all that we know of the progress of art, letters, and population in the ancient world. Nothing opposes it but the absence of any account of such an emigration in the Lydian history of Xanthus—an uncertain argument at all times, but especially in the case of an author, the genuineness of whose reputed works was doubted by ancient critics.† We cannot therefore accede to Sir G. Lewis's decision, when he pronounces that "all the elaborate researches of modern scholars, respecting the national races of Italy, are as unreal as the speculations concerning judicial astrology, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life." There is no analogy between the two cases. One inquires after the explanation of a fact; the other goes in search of a nonentity.

Our author proceeds in the same manner to inquire into the

* We speak of Etruscan art as seen in the remains of it which have inscriptions in the Etruscan character; they are chiefly engraved stones and funeral monuments. The fictile vases have, with hardly an exception, Greek inscriptions, and the resemblance of their style with that of the Corinthian vases (see Abeken Mittel-Italien, p. 290) confirms the account of Pliny (35, 43) that the ceramic art was introduced into Etruria from Corinth. Eucheir and Eugrammus no doubt are fictitious names, representing skill in manipulating the clay and painting the vase, but the historical and archeological fact is not rendered doubtful by this admixture of myth.

† Athen. xii. 57.

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historical evidence for the arrival of the Trojans under Æneas in Italy, the succession of the Alban kings, the foundation of Rome, the legislation and religious system of Numa. Respecting these there is at present little difference of opinion among scholars; they are regarded as partly fabulous, partly uncertain. We pass on to the legislation of Servius Tullius, which appears to offer a firm resting-place for the foot, after the shifting sands of the preceding reigns. His constitution was not revealed to him by the inspiration of any nymph or god; it was a work of mere political human wisdom; it was not a thing lost and forgotten, about which fables might be promulgated at pleasure, but existed, and was in operation in historical times, and reasoned upon by Roman statesmen with the most entire belief in its reality. Yet its history and character are by no means clear; Sir G. Lewis points out some of the difficulties which are inherent in the common accounts of it. It appears to him incredible, that if every Roman citizen had previously enjoyed a right of individual voting,* the poorer classes should have consented to be rendered powerless by an arrangement which threw the control of the votes completely into the hands of the rich, by assigning to them either an absolute majority, or at least a decided preponderance. He thinks that Servius could never have obtained the character of a popular king, had he thus robbed the democracy of their prerogatives, and that royalty could not co-exist with such a development of the political activity of the wealthier classes. The system bears to him the appearance of having been the slow and deliberate result of a compromise between the different orders of the state. Yet we think the consideration of this part of the Roman history rather tends to establish its trustworthiness than its uncertainty, as far as the changes of the constitution are concerned. For we should make a strong distinction between this and personal anecdotes, so uncertain in their tradition, or military events, so apt to be distorted by patriotic feeling. Three first-rate authorities, Cicero, Dionysius, Livy,† though they differ in the arrangement and number of the Servian centuries, agree in the general principle that they were designed to throw all real power in the comitia into the hands of the rich, and at the same time to lay on them the chief burden of taxation and military service. We feel no reliance on the argument that the

* "Such a state of things," he says, "cannot have existed in any Greek or Italian republic at the time assigned to the reign of Servius, 557, 35 B.C., shortly after the legislation of Solon." This positive assertion of an impossibility comes oddly from an author who maintains that we have no historical documents or trustworthy traditions respecting this age.

† Cic. Rep. ii. 22. Dion. Ant. iv. 16. Liv. i. 42.

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people could not have been so blind to their own interests as to allow themselves to be juggled out of their rights, and to accept exemption from taxation and military service, as a compensation for the loss of political power. There are times when nations are so sensitive in regard to their rights, that to lift a finger against them is to excite an insurrection; others—and not necessarily separated by a long interval—when they are so apathetic, that they will not lift a finger in their defence. At one time they are jealous of their exclusion from political power; at another impatient of the burdens of citizenship, but indifferent about political power. Arguments which assume sagacity, foresight, and stability of purpose on the part of popular bodies, must be always very uncertain. That the statements of ancient authors should vary in respect to the particulars of the Servian arrangement, affords no reasonable ground for supposing that they had no authority for their assertions. Surely such a difference as Livy's making the assessment of the fifth class 11,000 asses, while Dionysius makes it 12,500, Cicero and Gellius 15,000, is sufficiently accounted for by their quoting from memory, which is so treacherous in regard to numbers. The suggestion that the Servian constitution was the slow and deliberate result of a compromise between the orders of the state is, we think, inconsistent with the position which the reign of Servius holds between those of the two Tarquins, Priscus and Superbus. The policy of the former was aristocratico-monarchical;* the latter was a tyrant; where then can we find time for the slow and deliberate growth of a popular institution? The facility with which it was infringed, and the shortness of the time during which it remained in force, are a presumption against its having that depth of root which a gradual formation would have given to it.

Another circumstance which we think entitles us to claim a truly historical character for the reign of Servius, is the existence of at least one contemporaneous document. When Ulpian tells us, in the reign of Alexander Severus, that the bills of mortality of Servius's time were extant, and employs them as the groundwork for calculating the average of life among the Romans, we may reasonably doubt their being the autograph returns of the censors. But Dionysius† says, that there remained to his age a *stele* in the temple of Diana, in archaic Greek characters, on which were inscribed the decree of the delegates of Rome and Latium, respecting the *panegyris*

* Centum in patres legit: *factio haud dubia regis*, cujus beneficio in curiam venerant. Livy, i. 35.

† Dion. Ant. iv. 26.

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to be annually held in the temple of Diana, and the names of the towns who were parties to this league. We think Sir G. Lewis a little captious in his observations on this remarkable monument. He says (i. 502, note 86) "this inscription was doubtless of great antiquity, and contained a list of the towns of the Latin league, and the rules of the federal festival; but *there is nothing to show* that the name of Servius occurred in it." Now Dionysius distinctly says, στήλην κατασκευάσας χαλκῆν ἔγραψεν ἐν ταύτῃ τὰ δόξαντα τοῖς συνέδροις κ.τ.λ. This could only be known by his name occurring in it, and it is too much to require that Dionysius should have anticipated the scepticism of a future age, by telling us this in so many words. We must believe him till his critic can produce *something to show* that Servius was not mentioned in the tablet; and if he was mentioned, he must certainly be something more to us than what Niebuhr makes him, "serving the same purpose as *x*, the symbol of an unknown magnitude in mathematics."

The second volume of Sir G. Lewis's Inquiry opens with the History of Rome from the expulsion of the Kings to the burning of the city by the Gauls, and he thus describes the aspect of the period:—

"We now enter upon a period of one hundred and twenty years, which resembles the previous period of two hundred and forty-four years in being prior to all regular contemporary history, but differs from it in approaching more closely to the time when oral traditions were committed to the sure custody of writing. The reminiscences from which this portion of the history was written down were fresher, and more distinct, and had passed through a shorter series of reporters; and hence they probably adhered more closely to the truth, and contained a larger portion of real fact, than the legends out of which the previous history was formed. As the story advances, we cease to float about in entire uncertainty, and we observe some points of fixed and immovable land rising on the horizon. The mists of night begin to disperse, and we discover some faint traces of real objects.

> Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
> Quum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
> Italiam.

But although, when we descend to the siege of Veii and the burning of the city, we come to events of which the substance is clearly historical, we can perceive but little difference in character between the narrative of the early years of the Republic, and that of the last years of the kings. In external evidence they stand on the same ground; and the internal features of the accounts are similar."

Whatever cause the historical inquirer may have to regret the uncertainty of the Roman history during the first five cen-

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turies, he has none to complain of the Roman historians themselves, who have not concealed the imperfection of their materials. It is from Livy we learn that the use of writing was rare in the ages which preceded the burning of the city by the Gauls, 390 B.C., and that of the written documents which existed in the commentaries of the pontiffs, and other public and private monuments, the greater part perished by that event. He acknowledges that the remoteness of those times made their occurrences obscure, and when he emerges from them rejoices that he has reached a period of more certain historical light. It is from Livy and Cicero we learn that the vanity of the patrician families at Rome had led them to place false inscriptions on the busts of their ancestors, and that of the plebeian *parvenus* to foist their names into illustrious genealogies. It is from the complaints of the same authors we learn that the funeral orations pronounced over distinguished citizens were full of exaggerations and falsehoods—triumphs never gained, and consulships never held; and they acknowledge that as these perversions and forgeries belonged to times from which no contemporary history had been preserved, it was impossible for the historian, while he pointed out the falsehood, to substitute the truth for it.* It is important to note these characters of honesty in the great Roman writers, as they warrant us in concluding that, however they may have been embarrassed by the scarcity of authentic materials, and the abundance of forgeries, they have not wilfully corrupted history. And if Livy and Dionysius are free from this imputation, Fabius and Macer, on whom they were compelled to rely, as the authors of the earliest continuous histories, stand equally clear of suspicion. After all, the exaggerations and falsehoods of which Livy and Cicero complain do not affect the main course of events, either in the political or constitutional history of Rome. False triumphs may have been claimed, and false names interpolated into the records of real triumphs, but the march of Roman conquest in Italy is unmistakeably traced. The overthrow of royalty, the establishment of the tribunate, the decemviral legislation, the gradual admission of the plebeians to power and office, are all related with personal details, which, when rigidly examined and compared, are found to be inconsistent or improbable, or even chronologically impossible; but the succession and causal nexus between the events themselves, in which the real lesson of the history lies, is not rendered doubtful by these discrepancies. Roman history, at least after the time of Romulus and Numa, never could become mythic. There was no period at which the art

* Cic. Brut. c. 16; Liv. viii. 40.

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of writing was unknown,* none at which the people who were to become the masters and legislators of the world did not give anticipations of their destiny by the careful preservation of their laws, decrees, and treaties. And whatever havoc time, accident, and carelessness might make in these records, the Roman history could never lose that character of essential truth and natural development which it had derived from this monumental and documentary origin.

Livy makes no distinction, in point of certainty, between the earlier and later part of the period which preceded the burning of the city; but modern writers have thought that some particular event in the history marked the time at which greater certainty begins, and Niebuhr fixes on the First Secession (493 B.C.) as the dividing line, on one side of which all historical knowledge is unattainable; on the other, the restoration of a genuine, connected, substantially perfect history† is a practicable undertaking. On this point Sir G. Lewis is at issue with him. Considering nothing to deserve the name of history which does not rest on contemporary authority, of course he does not bestow it on what he regards as an unauthenticated combination and arbitrary selection of events; and he examines with great learning and care, the accounts which have come down to us, in order to show their unhistorical character. The history of Coriolanus, as commonly told after Livy and Dionysius, contains so many improbabilities, that even Hooke, though not prone to scepticism, is startled by them. Niebuhr has employed his reconstructive hand with unusual freedom upon this series of events; with what success, in Sir G. Lewis's opinion, may be seen in the following extract:—

"The treatment to which Niebuhr subjects the story of Coriolanus, throws much light upon his historical method in this period of the Roman annals. He considers it to consist of a nucleus of truth enveloped with poetical embellishments. He believes Coriolanus to have taken advantage of a present of corn from Sicily to recover the concession of the tribunate, to have been banished for this offence against the plebeians; and to have avenged himself by joining the enemies of his country: but he gives to these events a totally different complexion, and places them twenty years lower down, after the disaster of the Cremera. He dresses the incidents in a rationalized form, and changes their chronology; thus entirely inverting the historical sequence of this period. He supposes the

* The custom of driving a nail in the temple of Jupiter is often mentioned as if it had been the rude contrivance of an illiterate people for marking their chronology. But it was established by a law, as Livy tells us "priscis literis verbisque scripta" (vii. 3); its primary object was religious, its chronological use secondary and derivative.

† Vol. ii. p. 1. Eng. Transl.

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famine to have occurred not in the year 492 B.C., two years after the secession, but to be that described in 476 B.C., and he believes Hiero, who then governed at Syracuse, to have sent the present of corn to Rome. According to his reconstruction of the story, the negociation with Coriolanus typifies the peace made with the Volscians in the year 459 B.C. Coriolanus followed the Volscian standards as the leader of a band of Roman exiles, whose recall, as well as his own, he demanded of his countrymen; but the entreaties of his wife and mother induced him to withdraw his little army: he then returned to the country of the Volscians, and died there an exile in his old age. All detailed examination of a hypothesis which so far transcends the legitimate bounds of historical speculation seems superfluous. If we suppose the story of Coriolanus to be derived from contemporary records, or even from a faithful oral tradition, registered at a subsequent time, we must accept it in the main, as it stands. If, on the other hand, we are unable to trace it up to any trustworthy source, if we find moreover that the extant accounts differ from each other in material points, and that the narrative is deficient in internal probability and consistency, our reliance on its credibility must be slight. But to recast the story, retaining its substance, but rejecting all its accessories, and to transplant it to another chronological period, where it has different antecedents and different consequents, is a process wholly inadmissible. Operations of this sort do not enable Niebuhr to accomplish his promised restoration of 'a genuine, connected, substantially perfect history.'"

In one instance only, during this period, have we the power of confronting the popular history of Rome with the evidence of a contemporaneous public document. Porsena, king of Clusium, had taken up arms for the restoration of the exiled Tarquins; he had possessed himself of the Janiculum, and would have been master of Rome, but for the brave defence of the Sublician bridge by Horatius Cocles. While he pressed the siege of the city, Mucius, penetrating into his camp, attempts his assassination, and having killed the secretary by mistake for the king, thrusts his hand into an altar-fire, and so astounds Porsena by his hardihood, and by informing him that he was only one of three hundred noble youths who had sworn to attempt his life, that Porsena sends ambassadors to the Romans and offers them conditions of peace. Hostages are given for the execution of the treaty. Clodia, one of them, induces her companions to escape by swimming across the Tiber; but the Roman commander restores them, and Porsena, charmed with this instance of good faith, abandons the cause of the Tarquins, while the Senate present him in return with a throne and sceptre, and he gives up the contents of his camp as a donation to the Roman people. M. de Beaufort, in his celebrated Dissertation on the uncertainty of the Roman

History, was the first, we believe, who pointed out a passage in which Tacitus speaks of the city as having been surrendered to Porsena, and a still more emphatic one in Pliny, who says that he had read in the treaty granted to the Roman people by Porsena, after the expulsion of the kings, a precise stipulation (nominatim comprehensum invenimus) that they should not use iron except for agricultural purposes.* Now this is a condition to which no nation that had not been beaten, and thoroughly beaten, would submit. In point of humiliation, the demolition of Dunkirk or Sebastopol is not to be compared with it. It is the exact counterpart of that which the Philistines imposed upon the Israelites, when they had come against them with such an overpowering force, that "they hid themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits."† The glimpse afforded us by the casual mention of this treaty into the difference between the popular and the documentary history of Rome is certainly startling. We see at once that Porsena and the Romans cannot have parted upon those terms of mutual admiration and goodwill which the common story implies, and that the present of the throne and sceptre, if real, must have been an acknowledgment of superiority, not the return of a compliment. And we cannot avoid the reflection, if Roman vanity has so overlaid the truth in regard to a capital event like this, what security have we in cases where no contemporary evidence had been preserved to confront the popular tale? But this is not all. According to Sir G. Lewis, the contradiction goes much deeper than the romantic tale familiar to us from Livy. If the Romans, he asks, were disarmed by Porsena, why did not the Latins, the Veientes, the Sabines, their mortal enemies, fall upon them and crush them? Another document, the treaty with Carthage, made in the first year of the Republic, shows us the Romans as masters of many of the Latin cities; how happened it that they did not throw off the yoke of dependence? How are we to account for the extension of the Roman power in twelve succeeding years? Unless the whole course and tenour of the early history of the Republic are fictitious, we must admit the gradual advance of its military power, and the death of Tarquin in banishment; and these are inconsistent with the subjugation of Rome by Porsena.‡ We do not think the inconsistency so great as it appears to our author. Porsena bargains with the Romans in his treaty that they should use iron only in agriculture; this is something rather different from the disarming of the whole people, the term by which Sir G. Lewis describes it. Suppos-

* Tac. Hist. iii. 72. Plin. H. N. xxxiv. 13.

† 1 Sam. xiii. 19.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 41.

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ing that the Senate, in execution of the treaty, even called on the people to deliver up their swords and spears, are such edicts very conscientiously obeyed when they contravene the national spirit? Nothing but continued occupation of the country and repeated visitations for arms could have been effectual. In the parallel case of the Israelites only a few years intervened between the time when they submitted to this humiliating condition, and that at which "Saul fought against his enemies on every side, against Moab and against the children of Ammon, and against Edom, and against the kings of Zobah, and against the Philistines."* An emancipation-war is usually accompanied with an energetic reaction. We think that Sir G. Lewis treats too lightly Niebuhr's argument, that the reduction of the number of the tribes from thirty to twenty-one, after the war with Porsena, is a presumptive proof that the Roman territory had been reduced nearly one-third. "Even if the number of twenty-one for the tribes in 495 B.C., rests on credible evidence (of which we have no warrant) we have nothing to assure us that the number of thirty for the tribes of Servius is authentic." It is difficult to satisfy one who will not take the statements of ancient authors as true, where there is no motive for falsification and no ground for the impeachment of their accuracy. The number of the Servian tribes, four urban, twenty-six rustic, rests on the authority of Fabius, the oldest Roman historian.† He adds, "the emptiness of Niebuhr's explanation is conclusively proved by the fact, that according to Livy the number of twenty-one tribes remained unchanged till 387 B.C. Now, if they were diminished in consequence of a reduction of territory, it is reasonable to conclude that when the territory was regained, which Niebuhr supposes to have speedily taken place, the tribes would be restored to their former complement." The probability of such a restoration hardly warrants the very decisive tone in which Niebuhr's explanation is set aside. If we had ample and continuous knowledge of the history of these times, our inability to assign the reason why the diminished number remained when the cause of diminution was removed, would be a good reason for doubting the explanation. Such knowledge, it is admitted on all sides that we have not, and therefore little weight can be allowed to the objection.

We can only attribute the entire suppression of the fact that Rome surrendered on humiliating conditions to Porsena, to the ignorance of this treaty on the part of the Roman historians. For though the exaggerations of the family memoirs and funeral panegyrics may have occasionally found their way into the history, the suppression of their own reverses is not a fraud

* 1 Sam. xiv. 47. † Dion. Hal. iv. 13.

with which they are chargeable. They tell us honestly to what straits they were reduced by Coriolanus, how the Fabii were cut off at Cremera, how the city was taken by the Gauls, nor do they attempt to conceal the victories of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. The want of public documents must have rendered it difficult in ordinary cases to sift out the truth. The Roman monuments were not all on perennial brass; we read of linen-books and treaties inscribed on leather, substances obnoxious to damp and rats, from which the Roman *tabularia* were probably not free, any more than our own Record offices. Even when preserved, as the treaty with Porsena was, it might easily escape the notice of Fabius or Cato, in whose time its language was as obsolete as Saxon in our own,* much more of a foreigner like Dionysius, or an easy-going man of letters of the Augustan age, like Livy. He was as little of an antiquary as Hume, and appears, like him, to have composed his history from second-hand sources and superficial materials, trusting to the graces of his style to compensate for the want of laborious research. But we have no ground to impute to him the wilful concealment of a fact, especially in so remote an age, because it was dishonourable to his country. Even Dionysius, to whom Niebuhr has not scrupled to impute wilful falsehood, and whose history does not wear that aspect of a noble candour which characterizes Livy, is vindicated from this charge by Sir G. Lewis.

Our limits will not allow us to follow our author through his detailed examination of the Roman history, and it is the less necessary, as the question at issue between him and those who maintain the credibility of the common story, or the Niebuhrian reconstruction of it, is one rather of principle than detail. His principle may be thus stated:—Every historical event must have fallen under the observation of some living persons, who imparted to others the results of their observations; when, therefore, the question is of the events of a time for which there were no contemporary national historians, the narrative must be traceable to some other contemporary testimony: it may be a poem, an inscription, a register, or an oral tradition subsequently reduced to writing; but in some way we must have a personal attestation, or there would be no distinction between history and romance. Again, if we inquire during what length of time a narrative of an occurrence may be preserved by oral tradition, so that when at last written down it may safely be received as history, we find Polybius restricting it to a single generation, Sir Isaac Newton fixing it to eighty or a hundred

* Polyb. iii. 22. Fabius was hardly one of the *συνετώτατοι*, who alone uld understand the treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians.

years before the introduction of writing, and Volney declaring, that among the Indians of North America there was no accurate tradition of events more than a century old. Now Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, and Cato, who lived about the time of the Second Punic War, were removed by an interval of more than five centuries from the supposed foundation of the city, nearly three centuries from the expulsion of the kings, one hundred and seventy years from the burning of the city, and one hundred years from the defeat of the Romans at the Caudine Forks. The latest of these events is more remote than the limit to which oral tradition can safely be extended. Fabius and Cincius, therefore, had no authentic sources of information with respect to the first four-and-a-half centuries; and if we could still read their works, our real knowledge of the history of the period would, probably, be little varied.*

We may at once discard from our minds all inferences unfavourable to the authority of oral tradition in Roman history, derived from Sir Isaac Newton's canon, or Volney's testimony respecting the North American Indians. There never was a time when the Romans were ignorant of the art of writing. After the burning of the city the documents relating to civil affairs were ordered to be publicly exhibited (edita in vulgus Liv. vi. 1), while those relating to religion were concealed by the priests—a distinction which indicates that the power of reading was not uncommon. There can be no analogy between a state of things in which laws and treaties and the succession of magistrates is preserved by public authority, and the heroic history of Greece, in which, from the absence of all written records, imagination has free scope to invent and vary as it pleases. But the Romans did more than this to preserve the framework, at least, of an authentic history of their state. Cicero tells us that from the beginning the Pontifex Maximus committed an account of the events of each year to writing, and then exhibited it on a board at his house for public inspection. Whether these Annales Maximi escaped the conflagration of the capture of the city is disputed, but there can be no doubt that the practice was resumed and continued till the pontificate of Mucius Scævola, the celebrated jurist, contemporary with the Gracchi;† and even if the documents of the preceding age were lost, the knowledge of their contents could not wholly perish. That there was some authentic outline of the history, is evident from the complaints which Cicero and Livy make of the falsification of particular parts, by funeral orations, family

* Vol. i. p. 247; Vol. ii. p. 489. We have combined in the text the statements contained in these two passages.

† Cic. de Orat. ii. 12.

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memoirs, and forged inscriptions; how otherwise could they ascertain the falsehood?

It is taken for granted in Sir G. Lewis's argument, that because Fabius Pictor and his contemporaries were the oldest writers of Roman history whom Livy and Dionysius knew and used, it must have originated with them. It is true Dionysius says that there was neither a *συγγραφεὺς* nor a *λογογράφος* of the more ancient times of Rome; but does it follow that because there was no formal history, there were no historical writings? Were the preceding five centuries a blank canvas upon which any one was at liberty to paint a fancy piece, trusting, as Niebuhr says, that if he roundly asserted it was the history of their forefathers, his countrymen would believe him, provided only they recognized a few names and events with which they were familiar? No such intimation is given us by the ancient writers, who complain indeed of a want of careful chronology in Fabius, (not very wonderful in a senator and soldier,) of national partiality, (easily explained from the same cause,) and of brevity in the early part of his narrative, but never impute to him the palming a fictitious history upon the world. Nor can we suppose that a man of his active life, went about collecting hearsays from the oldest inhabitants respecting the five centuries which preceded his time. He must have found the Roman history already reduced into a continuous form, and probably to writing, or at any rate capable of being orally communicated from one generation to another. Niebuhr left us some materials with which to build, in his ballads and lays, while Sir George Lewis reduces us to believe that the history rose like an exhalation out of the mist of the five preceding centuries. But a national history cannot be improvised like a system of philosophy; it must have its warrant in the nation's faith, though no individual member of the community may be master of the whole. In this regular transmission, which can alone account for its universal reception, each generation receives it from its predecessor with a stamp of genuineness, and gives the same confirmation to that which it adds and hands on to the coming age. Only in this way is the formation of a national history conceivable. Imagination, credulity, patriotism may corrupt historical truth; want of knowledge may confound genealogy, chronology, and geography in the popular mind; it may even accept pure fiction respecting a period which passes the limits of its own traditions, but we believe it to be beyond human power or literary talent to impose a tissue of falsehoods on a people, respecting the great series of events which constitute their history. And if the Roman history be examined without a desire to exaggerate its

discrepancies, there will be found in it a coherence and consistency which it could not have possessed had it first come into an organized existence in the time of the Second Punic War. A similar remark may be made respecting the eminent men who figure in the Roman history. Fiction may have hung its wreaths around the names of Valerius Publicola, Virginius, Cincinnatus, Camillus, or Licinius, but the men themselves are as truly historical, as essentially connected with the transactions of their times, as the Gracchi or the Scipios. If, in our exposition, nothing more were required than to show how the national character was formed, how the institutions of the Roman people developed themselves, and their state absorbed all the independent powers of Italy, no difficulty would be felt; for this direction and current of events is clear and intelligible, in the midst of all the wanderings and bifurcations of the stream; our embarrassment begins when it is necessary to reproduce the history in detail, to rectify the chronology, to reduce exaggerations within the bounds of credibility, to discriminate between fact and fiction. The mode of doing this, which to one man seems natural and obvious, another will condemn as arbitrary. Sir George Lewis's advice is, to leave the story as it has come down to us from the ancients; it is a beautiful work of art, which can only suffer by being retouched by the pencil of a modern restorer. This recommendation might be easily adopted if only one picture were in existence. But the writer of a Roman history is in the position of a connoisseur who has several pictures before him, all claiming to be the original, and who must decide, as he best can, which is genuine and which spurious. We are more hopeful than our author in regard to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory decision by means of internal marks of credibility. The probable and natural connexion of events, which in a work of fiction would be merely a proof of the narrator's skill, becomes an evidence of truth in what we know to be mainly a *bonâ fide* history. Even such bold attempts at reconstruction, as some of Niebuhr's, should not be discouraged, provided conjecture is offered as conjecture, and not propounded for implicit belief. If we can make the pieces of our puzzle fit, we shall be satisfied that we have at last got them into their right position. And the evil of a little occasional waste of ingenuity is much less, than that of sitting down, as Sir George Lewis recommends, in blank despair of ever knowing anything of Roman history before the war with Pyrrhus.

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Art. IV.—A NOVEL OR TWO.

Eustace Conyers. By James Hannay. 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. Smith, Elder, and Co.

North and South. By the Author of "Mary Barton." 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall.

Cleve Hall. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." 2 Vols. Longman.

THE Germans teach of the "retarding nature" essential to a romance. They do not mean that which retards the reader, but that the absence of which is apt to retard the reader,—the retarding elements of the action—the holding back from the coming issue—a sense, throughout the tale, of an end, but a constantly increasing anxiety as to *what* end: a feeling of a convergence of moral destinies to an unseen focus; of a connecting, overhanging Providence waiting to be evolved, but retarded by the slow maturing of the separate elements, or by the counteracting struggles of the actors.

A great artist must stand to the characters he delineates in two distinct relations. He must enter into each individually, and he must bind them all together. He must be in each and over all. He must not only catch and paint the distinct natures, but the uniting purpose which broods over them. He must imbue his tale with the feeling of that secret relation between the characters which suggests the reason why their destinies are interwoven, and which determines the limits of their mutual influence on each other's career. He must, in a certain sense, be the providence to the conceptions he has created, and colour his narrative with the feeling which has prompted him to group them in the same picture. From the beginning there should be a foreshadowing of the coming knot of destiny, though not of its solution; so as to give a unity of meaning to the whole, as well as individual life to the parts.

The best modern writers of fiction seem to be falling into the error of neglecting the tale in delineating the characters. You feel constantly inclined to say of them, as the grateful layman said of the long-winded divine, "It is very good of him to stop at all; for there was no reason why he should." A

recent author sketched three generations successively in his (or her) novel,* and was apparently only deterred from going in as fresh as ever upon the fourth generation, by arriving at the present time. It is getting quite unusual to conclude with the wedding; and even the total extinction of all the first set of heroes and heroines will not be sufficient soon. The reason is, that the strict-experience school of fiction is on the increase, and is carrying out its realism to a faulty extreme. The influence of Dickens and Thackeray, with their wonderful power of insight into special moods and phases of modern character, has tended to shake the conviction, that any art beyond that of genial and penetrating observation, is needed for the delineation of human life, so as to awaken the deepest interest of perusing man. The consequence has been the springing up of a sort of *accidental* school of fiction, in which men are delineated by random dots and lines; (in the case of Dickens, indeed, it is almost delineation by more or less consistent *anecdote*, so little is there of a fixed conceptions of his character;) in which there is neither any scheme for fully drawing out character, nor any obvious reason for selecting the special attitudes into which it happens to be thrown. A character is casually taken, and set up in various casual lights, and turned about, and put in different positions, and socially strained, and inquisitively tapped, and generally put through its paces; and the same thing is done for several other characters, and the aggregate is called a novel. And there would be no reason against this process, if it gave any true picture of real life; or, what is better still, if it taught us to see real life more really. But, in fact, this realistic school of fiction is truly realistic only in its detail. In the tale—the action—lies the proper fusing power for the individual elements; and if these elements have been originally separate studies, no power on earth will successfully group them, so as to bring out all the intended characteristics of each. You may get a bundle of fictitious biographies, and tie them mechanically together. But in the living relations in which men stand to each other, only special aspects of the several actors can be disclosed to the spectator of the whole action. If we want to see *real combinations* of men, we can only have *partial* views of the individuals concerned; since both the nature of the action and the nature of the fellow-actors, will modify and limit the mental qualities that come into play. The neglect of the plot until after the characters have been determined and surveyed, is as fatal as the neglect of statuary grouping till after the individual figures have been modelled. They have been

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* See "Thorney Hall," by Holm Lee. Smith, Elder, & Co.

created, perhaps, for the sake of an effect which no art can consistently bring into notice when the figures are naturally arranged. Hence the temptation is great, (how often does Dickens, for example, yield to it!) for an author to make his figures suddenly wheel about and execute all kinds of eccentric and inappropriate manœuvres, that he may display details of character wholly unadapted to the scene and the company into which he may have accidentally dragged a favourite actor. In truth, the minute study of individual parts is a bad preparation for the creation of a whole, unless with a mind of extraordinary self-control, and vivid enough imagination to infer what parts and qualities of the single object will fall into the shade, and what will be drawn out into new light and new modifications by the fresh influences to which it is subjected. As the private biography of a statesman is a very misleading preparation for the historical part played by the subject of it;—as few things are more startling than to see one whom you have learnt to know intimately and in detail, in a critical position, where half his nature is in shadow, and the other half dilated beyond its natural proportions;—so is the minute observation of the strict-experience school of fiction, a totally inadequate and often misleading preparation for the vivid portraiture of a complex story.

We doubt if any really great writer of fiction ever thought *up* from his individual characters, to his scenes and events. The action is conceived first as an organic whole, and then the elements which constitute it are successively elaborated. Not, indeed, that the characters are subordinated to the evolution of the mere events,—the reverse is the case with all the greatest artists; but that the characters cannot be fairly and fully elaborated in their mutual relations, unless the conceptions of the principal relations germinate in the author's mind simultaneously with the conception of the characters themselves. Shakspere certainly never conceived Lady Macbeth in vacuo, to develope her subsequently into the tempteress and the murderess. Neither did Scott execute his Rebecca in one studio, and Brian de Bois Gilbert in another; and then deliberately bring them into the same group. The *relations* of the Jewess and the Templar, of the Norman Barons and the Saxon Thanes, must have been born in his mind along with the characters themselves, and given as much shape and colour to the individual figures as they took from them.

But it is not only for the sake of the *truth* of delineation, that the *movement* of the plot should be conceived along with the characters; for many novelists do not incur this danger, but conceive simultaneously the whole group of their principal actors, so as to place them in their due relations from the

beginning. Only these writers to whom we now allude, conceive them in a state of equilibrium—like statical forces, or like tableaux vivans,—and then, when they have once sketched them faithfully, they have much ado to stir them into any active and interesting manœuvring. In this case they are excellently conceived and excellently grouped; but this is not all that is needful to delineate human beings. The great *interest* of human life, after all, is the *becoming*, not the being. Slightly as we ever modify ourselves,—comparatively slightly as we change each other,—yet all our *interest* is centred on the changes, the moves in the human game, the hasty marches, the eager contests, the doubtful results. What men are, we know. What we breathlessly strive to behold is, what men *shall be*. Nor can we even delineate what they are, except by delineating them in a state of change, without delineating the mutual invasions and surrenders of human individualities. Half the qualities of men are visible only in glowing action and in *continuous* action. No careful sculpture of momentary attitudes,—though they be petrified in the very instant of vivid and vehement purpose,—can delineate men truly. Hence a plot of some rapid movement is of the very essence of art; and hence the unsuitability of ordinary listless hours, and of monotonous life, for revealing what men are. The *latent* heat cannot so be indicated, yet it is an essential part of the real life: you must choose a moment when the latent heat is given out. The statical school of fiction, of which Miss Austen may be said to be by far the most distinguished representative,—the writers, we mean, who throw all their characters into easy attitudes for undisturbed chat, or, when obliged to set them in motion, only lead them gently by the side of a stream of events which wanders along "soft and slow," with scarcely a ripple or a rock,—produce much elegant literature, describing man as he is on the surface of quiet society, but give you little glimpse of the latent force and complex emotions which sleep beneath the cultivated self-possession of social life.

It may be said, with great truth, that the quiet, chatty school of novelists represent not only the *surface* of human life, but the *whole* of much ordinary life,—that deep feelings and rapid movements of human interest are the exception in the comfortable classes,—and that, even if you could sound the depths of secret emotion with the omniscience assumed by the writer of fiction, in nine cases out of ten the floating bubbles of gossip would give you a very good notion of the strata of life beneath. And this may be nearly true. But in all men there is the capacity for a deeper and higher range of feeling; and it is this capacity which makes man so high a subject of art. As Dutch paintings of

the highest imitative perfection soon weary because the mind cannot rest long on a mere lesson in accurate details, but looks to be taught some deeper insight into beauty and expression, through the finer perception of the artist—so the chatty school of novelists soon weary us, because what we naturally seek after is wanting. One who can see all that we see with so much more discriminating a glance, ought to teach us also to see what we do not see—namely, the points where the small wants and cares of bounded, narrow minds might open out—if we could but catch the hidden and tortuous path—into wide sympathy with the genial beauty and the stormy greatness of human nature.

It is the misery of ordinary natures to be able to bring only the *punctum cœcum* of the mind's eye to bear on those minute spots in other ordinary natures, where the passage into a world of more genial liberty—the escape into immortal attributes—is really to be found. All men can see clearly the shallow bottom of the minds of others; but the darker points, where the springs go deeper, are apt to strike the paralyzed portion of the retina, and we perceive them not. If the literary artist cannot help us here, it is small amends that he paints with inimitable skill the details to which we are negligently awake.

And, to come back to the main drift of these remarks, there is a *special* necessity for the modern novelist to throw his art into the plot as well as into the characters, so as to give it a free and rapid movement. The more faithfully he delineates the ordinary tone and manners of cultivated society, the less likely will he be to help us to sound these deeper portions of human nature. Nor will the admitted privilege of mentally diving into the recesses of his actors' hearts effectually extricate him from this difficulty, without the help of an artful and spirited conspiracy of events. For there is a limit to the use of this privilege. It is very right and very pleasing to be told of the strong feelings working beneath your hero's unruffled brow, and your heroine's liquid laughter. But it will never do to separate half so completely, in a work of fiction, the outward life and the inward, as they often are separated in reality. It is too trying to faith. Art will not bear the strain. Much liberty of this kind, no doubt, there is in the novel, which the dramatist is forbidden. But, even in the novel, the object must be, to harmonize these statements "on authority," with the delineations of manner and life. Already a sceptical generation is springing up, which will question the author's omniscience, and take leave to doubt, here of a fact, and there of a feeling. It has been stoutly denied by a warm admirer of Miss Bremer, that she was correct in stating that Bruno shot

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his horse. An unbelieving generation will probably some day question whether, in fact, Ivanhoe had the unfortunate taste to prefer Rowena, or Rebecca the still more unfortunate taste to prefer Ivanhoe. Where art ceases to be art, faith will not be persuaded to go its way, nothing doubting. There must be enough, in the outward delineation at least, to shadow forth what the artist states to be going on within. You cannot have a history of deep emotion, running parallel with a delineation of the placid colloquialism of polished life. And yet no picture of modern society would be faithful, or free from the charge of romantic unreality, which should allow the deeper emotions to appear on the surface, unless there be also a considerable element of exciting events to fuse the cold upper strata of character into a glow. The greater the culture of men, the less easy and direct becomes the expression of their deeper natures. It requires the crisis of opposition—the suspense of uncertainty—the struggle with perplexity, to justify any visible picture of deep and powerful passion. Man's deeper nature, unless roused, and crossed, and chafed, (in a way in which the school of Miss Austen and the quietist school in general seldom provide for,) does not gleam through its sheath at all; and it requires great skill and subtlety to provide fair opportunity for this, without running into the absurdities of the passionate, stage-effect sort of novelists, who make men and women rant out their emotions on the most trivial occasions, and go into quite alarming convulsions of character with less reserve and less shame than the simplest child. On the other hand, the morbid and mystical school put aside this danger, only to fall into the other equally painful fault, of merging a delineation of character into an analysis of feeling, which, if it be art at all, is only the art of disease,—the miniature painting of spiritual dungeons. The true medium (one of especial difficulty for our modern culture) is, to give so much agitating movement to the story as will justify a higher than ordinary tint of colouring in the delineations of external life; so that this again, in its turn, may justify subsidiary description of inward emotion,—a description which is out of harmony, and apt to seem sentimental and tedious, if not borne out by a considerable visible tossing of the upper waves of fate as well. We listen in awe to the sound of booming thunder heard beneath the earth, if we see the visible earthquake before our eyes; but soon tire of it as a mere natural phenomenon, if no adequate and suitable terrors ensue.

The time was when novels were estimated and criticized almost entirely with a view to the ingenuity and exciting situations of the plot. Mr. James has subsisted as a literary man, not so much on plots, as on conspiracies. Ambuscades on

the trail of the Iroquois must have been life-insurance to Mr. Cooper; and out of piratical audacities he has gleaned a modest fame. Through innumerable trap-doors, Mr. Ainsworth has emerged into literary notoriety; secret passages have been his best benefactors, and decaying tapestry his truest friend. Mrs. Radcliffe was under obligations of that nature to banditti, that a grateful heart would have suggested the duty of giving herself up to pillage in the Apennines with at least a moderate treasure. Sorcery has been of material service to Bulwer, and ghosts to Scott. Now, however, all is changed, and the danger is rather of a reaction from this helpless dependence on machinery, into the use of no machinery whatever for the development of character. We have offered reasons why the energy of the tale is of real importance, even to the artist, and from the artistic point of view; and we have dwelt on the subject, because we ascribe a good deal of the faultiness in several of the stories before us to the languid current of events, or to their straggling confusion and want of harmony with the characters they are intended to unfold.

The absence of all invention of situations adapted to unfold his main characters is the great fault in Mr. Hannay's amusing, frequently brilliant, and sometimes skilful volumes. Eustace Conyers has scarce any thread of unity in it at all, except that it starts with the birth of Eustace, and ends with his embarkation for the Baltic. There is a little slack sea-adventure now and then; but even these incidents are not adapted or intended to develope the characters of the tale, but are mere sugar-plums for the reader, to draw him on through the book. The real characters, so far as they are developed at all, are developed intellectually, through the colloquial medium, and chiefly by the Thackerayish practice of a frequent comparison of notes between the young men of the story as to their theory of life. And very skilfully this is often done. Though Mr. Hannay probably would not at all bear comparison with either Thackeray or Carlyle in power, his humour and intellectual insight will often remind the reader of both. There is something more than fine observation and considerable talent in his writing. There is genius, but more of the discriminative than of the imaginative kind. He seems to have passive more than active imagination; insight and humour, but not much creative power. We should guess that most of his characters are studies from life. He has no women worth noting in his tale, which indicates that his delineations are intellectual more than poetic. For a man to draw women successfully requires something more than observation, a real inborn poetic faculty which

no experience gives. "My idea of woman," said Goethe, "is not abstracted from what I have seen in real life, but rather inborn. At any rate, it arose in me, I know not how. Accordingly the characters of women in my works have all been successful. They are all better than they could be found in real life." And so it was with Shakspere and also with Shelley. Even Scott half failed in giving the genuine femininess to his women. He was not poet enough. His best sketches are women of strong character,—Rebecca, Diana Vernon, Jeanie Deans; he is worst and feeblest when he strives to be most feminine. He understood special women tolerably; he did not fully understand woman. And the less the poet, the less perfect are our male novelists in this point. Dickens's works would never explain what a woman is (though they might give some distinct idea of a marchioness) to that monk on Mount Athos, who made the inquiry. Thackeray is nearer to the mark, but he does his Becky-women the best; and in the others there is a nameless something wanting, which makes you feel them clever outside portraits, and no more. The feminine atmosphere is wanting. Goethe's women mark the great poet more than anything else in his writings. They are scarcely second to Shakspere's. The mere picturesque masculine imagination cannot paint women. Imagine Carlyle, for example—who has, perhaps, more imagination of the masculine (*i.e.* not of the creative) kind than any living writer—drawing a feminine portrait, even from history! Apparitionally he might succeed, (there was some such apparition in his Sartor Resartus,) but he would scarce feel more at home in the interior character than the god Thor in a hare-bell.

But to return to Mr. Hannay. There is both delicacy and humour in his opening sketch of the Rev. Mr. Conyers, father to the hero; and it is equally well done throughout.

"Several pretty faces, as well as Helen's, looked up with curiosity, as (prayers having been read by Mr. Mottell, an old curate of the neighbourhood,) the Reverend Mr. Conyers mounted up in the pulpit, face to face with the eagle of Conyers, on the still fresh-looking hatchment of his father, and gave out the text. Helen saw a grave, handsome face, serious, but not austere, enlivened by calm and sky-clear blue eyes, shedding mild, soft light over features high-bred and well cut. The discourse (delivered, perhaps, too abstractedly, and too like an essay) enforced the necessity of 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,'—rather superfluous advice in a country where Cæsar's tax-gatherers are well able to manage the affairs of their master. Mr. Conyers was at home in the subject, and showed the harmony between conservatism and piety. He dwelt on the inherent right which time gives to an

institution; and showed that Christianity 'did not aim at *disturbing* social relations, but rather at sanctifying them as they already existed.' A hypercritical person might have objected to his mention of the fact, that the priests of Judæa belonged to old families, as not being required by the necessities of the argument; but, on the whole, a generally decorous and respectable effect was produced, and a kind of impression conveyed, that you could not do better than improve your private morals, and pay your rates and taxes; not to be despised, surely, as far as it went? The congregation were not deeply stirred, but everybody saw that a scholar and well-meaning man had begun his career among them; and the Earl of Huntingland was afterwards heard to assert, that 'Conyers's view of Christianity was essentially that of a gentleman. That it would be well if his family still held Conyerslea,' with other remarks highly creditable to his understanding."

Characters of a different kind, touched with insight and humour, are Henry Mildew, Esq., and Pearl Studds, Esq., young gentlemen of the rising generation, who are respectively the intellectual fast man and the moral fast man of the book. The latter is a mere outline, but he is too amusing to be passed by. He is a lieutenant in the man-of-war in which Eustace Conyers makes his first voyage, and much in debt; the scene of weighing anchor, containing just a touch of the Pecksniffian Captain Mogglestonleugh, has much humour.

"The gun-room was in a bustle, like every other part of the ship. Piles of loaves, freshly come on board, were lying in a corner along with a mass of vegetables; for the news had come quite suddenly, and taken everybody by surprise. For once, Pearl Studds seemed *active*. Studds, indeed, was one of the Mess Committee, and he had made up his mind that the "Hildebrand's" gun-room should *not* be without comforts—let the ship sail as fast as Moggy pleased. So, here was Studds, with a note-book and a charming little gold pencil-case out—giving orders and making memoranda:

"'Loaves! good! And Mr. Tomkins!'

"'Yes, Sir!'

"'The fowls are come, I suppose? All this bustle deuced bad for their condition—makes 'em thin.'

"Door opens, Enter a man with a basket of live poultry. Chuck, chuck, chuck!

"'Take 'em to the main-deck, Sir,' cries Studds. 'Coops are ready, *I hope*. Remove that 'early village cock' instanter, Sir. D—n that cock! he'll wake us. Worse than the quarter-master. Pigs come, Tomkins?'

"'No room for pigs for gun-room, Sir. Captain's pigs, ward-room pigs leave no room for us, Sir.'

"'What! We must remonstrate, you know, by Jove! I say, you fellows, do you hear that? Pour me a glass of sherry out, Tomkins. That's my bottle—there.'

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"'A man asking for you alongside, Mr. Studds, Sir,' says a boy, entering at this moment.

"'Can't see him. Don't he see the Blue Peter? Tell him we're going to sea.'

"Exit boy, who returns in three minutes. 'Please, Sir, he says it's because you're going to sea, he's come, Sir.'

"A pause. 'Tell him to wait.' Exit boy again. Pearl Studds rubs his nose with his gold pencil-case, meditatively.

"'Whose watch is it?'

"Somebody answers. Studds writes three lines on a piece of paper, and folds it into a cocked hat. 'Young Gorling, take this up like a good lad.'

"And away goes young Gorling (who admires Studds, and is cultivating premature debt himself) with a note, begging 'dear ——— to keep off that confounded fellow.'

"Presently, a tremendous shrill piping all through the ship. In bursts a quarter-master. "Hands up anchor, gentlemen!' The capstan, which, with the bars in it, looks like a gigantic catherine-wheel, is manned in a minute. Eustace Conyers is at his proper station, the poop, ready to fly up the mizen-rigging, when the word is given to 'loose sails.' Up strike fifes and flageolets; and with a thrilling tramp (the two sounds together go to your very bones when you hear them first) the capstan begins to turn. Captain Mogglestonleugh is on the poop, and stands beside a chair, on which sits his wife, who will leave presently, when the ship is fairly going out. She speaks to Eustace, who bows, and answers, and is pleased, though the black and sneering Beaus sees him from the quarter-deck.

"At last comes 'loose sails.' As Eustace bounds into the mizen-rigging he sees a handsome, thin gentleman bounding into the main-rigging similarly, and watched from a boat. It is Pearl Studds. He flies up to the main-top with a speed which delights Moggy, who does not know the stimulus. 'A promising officer,' says Moggy, to his wife. Yes, Moggy, promising—to pay! That shore-boat is seen no more. The dun watched Mr. Studds' ascent, as a sportsman does the flight of a bird that he has missed, and then directed his boatman to take him ashore.

"The canvass is loosed, simultaneously, fore and aft. The capstan is manned again, and up comes the anchor. The 'Hildebrand' feels herself a free thing, and as the wind comes down on her cloud of immense sail, Eustace feels the peculiar sensation of the first heeling-over of the huge ship. For a moment or two everything seems bewitched; the sea throbs alongside her, with a new life; the breakwater and the shores shift and play like clouds, and all is dream-like.

"Soon the ship is 'hove-to;' Mrs. Mogglestonleugh comes out of the cabin (where she and the captain have been for a few minutes), walks to the side where her boat is,—the centre of all eyes—and viewed by the sailors, in her silk and lace, as a goddess and queen, gracefully bows to the officers from the gangway, and is

lowered into her boat in a chair. A pause. The boat leaves. It is a great moment for Moggy. Every eye sees husband and father in his face. 'Commander Perkins,' he says firmly, 'make sail.' Then, he blows his nose violently, and Duty has triumphed! Nothing could be more touching than the whole scene."

Lindsay's character is the great charm of the book. It is delicate, manly, humorous, genial, and thoughtful. If there had been any sort of *action* in the novel, this book would have produced a great effect; but the machinery for delineating the characters is so feeble, that the skill of the sketches themselves is scarcely observed by ordinary readers. It is a mere series of clever little dialogues, enlivened by a few stray perils; and there is not the great keenness and breadth of humour which makes stray dialogue more than sufficient to delight the reader in writers such as Thackeray and Dickens. It needs *action*, not imported incident, to enrich and deepen the purely intellectual effect. There is, too, not a little pedantry in the tale.

On the tale that stands second on our list, and which bears the name of "Ashford Owen," we have no carping criticisms to pass; it is a pleasant and easy task to characterize it; less, easy, however, to justify our estimate by any single extract than in the case of Mr. Hannay. It is a tale of a totally different kind of merit; the aspects of character caught are all coloured with sentiment; humour is less predominant than thought and grace, and intellectual brilliance does not come within its scope. It is as perfect in its unity as "Eustace Conyers" is remarkable for its disjointed character. The tale is quite sufficient to draw out the conception, and the conception is very simple. If Ashford Owen be of the male sex, we have no reason to make the complaint against him which we brought against Mr. Hannay, and various other masculine authors, that they cannot catch the essence of feminine character. The ordinary and safest rule of criticism,—that a woman's novel may always be tested by its delineation of men only in the aspect in which they appear to women, and not as they are to each other,—would yield a conclusion in favour of its feminine authorship. There is but one man delineated, and only the femininely illuminated side of him. The colourless masculine side is never seen. Still there is much more to make one give a contrary judgment—especially a truer and subtler delineation of Mr. Erskine's rather polygamic state of heart, than a woman would be likely to draw. The feminine characters could easily have been drawn by such an insight as a poetic temperament gives. The heroine's character, and that of her rival, are studies that would excite and rivet a genial imagination. The heroine, Georgy Sandon, has a "one-idea'd," child-like, reserved, tena-

cious, docile, inexperienced. worshipping character,—not April and sensitive,—but gravely, quietly, passionate. She falls under the influence of a refined, cultivated, self-possessed, and affectionate, but not intense mind,—a mind loving influence and loving love. This is the hero James Erskine; and very skilfully he is drawn. Georgy's rival, Constance Everett, is drawn with nearly equal skill. She is of the sensitive, rather mutable, and very impressible, dependently joyous class, who throw out *all* their beauty into a halo around them, and seem to diffuse an even sunnier influence over others than over themselves. Unfortunately (for the reader necessarily holds up both hands for Georgy), she has had the start of her rival, and though she has been once married, had attached Mr. Erskine in earlier years. Georgy is much the best. But Mrs. Everett—afterwards, alas! Mrs. James Erskine—is very delicately sketched. She is very like the lady of whom the poet remarks:—

> "To thee only God granted
> A heart ever new;
> To all, always open;
> To all, always true."

It is truer to *all*, than to any one in particular.

The contest that goes on in Mr. Erskine's mind, between his deeper sympathy with Georgy, his sense of the power and simplicity of her nature and attachment, the gratified vanity with which he regards her docility,—and the fascination exerted over him by Mrs. Everett, is very subtly painted. He himself is a polished, affectionate, intellectual man, irresolute of heart, and easily divided between two influences.

Georgy is at a ball with Mr. Erskine (he, gratefully but rather benignantly, conscious of her concealed worship, and determined, at that time, to admit, and even to some inconsiderable extent, to requite it):—

"She was brought back to the ball, the people, and the recollection of Mrs. Evelyn Lorraine's greatness, by Mr. Erskine, who had come to ask her to dance with him. She assented, struggled through a quadrille, laughed and talked, and explored the refreshment room; till suddenly he asked, in mentioning the day when she had first arrived at their house, 'Was I not in a detestably gloomy humour that morning?' It was said laughingly and gently, and yet it annoyed her intensely: she did not like that cool way of making amends, if any were required. She answered, laughing, but shortly: 'Indeed, I did not remark any alteration in you.' After that everything grew less pleasant: she was glad even to leave James when they saw Mrs. Erskine, who was seeking them to go home.

"They talked eagerly on the way back, and Georgy said that she

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had enjoyed herself very much. Mrs. Erskine went rapidly up stairs, and Georgy followed, but stood with her hand upon her door, and listened as she heard Mr. Erskine's voice down stairs, and his footsteps as he went into his sitting-room. She would not have prolonged her visit there a day, if by her own wish she could have done so; and yet she reckoned up every hour that yet remained to her, like a miser his hoard: every footstep that she heard, and every time she looked at him, she computed as a sort of gain. Then a twinge of vexation came upon her, as she still heard those words, 'Was I not in a detestable humour that morning?' They had been said with a faint tone of royalty, which made the remembrance of them intolerable to her.

"She felt that she was in a false position. What had she come there for? and the words returned to her again, carrying with them a homily of their own. Then she tried to turn against him, to criticize him, and to reflect coldly; but she could not find in her heart one harsh thought. All that he said was well said; all that he did was well done. She loved him in all ways, as mothers love their children: for his virtues, and still more for his faults. Then she started again, and her heart beat violently as she heard his footsteps when he came up stairs and shut the door of his room. Life was very long she thought, as she lay down that night, and remembered that one more day would end this.

"The next morning passed quickly. Georgy never saw Mr. Erskine, and in the evening she was left alone again. There was a lurking hope in her breast that perhaps he would come again; it had grown up in spite of herself. She had not seen him all day, and so—perhaps: but it grew late, and her vision was not destined to be realized. She sat at the window, watching the line of lamps that were urging the departure of the summer twilight. Those lamps and that dull, bald street, they meant home to her; and to-morrow she would leave home, and never find it again. She always knew his footsteps and felt his approach; but this time Mr. Erskine had pushed back the curtain which hung between the drawing-rooms, and was standing by her before she was aware.

"'Oh! you have come,' she said, abruptly.

"'Why, did you expect me?'

"'No, not at all,' she answered (still more abruptly), and took up her work; sitting with her back to the window, where she could not by any possibility see.

"'You can't see.'

"'I forgot,' she said, laughing, and turned towards the window.

"'You are very industrious.'

"'Well, one must do something.'

"'I never heard you moralize so sternly before.' Then there was a short pause. She had never mentioned Grainthorpe to him when she could help it; never spoke to him of her quarrel with her uncle; and if he ever alluded to it, always resolutely passed over the subject—now he mentioned it suddenly.

"'Georgy—Miss Sandon, you are not very happy at Grainthorpe?'

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"She looked up at him and coloured. 'Tell me, if it is not an impertinent question: you were engaged by your uncle's desire, not your own?'

"'No, no, I did it—it was my doing—I wanted to get away—I did it,' she said, rather incoherently.

"'My child, was it only to get away from Grainthorpe that you engaged yourself?' She got up quickly, and going to the window, sat down there, and said, 'It was very foolish of me; but I shall make myself quite happy at Grainthorpe: I am not going to marry at all.'

"'Not?"

"'No.'

"She did not see him half smile at her effort to brave it out unconcernedly. She had never looked so childlike as when she uttered that deliberate decision, No; and she was *too unconcerned* to look at him. He sat down beside her in the window, and bent very near her. He had bent down so once before; and her heart beat as it had done once before, by the piano at the Grange. There was so much deference, and so much gentle respect in his manner, and yet it was so calmly assured—it always fascinated and mastered her.

"'Do you love no one, then?'

"He took her hand; but his sentence appeared so completely finished, that she drew back, and snatched her hand away. It seemed as if he were cross-questioning her at pleasure. For one instant he looked at her as she crimsoned, and her eyes grew angry and full of tears; then he said, quite humbly:

"'Could you ever be my wife? Do you love me enough?'

"She did not lift her eyes, and as if the words were very difficult to speak, she said: 'You know I do.'"

This is not our last parting, we trust, from Ashford Owen.

On the subject of "North and South," we have more disposition to be contentious. It has much of the great power of its author; but the plot is sadly disjointed, and the interstices are "viewy." The characters do not move gradually through, the narrative, but, so to say, get through it, in kangaroo fashion, by a series of little successive springs, and the characters are rather subordinated to the "views," than the "views" to the characters. The story is clearly rather incoherent, and the incident invented, as emergency dictated, to get up periodic interest when the book became too discussional. The style, too, is sometimes touched with something morbid, from which "Cranford" was, we think, quite free. We refer to the descriptions of emotion, which are overdrawn, and especially to one common symptom of false sentiment, in which many novelists indulge—the description of minute changes in the *physical* expression in periods of deep feeling. This is, we

are convinced, unartistic as well as false taste. The minute physical changes are not observed in themselves, but only in the change of *expression* which they produce, in all cases of deep emotion. It is a mistake both in taste and art, to draw attention to "curving throats," "dilating lips," &c. &c., as the symptoms of emotion. These things may produce the expressional effect, but the very interest of the result in expression prevents observations on the physiological medium. It would require a scientific man, intending to prepare "plates" of the different emotions, to note these things. And the mind instinctively shrinks from the record of them. The grief and the love and the fear should absorb the attention, and not the resulting state of muscular action. It is uncomfortable, and always suggests the presence of an unparticipating spectator with a note-book. Mr. Henry Lennox is one of the best sketches in the book; and his more successful rival, Mr. Thornton, is also a masterly piece of drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Hale, too, are skilfully delineated, and we regretted to lose them unnecessarily from the scene. The action of the tale is "retarding" enough in one sense, but not in the German sense, for the delays do not bear on the plot; they are not fresh obstacles to be overcome, but interjectional distractions. There is sufficient excuse for this, however, in the periodic form of the tale; but art will not endure piece-meal generation: and the author has this time sacrificed art in the interest of popular amusement.

Of Miss Sewell's tale we have neither space nor inclination left to say many words. It is one of the poorest creations of her delicate but limited genius. There is the conscientious and child-like girl, and the irresolute, "viewy" girl,—the same characters, very slightly modified, that we had in the "Earl's Daughter" and elsewhere;—there is the microscopic view of small temptations, and there is Miss Sewell's objective conscience, the faultless clergyman; there are a few smugglers, not much in her line, and a fine old general who is; and there are two good aunts impersonating respectively *exigeant* Duty, and self-denying Love, who are delicately true to life as formerly, but not differing much, except in name, from antecedent aunts (or mothers). The stage and the parts are changed, but her company of actors is the same.

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ART. V.—THE CIVIL SERVICE AND THE COMPETITIVE PRINCIPLE.

Reports of Committees of Inquiry into Public Offices, and Papers connected therewith. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.) 1854.

Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.) 1855.

LITTLE as the readable character of blue-books is appreciated by the public, a great deal of our best and most thoughtful writing is laid up within their covers; and any one who should publish a judicious selection from their contents would surprise his readers by the number of weighty and often piquant observations which he would present to them. The remark applies forcibly to the collection of papers on the Civil Service, which has already excited so much discussion, and of which we propose to make some further mention. It contains, as every one now knows, the criticisms of many of the most eminent late and present Civil Servants of the Crown on the plan of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan for filling all government posts by the victors in open competitive examinations. It should be noted at the outset, that, taking the Report of those gentlemen, and the letter of Mr. Jowett appended to it, in connexion with each other, it is sufficiently apparent that the propounders are fully alive to the distinction between the many thousand inferior posts of an out-door and in-door character, and the comparatively few in which the higher mental faculties are called into action; and that they propose entirely different systems of examination for the two classes.

The proposal of so sweeping a change as the abolition of the whole system of patronage, and the making all appointments whatsoever depend on the fiat of an examining board dealing with all candidates who may present themselves with due certificates of physical and moral fitness, is supported by a strongly-worded statement of the present deficiencies of the service.

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"It would be natural to expect that so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and the most ambitious of the youth of the country; that the keenest emulation would prevail among those who had entered it; and that such as were endowed with superior qualifications would rapidly rise to distinction and public eminence. Such, however, is by no means the case. Admission into the Civil Service is indeed eagerly sought after, but it is for the unambitious, and the indolent or incapable, that it is chiefly desired. Those whose abilities do not warrant an expectation that they will succeed in the open professions, where they must encounter the competition of their contemporaries, and those whom indolence of temperament or physical infirmities unfit for active exertions, are placed in the Civil Service, where they may obtain an honourable livelihood with little labour, and with no risk; where their success depends upon their simply avoiding any flagrant misconduct, and attending with moderate regularity to routine duties; and in which they are secured against the ordinary consequences of old age, or failing health, by an arrangement which provides them with the means of supporting themselves after they have become incapacitated."

Frequent and prolonged absences from ill-health are also noticed, and the result is thus stated:—

"The result naturally is, that the public service suffers both in internal efficiency and in public estimation. The character of the individuals influences the mass, and it is thus that we often hear complaints of official delays, official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvement.

"There are, however, numerous honourable exceptions to these observations, and the trustworthiness of the entire body is unimpeached. They are much better than we have any right to expect from the system under which they are appointed and promoted."

The expressions we have quoted have called forth numerous expressions of dissent, and some of indignation.

Sir Thomas Redington, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Control, thinks "that too unfavourable a view of the actual Civil Service has been taken." Sir G. C. Lewis says: "My experience does not confirm the general description of the Civil Service given at the commencement of the Report. There are, indeed, in most offices inefficient persons who ought never to have been appointed, or ought subsequently to have been dismissed; but the large majority of clerks are efficient." Mr. Murdoch, Chairman of the Emigration Board, expresses his "entire dissent from the disparaging terms in which the present Civil Service is spoken of." Sir T. F. Fremantle, Chairman of the Board of Customs, believes "that the clerks and officers of the civil departments generally are faithful, diligent,

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and competent; that the public business of those departments is well conducted; and that their efficiency would not suffer by comparison with that of the army, the navy, or any other service in the state, or with public companies, or large establishments under the management of private individuals." Mr. H. U. Addington, late Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, considers that the Foreign Office is "of unsurpassed, if not of unequalled, working power and good conduct;" and says that it is impossible for him to conceive "that a system of Civil Service can be flagrantly and fundamentally bad under which such an office has grown up." Mr. Hawes, Deputy-Secretary-at-War, "demurs" to the general character of the service which is given in the Report. Mr. Waddington, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, is with regret compelled to observe, that "the inefficiency of the Civil Service as at present organized is most enormously exaggerated;" and "ventures to assert, that the hopeless incompetence described in the Report is rare indeed; and that competency is the general rule, the exceptions being, not the honourable ones, as stated in the Report, but the dishonourable; and not being numerous, but few." Sir A. Y. Spearman, late Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury, and now holding another post, is equally distinct in the same sense; and the letter of Mr. Arbuthnot, the Auditor of the Civil List, is one long protest against the wholesale condemnation which has been passed.

These cheerful statements are met by others (though less numerous ones) of a contrary tendency. Sir James Stephen says: "The majority of the members of the colonial department, in my time, possessed only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree almost incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions." Mr. Chadwick says, that he has been assured that, under a particular commission, "out of eighty clerks supplied by the patronage secretary, there were not more than twelve who were worth their salt for the performance of service requiring only a sound common education." He adds in a note—

"A retired officer, writing to me on this subject of lively official interest, says, that a faithful portrait of the parties who have procured appointments in public offices might well be considered a scandalous misrepresentation. Many instances could be given of young men, the sons of respectable parents, who were found unable to read or write, and utterly ignorant of accounts. Two brothers, one almost imbecile, the other much below the average of intellect, long retained appointments, though never equal to higher work

than the lowest description of copying. Another young man was found unable, on entering, to number the pages of a volume of official papers beyond ten. It used to be by no means uncommon to have a fine, fashionably-dressed young man introduced as the junior clerk; on trial, he turns out fit for nothing. The head of the department knows, from old experience, that a representation of this fact to higher quarters would merely draw down ill-will upon himself; the first official duty with which the young man is charged is, therefore, to take a month's leave of absence that he may endeavour to learn to write."

Mr. Romilly likewise appears to concur generally in the representations of the Report on the same subject; and the following specific statement of Mr. Anderson, principal clerk for financial business at the Treasury, deserves great attention:

"During the early period of my service, the Commissioner at the head of a large department was desirous of introducing improvements in the mode of keeping the accounts of his office, improvements as urgently pressed upon his notice by the defective state of the accounts themselves, as by the increased demands of Parliament for information which his books could imperfectly supply. Having had some experience himself, before he was appointed to office, of the system by which commercial men reduce to order the large and varied operations of trade, he determined upon applying the principles of that system to the public accounts of his department; but although he had a large establishment of clerks almost wholly employed in the business of accounts to select from, he could not find one who was sufficiently conversant with the scientific principles of accounts to carry out his plans of improvement. If the system which he proposed to introduce had been one of modern invention or only partially known, such a result might have been accounted for, but it was one which for a long period has been in almost universal practice in this and other countries for all accounts of any magnitude, and which must have been co-existent with commerce itself.

"It must not be supposed that the mischief of admitting ill-qualified persons into departments of account is limited to the inconvenience of a defective plan of account. The security which the system itself ought to provide is supplied by creating departments of check or by other complicated contrivances, which, being further involved by legislation founded upon them, render the public accounts unintelligible to all but the few to whom they become familiar by long practice."

The Reporters, however, are well aware, that there are other potent causes at work besides the original mental and moral disqualifications of government clerks, which tend to deteriorate the efficiency of the service. They reduce them mainly to

three heads: first, the long continuance of mere drudgery imposed on all; secondly, the system of promotion by seniority, without regard to merit; and, thirdly, the fact, that the highest prizes are given to strangers. We quote their own words:—

"The character of the young men admitted to the public service depends chiefly upon the discretion with which the heads of departments, and others who are entrusted with the distribution of patronage, exercise that privilege. In those cases in which the patronage of departments belongs to their chief for the time being, the appointments which it commonly falls to his lot to make are either those of junior clerks, to whom no very important duties are in the first instance to be assigned, or of persons who are to fill responsible and highly-paid situations above the rank of the ordinary clerkships. In the first case, as the character and abilities of the new junior clerk will produce but little immediate effect upon the office, the chief of the department is naturally led to regard the selection as a matter of small moment, and will probably bestow the office upon the son or dependant of some one having personal or political claims upon him, or perhaps upon the son of some meritorious public servant, without instituting any very minute inquiry into the merits of the young man himself. It is true that in many offices some kind of examination is prescribed, and that in almost all the person appointed is in the first instance nominated on probation; but, as will presently be pointed out, neither of these tests are at present very efficacious. The young man thus admitted is commonly employed upon duties of the merest routine. Many of the first years of his service are spent in copying papers, and other work of an almost mechanical character. In two or three years he is as good as he can be at such an employment. The remainder of his official life can only exercise a depressing influence on him, and renders the work of the office distasteful to him. Unlike the pupil in a conveyancer's or special pleader's office, he not only begins with mechanical labour as an introduction to labour of a higher kind, but often also ends with it. In the meantime his salary is gradually advancing till he reaches, by seniority, the top of his class, and on the occurrence of a vacancy in the class above him he is promoted to fill it, as a matter of course, and without any regard to his previous services or his qualifications. Thus, while no pains have been taken in the first instance to secure a good man for the office, nothing has been done after the clerk's appointment to turn his abilities, whatever they may be, to the best account. The result naturally is, that when the chief of the office has to make an appointment of visible and immediate importance to the efficiency of his department, he sometimes has difficulty in finding a clerk capable of filling it, and he is not unfrequently obliged to go out of the office, and to appoint some one of high standing in an open profession, or some one distinguished in other walks of life, over the heads of men who have been for many years in the public service. This is necessarily discouraging to the

Civil servants, and tends to strengthen in them the injurious conviction, that their success does not depend upon their own exertions, and that if they work hard, it will not advance them,—if they waste their time in idleness, it will not keep them back."

Mr. Lingen, Secretary to the Committee of Council on Education, in a very able, but somewhat desponding paper, further illustrates the disadvantages of the Civil Service as follows:—

"The Civil Service, however, differs from private employment in two material considerations:—

"1. The active head is not the supreme head.

"2. Neither the active head, nor the supreme head, has his own private fortune or ruin so much staked on the result, as to afford a guarantee against his indulging his own passion or caprice in relation to his subordinates; and, therefore, while justice requires that a certain independence be accorded to the corps in regard to the chiefs, it introduces, nevertheless, a fundamental ground of inferiority in the organization of the public, as contrasted with that of private, service."

The following is an extract from the evidence of Mr. Romilly:

"It might, however, be expected that when once admitted into the Civil Service, the regulations of each office would be such as to elicit exertion. But this is far from being the case. In many offices a clerk may be there eighteen or twenty years without its being possible for him to advance himself by any effort of his own. It takes that time to get out of those classes, the promotion in which depends upon seniority alone, into those in which a selection for merit is permitted. The most intelligent and hard-working officer, who never neglects his duty, is exactly in the same position as the ignorant and indolent one who just spoils enough of the stores of the Stationery Office to show that he is entitled to it. Such a system has an obvious tendency to corrupt and demoralise the whole body of civil servants; to make them consider a public clerkship as a public pension—a mere sinecure, where little or no work is to be done, but where regular attendance, and a decent outward show in the presence of superiors, is to be maintained.

"And yet instances to the contrary are numerous; and clerks will be found who have no expectation of emerging from their humble sphere of action, and gaining the reward of their exertions, honestly and energetically performing their duties, day after day, and year after year, in silence and obscurity. But this is not in consequence, but in spite of the system."

A little fact, contributed by Mr. Herman Merivale, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, may help to account for the deficiencies complained of by Sir James Stephen:—

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"In the Colonial Office there are now nineteen clerks, and it will scarcely be alleged that their functions in conducting the correspondence with forty-six colonies are of a very light and unimportant character. It would appear, from the best comparison I can make of their present salaries, varying from £100 to £1000, that twenty years' service is the ordinary time required to attain a salary of £400."

Notwithstanding the contrarieties of opinion which thus seem to prevail among highly-qualified official persons, as to the characters and merits of their subordinates, we think an attentive reader of the papers before us will be able to gather a pretty correct notion of the state of the case. Any lean and hungry Cassius of a reformer may claim pardon if he desires a less comfortable witness than Mr. Waddington to the truth of the proposition, that "whatever is, is right;" while there is a degree of biliousness and pessimism in Sir James Stephen, (who paints large classes in dark colours, and at the same time treats all suggested remedies in the cynical spirit of a despondent official,) that indispose us to follow his guidance implicitly. We infer, that the offices generally are in a so-so condition, passable where they ought to be good, deficient in energy and life, and not free from the imputation of gross abuse of patronage in particular cases; but at the same time far from being nests of sloth and corruption, and redeemed by many bright, and a great many decent examples, from any general character of actual inefficiency or incompetency. "For the object in view," says Mr. John Wood, "it is sufficient to state, that the Civil Service is susceptible of considerable improvement. This assumption is not inconsistent with an acknowledgment of the great talent, industry, and acquirements of many of its members."

We take first the case of the great mass of inferior officials, such as custom-house and excise officers, and mere accounting clerks. We think that the suggestions of the Report have been somewhat prejudiced by the generality of the phrases used in reference to "literary examinations," and by the scheme proposed by Mr. Jowett for testing the qualifications of inferior officers. We subjoin proposed regulations extracted from Mr. Jowett's letter:—

"1. The examination to be carried on by the assistant examiners.
"2. To consist of reading aloud in the presence of one of them:—
"Of writing from dictation;
"Of arithmetic;
"Of geography;
"Of writing a letter, or making an abstract;

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"Of vivâ voce on any subject calculated to test general intelligence:

To which might be added an 'useful knowledge' paper of common questions about common things.

"3. The examinations of all the different districts to be brought together at the central office.

"4. The names of as many candidates as there are vacancies, actual or probable, to be published, either in order of merit or divided into classes, according to the nature or value of the appointments.

"A smile may be raised at the idea of subjecting excisemen and tide-waiters to a competing literary examination, as there might have been thirty years ago at subjecting village schoolmasters to a similar test; but it must be remembered, on the other hand,—

"1. That such a measure will exercise the happiest influence on the education of the lower classes throughout England, acting by the surest of all motives—the desire that a man has of bettering himself in life.

"2. That reading, writing, and arithmetic, a good hand, and the power of expressing himself in a letter, no less than the general intelligence tested by the examination, render the lowest public servant fitter for his position than he would be without them, and give him a chance of rising in the service.

"3. That the examination will relate to common things treated in a common-sense way.

"4. That no other means can be devised of getting rid of the evils of patronage."

Now, laying aside as pedantic and inopportune the suggestion of endeavouring to raise the general education of the country through the public offices, till those offices are *per se*, and for their own special objects, in advance of, instead of behind, the private establishments of the country, we see good sense in the second reason alleged in support of Mr. Jowett's proposals; and we are fully alive to the importance, in a political view, of putting an end to the traffic in small places, between representatives and their constituents. Still the academical scheme of a competing examination, with marks, and the necessary allotment of an exciseman's or accounting-clerk's post, as the prize of victory, does not strike us as being just the thing wanted. There is no reason why the vast mass of places of the class alluded to, should not be distributed by the higher authorities in the permanent service, in the same way as boards of directors fill up vacancies among their police, and in their financial offices. We do not at all apprehend that Appointment Committees, consisting of two or three officers of due rank, practically employed in the duties of the department, and independent of political change, would be likely to job

their appointments, or, if making election were laid down as a substantive and important branch of their duty, that it would be performed in a negligent and perfunctory manner. There would be the check of the presence of several, and the consciousness of performing a judicial act. A yielding to private solicitation, under such circumstances, is, we are proud to think, little to be feared among English gentlemen.

Any one experienced in the affairs of a great railway company will vouch for the certainty of a great many very tolerable candidates presenting themselves, and, as at least one of the writers of the Papers judiciously remarks, those who make little scruple of injuring that abstraction, the public, would not think of injuring individuals by choosing any but the best of a set of competing candidates. The judges, being high in the Office themselves, would have their *esprit de corps*, and indeed their love of ease and personal convenience, excited to fill up their vacant desks with the best men. We cannot regard for an instant the objection that high official persons could not find time, or would be too intent on stopping the gap in their staff *pro re natâ*, to discharge such duties with proper deliberation. As far as mere time is concerned, that can be provided by increase of numerical strength, and we firmly believe that the number of candidates and the sense of official responsibility would be sufficient guards against the other danger. Above all, we rely on the latter, the moral check. As long as government posts are associated with interest and favour, as long as "patronage" is viewed as a perquisite of office, the public will not be served as well as it might be. But let Parliament, the country, and our statesmen, once decide that the selection of the best candidates shall be in the category of *duties*, and we have no fear but that it will be performed with a very fair amount of conscientious pains and impartiality. The new principle could not involve any sacrifice of our present chances of obtaining sound moral qualifications in our officers. Be it remembered that for the class of offices to which we are now alluding we seek no delicate and superfine sense of honour. We want that ordinary mercantile integrity which, thank God, abounds in England, and on the faith of which, ascertained by ordinary means, our great private establishments are filled with useful servants. The scrutiny of an Appointment Committee on such subjects will surely be as reliable as the recommendation of a Member of Parliament who has been asked to get a place for the dependent of an influential constituent.

Our main objection to the principle of examination pure and simple, under the auspices of an independent board, as

regards the mass of subordinate appointments, is that it perpetuates the vicious practice of prohibiting the really acting and responsible officers from choosing their own instruments, and that too under the peculiarly dangerous guise of introducing something more philosophical and abstractedly perfect than obtains anywhere in the common transactions of Englishmen. Mere practical instinct tells us that it is an unbusiness-like way of making our offices more business-like. If political patronage were to continue, it would be well to have an artificial check against abuse; but if political patronage is to be done away with, why not follow the mode which prevails in all voluntary associations? Nevertheless we are quite prepared to admit that the value of direct tests in the nature of examinations, and even of competitive examinations, as auxiliary to the judicious selection of functionaries, is underrated among us, and might with special propriety be regarded to a certain extent in the regular and systematic procedure of a public office. But on this head it is necessary to make a remark on examinations generally.

We shall hereafter refer to that class of examinations which has excited the most general attention in regard to appointments; but we have here to observe that there is another class, which has hardly been distinguished with sufficient breadth in any of the papers before us, though some of the writers, and especially Mr. Chadwick, have it principally in view. We mean *practical examinations in arts acquired by practice*. Examinations on the mere results of reading are often unsatisfactory. The power of getting up a wide and showy acquaintance with a variety of literary matter, and giving it out in written answers to written questions, is a most unsafe criterion of practical ability. It is the academical habit of rating too highly the possession of this power which has produced the distaste of practical men to direct tests. We should ourselves demur greatly to allowing much weight in the appointment of an accounting clerk, to the marks he might get on "an 'useful knowledge' paper of common questions about common things." In like manner we much doubt whether the public gains any appreciable direct security from the examination of attorneys by means of a list of law questions, although the apprehension of the coming examination undoubtedly induces among articled clerks a habit of reading which produces, indirectly, the most beneficial results. But there is another species of scrutiny more laborious to the scrutineer, but much more certain in its results. There are things in every profession which can only be learnt by actual practice, and an experience examiner, aided by *viva voce* examination, can soon tell, by

requiring the performance of such things before him on the spur of the moment, whether the practice has been had, and whether it has been intelligent or mechanical. Such is dissection, such is chemical analysis, and such is the preparation of legal instruments. Let a subject be placed on the table, and dissection and demonstration called for (as we believe is done in the examinations for medical degrees in the University of London, the best theatre of examination in such subjects which exists),—let instructions be given to a legal student to draw a conveyance under certain supposed circumstances,—and a competent examiner, who can question the candidate on his own work, will not be long in finding out whether he has to do with an able man or a pretender. The power of doing the thing at all proves much, and the intelligence with which it is done, or the contrary, will transpire at every step of the process. All arithmetical examinations are necessarily of this kind, and the principle seems applicable to some of the specialties of a public office. Why should not knowledge of book-keeping be tested by actual exercise? In so far as the proposed scheme extends to such matters as these, so dealt with, we heartily admire it; and if the co-operation of professional examiners attached to departments would facilitate operations, by all means let such be appointed. The actual need of such an improvement on ordinary practice, if the system for which we contend were adopted, would probably depend upon the supposed necessity of taking very young and untried men for the service. A merchant or a Company seeks a clerk with a good character from a former place. Government, it seems, from the testimony alike of the Reporters and many of their critics, whose views deserve respect, would rather have men who have been in no former place. We cannot help feeling that if this opinion extends to the very large class of appointments now under consideration, it savours somewhat of official prejudice. We apprehend that the public service is not, on the most favourable showing, the best possible school for training young men in those employments which are common to it and to the "civil service" of private individuals. However, if this be so, the direct tests will rise in importance.

Undoubtedly, if patronage remains, subject only to rejection in cases of incompetence, the power of rejecting ought to be vested in an independent Board using the best tests they can. Mr. Romilly makes it pretty plain, that *a mere veto* on Treasury appointments given to the different Departments is of little use. Good-nature and regard for high patrons here find full scope for their large power of mischief. A Board whose sole function

and point of honour is to sift severely has, in this case, its appropriate and indispensable place.

In passing to that higher class of appointments, which the Reporters no doubt have had chiefly in view, it is to be premised, that the novelty of the principle of examination has somewhat drawn off the attention of critics from the other suggestions made. There has been an extravagant preference for examinations in the public mind, and an undue bias towards patronage in the official mind; and therefore the mere question of first appointments has been raised into unnecessary prominence. The Reporters are not fairly chargeable with this error. Their labours have an inestimable value in stamping with the authority of official experience these principles,—first, that ten or fifteen years of mere copying, routine, and drudgery, are not the best introduction to posts requiring high mental qualities; secondly, that promotion ought, as a general principle, to be by merit, and not by seniority; and, thirdly, that the highest prizes of the Civil Service should be open to attainment by all Civil Servants employed in intellectual labour. It is our firm belief, that the real regeneration of the service is to be sought in the unflinching application of these principles; and that their importance, and the consequent mischief of the present general neglect into which they have fallen, require to be distinctly appreciated before the question of preliminary examination, with all its popularity, its self-acting character, and its apparently scientific neatness and precision, comes under discussion.

First, as to preliminary drudgery. Is it *necessary* that a government-office clerk, who is afterwards to rise to the confidential function of arranging and presenting the facts of a complex correspondence or other transaction for the use of the highest officers of the state, should be employed for ten or fifteen years of his early official life in *mere* copying and routine work? Sir Charles Trevelyan says distinctly that, according to the present practice, young men of liberal education drudge at the forms of office till they grow grey-headed. He denies that a separation *cannot* be made. "The Registrar-General's department," he says, "is generally considered one of the most homogeneous and least intellectual of our public establishments; yet he assures me that by making a proper distinction between that portion of his establishment which is required for purely mechanical work and that which is employed in superintending the mechanical workmen, and in digesting and applying the result of their labour, both descriptions of work would be better done." In the Report on the Colonial Office (Reports of Committees, pp. 52-5), Mr. Gibson

Craig and Mr. Herman Merivale join Sir Charles Trevelyan, "with the entire concurrence of Sir James Stephen, and, we believe, of all the officers now belonging to the department who are most competent to form an opinion," in recommending the division of labour into intellectual and mechanical. The thing has been done at the India House, and with the best results (*ibid*). We therefore take leave to put aside all suggestions of the inherent impossibility of carrying out such a system with regard to many public offices. All the vices of routine are against it, and therefore many old officials will be ready enough to pooh-pooh it: but a few practical opinions in its favour are decisive evidence that a scheme so consonant with common sense ought to be tried, and, if tried, we have little doubt of the result. But here we are met by the objection that, if *not impossible*, the change is *undesirable*. "In the great mass of the revenue departments," says Mr. Arbuthnot, "a thorough acquaintance with forms is so essential to a full comprehension of the business to be carried on, that to fulfil the superior offices satisfactorily a previous apprenticeship in the inferior classes is essential." The reporters, in a paper drawn up in reply to Mr. Arbuthnot, use the following expressions:—

"With respect to the separation of intellectual from mechanical labour, we freely admit that there is much difficulty in drawing a proper line between them, so as to avoid the inconveniences which Mr. Arbuthnot points out as likely to arise from a system such as he supposes us to contemplate. We are also by no means insensible to the value of a certain amount of mechanical labour, and of practical acquaintance with the formal business of an office, to a young man who wishes to qualify himself for rising to its higher situations. It cannot, however, be advantageous to him to be kept to mere copying, or other equally mechanical duties, for ten or fifteen of the best years of his life.

"We have said that the proper maintenance of the distinction we propose 'must depend more upon the discretion and management of the chiefs of offices and those immediately below them than upon any general regulations that could be made by a central authority.' We cannot doubt that the chiefs of offices will give due weight to the important considerations suggested by Mr. Arbuthnot, and that they will especially take care not to throw upon the supplementary clerks such duties as are likely to make them the most efficient members of the office, and at the same time to debar them from promotion."

In other words, the principle in question has its limits, and, in some cases, narrow limits; but a little consideration will

show that it is essential to assert and insist upon it with a view to secure its application as far as possible. Fifty years ago, it was the received practical notion in all trades and professions, and in many branches of learning, that their study must be commenced at a very early period of life, and that rotework, routine, and copying, were the gates to excellence. The extension of a higher culture among the middle classes has been steadily breaking down this prejudice in every direction. It is no longer deemed necessary to reduce the period of general education to the smallest limits in order to secure many years of boyish "drilling" in counting-house duties. We are slowly beginning to perceive, that by postponing arduous specialties to a maturer age, when the reason of forms can be seen, and the motive of obtaining ultimate success is a sufficient inducement to their study, a good deal of time can be spared at first for the general enlargement and enrichment of the mind, at least without detriment to the future career. In medicine, for instance, a man is found to be no worse doctor in the end because till nineteen or twenty he has been working for a Bachelor of Arts' degree. But the case most immediately in point is the present training of the bar. Endless was the labour formerly bestowed on the mere copying of precedents; and many were the volumes of manuscript forms which our lawyers used to accumulate in their youth. This plan is now in great measure disused. There are abundant printed precedents of those forms most useful in practice; and the pupil in a conveyancer's chambers now spends almost his whole time in the actual preparation of the drafts which his master settles in his presence and with his (almost from the first) most important assistance. We do not mean to say that our present race of lawyers surpass the Eldons, the Grants, and the Romillys, in judicial intellect or range of juridical knowledge. We are by no means of that opinion, though this is not the place for a comparison, or an explanation of the difficulties which now beset the student of law. But what we do assert is, that the particular art which the copying system was intended to perfect—the preparation of legal instruments—was never in a state of greater perfection for all purposes of practical efficiency than at the present moment. Any one who will take the trouble to peruse a few of the modern printed bills in equity will admit that conciseness and precision, and a ready adaptation of received modes of arrangement and expression to new circumstances, could hardly be carried further.

Small account used to be taken of the utter waste of time involved in getting details by rote without understanding them;

and the modern defence of the system, that an uninstructed person will pick out the grains of knowledge to be found in mining through a mass of routine, is in great measure unfounded. We speak from some experience when we say that it is of very little use to put even an intelligent youth into the midst of a heap of routine as a commencement. He does not know what the points are which he ought to notice, and he does not gain a tithe of the advantage which he would gain if he had some previous knowledge of the general working of the machinery over the little cog-wheels of which he is compelled to pore.

We have no manner of doubt, on the evidence before us, that the old exaggerated estimate of the importance of early and unintelligent routine, and the old insensibility to its depressing and "muddling" influences, still obtains to a large extent in our public offices, and requires early abolition by a vigorous hand.

Secondly, as to promotion by merit. There is no need to argue *for* this. The fact of the very limited application of the principle in many public offices, will go far to account for any amount of deadness and dulness in their ranks, and for any inferiority to private establishments (whether considerable or inconsiderable) which may be justly imputable to them. The sole question is one of practicability, and here a little positive testimony will, for obvious reasons, outweigh a great deal of a contrary tendency. Looking then to the evidence, we find that Lieutenant-colonel Larcom, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, negatives the idea of impracticability. He says:—

"I have seen the carrière ouverte in operation in Ireland on the Ordnance Survey. When that work was undertaken in 1825, on the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons, it was at first proposed that all the appointments should vest in the Master-General and Board; but on the representation of Colonel Colby, this was entirely set aside, by the Duke of Wellington, with his usual promptitude, ordering that the appointments should be made by the person with whom the responsibility for the work rested; and all appointments and removals in that large organization, thenceforward for twenty years till the work was completed, vested wholly in the superintendent. No complaint of partiality or incompetence was ever made. Every one was tried, first in the lower grades, and afterwards advanced, if continued in the service, on the recommendation of the officer under whom he was placed, and no other,—all recommendations being supported by returns of character and of work performed. In several other services in which I have been from time to time engaged in Ireland, I have observed the same practice with the same results."

Sir James Stephen, on the other hand, has this cynical passage:—

"It is answered, that eminent merit would be rewarded, and that an aspiring spirit would be encouraged by the hope of promotion over official associates and competitors. I would reply—that by holding out such a stimulant in so very narrow a circle of men, all pent up in the same contracted building or chamber, you would insure bitter jealousies and enduring quarrels, and would render impossible all cordial co-operation among them in the discharge of their common duties—that the encouragement you would minister to a few able and enterprising men would be counterbalanced by the discouragement you would inflict on many more who had neither ability nor enterprise—that it would be impossible to manage, to any good purpose, an office, the majority of the members of which were depressed, disappointed, and offended—and that they would know how to avenge such unpopular promotions by a passive resistance which could neither be punished, nor prevented, nor subdued. And further, my own experience teaches me that a Secretary of State who should promote any one of his clerks over the heads of his seniors, must arm himself with the fortitude of a martyr. The inflictions he would have to undergo from the tongues or the pens of the kinsmen and kinswomen, of the patrons and the patronesses, of the private and the political connexions, of the many he had passed over, would leave him no rest day or night. And why is he to incur and brave all this animosity? Just in order that he may hand over his office to his future successor (some political antagonist) in the highest attainable state of perfection. I have no faith in the frequency of such martyrdoms."

Nevertheless, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer thus comments on Sir James Stephen:—

"It may be added, that where the head of any department makes the experiment of incurring the resentment of powerful persons in order to promote deserving subordinates, he will probably not be supported by public opinion. The disposition of the public is to regard an office as a life estate, and to sympathize with the holder of it, not only when he is passed over for want of merit, but when he is dismissed for positive misconduct.

"In spite of these obstacles, it is my conviction that the most effectual means of improving the Civil Service is to make the promotions depend upon merit, and not upon seniority; and to use the power of dismissal in case of incompetency, irregularity, misconduct, and indolence more freely than it is used at present. The system of promotion by merit, and of removal for unfitness, is now employed to a great extent in the Inland Revenue and Customs services, and has, I believe, been attended with the best results."

Mr. Lingen and Major Graham (Registrar General) are in favour of promotion by merit. So is Mr. Chadwick, if minute records of service are kept. Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. Romilly, Mr. John Wood, all advocate promotion by merit. So does Sir Thomas Fremantle, with the exception of mere routine branches, and certain cases where there is a high average of merit in men not of the first order. Mr. Hawes "generally concurs" in the suggestions of the Report, and says that the course recommended is very nearly followed in the War Office. It appears from another paper, that it is followed and works well at the Admiralty, and also at the India House.

There is no little difficulty in ascertaining, from the Papers, how far the principle is even at present in actual operation; but the very earnestness with which it is insisted on by several competent judges, the difficulties with which it is confessedly beset, the opposition which it encounters on the part of some writers, and the qualified tone in which its present application is asserted by others, convince us that a great deal remains to be done. "It appears to me," says Sir G. C. Lewis, "that the efficiency of the Civil Service depends at least as much upon the system of promotions as upon the original appointments, *and that the defects of the present state of things are owing more to the former than to the latter.*"

We think that the various objections made can be disposed of. The invidiousness and discomfort of the principle, and the "passive resistance," so much dreaded by Sir James Stephen, must simply be encountered by the energy and impartiality of the chiefs. The thing in hand is a *reform*, and no reform of a system, where too much has been conceded to ease, can be accomplished without some trouble and sacrifice. This is just the direction in which popular determination must be brought to bear. It is the case of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, on an extended scale. There is one more plausible objection. It is that in many large classes the duties afford no opportunity for the display of peculiar merit. Those who perform their duties satisfactorily will be pretty much on a level, and any attempt to distinguish will result in mere favouritism. No doubt this is true, but the simple answer is, that no one would think of applying the principle to such cases. Indeed as one of the writers well remarks, in such cases seniority is merit, for the senior has displayed the same good qualities as the junior for a longer time. Even where this cannot be predicated with strict accuracy, Mr. Herman Merivale's anticipation that the experiment will "subside into a kind of rough compromise between merit and seniority," may come true in many instances without detri-

ment. The complaint is, that in positions where there is room for the display of superior merit, the deserving officer cannot rely on the force of his merit to elevate him to higher posts where his qualifications would be available; and the proposal has its special application to promotion among the more intellectual order of workers, when mental work has been better divided from mechanical than it is at present. The objection that the posts giving scope to a higher order of mind, will no longer be held out as a prize to mediocre merit, and thereby deprive it of an encouragement, can only be listened to in circles where official life is treated as something removed from the ordinary logic of human association. Sir James Stephen, indeed, carries his tender regard for mediocrity to an almost laughable extent, and seems to think that the habit of providing for mediocre men, at the public expense, whether as clergymen or as government clerks, results from a legitimate tendency of human nature, which it would be oppressive to counteract.

Thirdly, as to conferring the prizes of the Service within the Service. Our space will not allow us to recapitulate the opinions expressed in favour of this principle. Its application is absolutely necessary, if anything like ambition is to be attracted into the offices. The extreme difficulty of holding out adequate inducements to aspiring talent will be appreciated after the perusal of certain facts, communicated by Mr. Hawes.

"I take for illustration the pay on first admission, and the probable salary thereafter of a clerk in this office, who has won his own promotion by ability and zeal, and not seniority, and which has been not rapid as vacancies have permitted.

"A. B. entered the War Office in 1807, at £90 a year; was promoted to the second class at £300 in 1822; was promoted to the first class at £500 a year in 1836, after twenty-nine years' service; and, unless appointed chief examiner or chief clerk in the interval, could not attain the maximum salary of £800 until after forty-four years' service.

"C. D. entered in 1820 in the fourth class; promoted to the third class at £200 in 1828; promoted to the second class at £300 in 1840; promoted to the first class at £500 in 1853, having then served thirty-three years; the maximum of £800 cannot be obtained until after forty-eight years' service, unless appointed chief examiner or chief clerk.

"E. F. entered in 1833; promoted to the second class at £300 in 1845; promoted to the first class at £500 in 1853, after twenty years' service; will obtain the maximum of £800 after thirty-seven years' service."

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If there is one thing made clear by the papers, it is that at present there are absolutely no inducements of the kind. But, further than this, all the critics of the changes proposed seem to agree not only that the service is not, but that from its very nature it cannot be made, attractive to the more ambitious and stirring order of young men. A vast proportion of the clerks are employed merely in preparing or auditing accounts. Ambition is out of the question here. But even the more intellectual labour to which we are now particularly referring, consists in providing materials for the judgment of others. The deciding heads must be the changing parliamentary chiefs. The whole system of the British constitution demands this. If they had not the responsibility and the consequent public credit of all measures, we should exchange a parliamentary for a bureaucratic government. It is of the very essence of English political life, that government offices should *not* be the field for the ambition of Englishmen. For those who are satisfied with private influence alone, there is doubtless no inconsiderable opportunity in the chief appointments. Those who "cram" the deciding party, will necessarily exercise large influence over the decisions, especially when the latter is a changing officer, relying on the permanent depositaries of official tradition, and the persons who have participated in the inception of matters which only come before him in their later stages. But this influence is calculated to be the reward of patient duty, not the prize of youthful ambition. To wield it aright demands judgment and experience, rather than the glowing aspiration, and keen intuition, and vivid and sensitive apprehension of genius. The following account of the duties of clerks of the highest order, is taken from the Report on the Colonial Office, before referred to, and deserves the most attentive consideration:—

"When the letters of the day have been registered, they are delivered to the senior clerk of the department to which they respectively belong, who minutes them with those prominent points which his experience and constant reference to the general correspondence suggest, and proposes, in ordinary cases, the form of the answer, or the practical course of dealing with the subject; and when the correspondence, having been prolonged or complicated, requires an explanation or analysis, he forwards with the papers such a statement of facts, prepared either by himself or under his supervision, as may assist the practical consideration of the question. The papers are then sent either to the Assistant Under-Secretary, or to the permanent Under-Secretary, according to the nature of the subjects, each of whom passes them to the parliamentary Under-Secretary with his observations upon them, and

from him they reach the Secretary of State, who records his decision upon them, after he has considered all that has been submitted to him, and called for such further information as he may require. After that, the papers are returned through the same channel to the Senior Clerk, and it then becomes his duty to examine carefully the minutes and drafts, in order to see whether any point in the instructions may be at variance with facts, regulations, or precedents not known to the Secretary of State or Under-Secretaries; and to execute all the final instructions he may receive, by preparing the drafts, or causing them to be prepared by his assistants, and superintending the copying and dispatch of the letters to be written from them. The usual practice is for the senior to pass on to his assistant those papers which require ordinary drafts, or drafts closely following the minutes, reserving to himself such as involve any question of doubt, or on which no very precise instructions have been given. Drafts are also frequently prepared by the permanent Under-Secretary and Assistant Under-Secretary, in cases which they consider to require it. All drafts finally receive the sanction of the parliamentary Under-Secretary and of the Secretary of State.

"The Précis Writer is chiefly employed in examining and preparing for the decision of the Secretary of State masses of papers on particular subjects which require for their proper elucidation more time than can be bestowed upon them by the clerks who are charged with the execution of the current business."

The subordinate official must be a man of detail. He may be much more, but his primary duty is the collection, verification, and classification of facts. He should be able to draw sound inferences, "putting consequent rightly upon antecedent;" but the power of striking out brilliant ideas would be supererogatory. If the chiefs cannot do this, they ought not to be chiefs; and if Parliament ceases to yield competent chiefs, the constitution must be modified, and mere official reforms will not touch the mischief. Still the labourer is worthy of his hire. The merit required is high, and is entitled to its appropriate reward. If the service does not afford the qualities of Under-Secretaries and Précis Writers, they must be supplied from without, and the general rule must have its exceptions; but we cannot doubt what the general rule ought to be.

We arrive at the result, that the obvious and undoubted reform needed to supply the acknowledged deficiencies of the higher branches of the service, is to separate them from the lower, to promote by merit, and to open the highest posts to merit; thereby attracting real talent, and making it available when obtained. The great mass of officers, appointed for the qualities of mere clerks, must be satisfied with clerks' rewards,

and the promotion of talent must not be made so slow as to exclude the competition of talent, by intermixing the higher classes with the lower, and then deadening all hope and paralyzing all exertion by the mechanism of seniority.

We are now in a better position to deal with the great examination question. Most readers of the Report gather the case made by the Reporters to be that the service is in a disgraceful state at present; that it requires the highest and most aspiring talents, and could offer to them an appropriate field and appropriate rewards; and that we have only to throw it open to the competitors in a literary and scientific examination of the highest class, to fill the Offices with the very first men from the three English Universities. This is strongly stated, but we, like others, think that something of the sort was floating in the writers' minds. Any such case as this we apprehend to have distinctly failed. Neither the proposed ideal, nor the actual short-coming, seems to be stated with due reference to facts. More sober and more qualified views seem alone admissible. Is a competing examination the best mode open to us of obtaining the class of services really required in the higher branches?

There is no more fruitful source of delusion, than the confusion which often takes place between the different kinds of examination, and the papers before us require to be considered with a constant reference to this variety. When Mr. Chadwick, for instance, advocates examinations, he is speaking either of examinations intended to exclude deficiency, or of those which take place in a school or college to test the proficiency of the instructed in the subjects of instruction. The latter kind may generally be conducted with satisfactory results, and have not much to do with the general question. The field is known, the general average of presumable acquirement is known, and special proficiency can be ascertained and classified with peculiar ease. This kind we pass over.

Examinations to exclude deficiency, ("pass" or "standard" examinations,) involve greater difficulty. When of a literary character, there is no class which is less satisfactory. There is peculiar risk in forming the opinion, that a man's general education, assumed to be but moderate, is also sound, from an examination alone. If the subjects are few, limited, and announced beforehand, actual "cram," practised by the superficial and unscrupulous, with a view to hold so much knowledge for the nonce, and forget it when it has earned its marks, or that more conscientious but often unprofitable training, which better or slower men undergo in mastering the mere books prescribed, is sure to be at work; it is scarcely possible for

examiners, who have only to pronounce on *un*fitness, to reject candidates of these classes; and besides this, all kindly examiners instinctively shrink from "plucking," and thereby performing an act which is looked on, not as the refusal of a distinction, but the infliction of a disgrace. If, on the other hand, the questions are numerous, and the subjects not foreknown, far too much scope is given to mere readiness and superficiality, and the undesirable power, often possessed to a high degree by unsound men, of making a great and imposing show of accomplishment out of a slender stock of real knowledge; and there is an undue strain on the examiners' penetration and knowledge of human nature. Academical persons are apt to be misled in recommending the adoption of these examinations outside the walls of universities, by their tolerable success within them. They forget that when it is ascertained that certain questions have been answered *by the member of a college*, the presumption is, that the knowledge has been acquired *in a particular course of training*, and that the degree conferred testifies, not only to the result of the examination, but to the *two* facts, that the graduate has been trained in a particular way, and has *also* done certain work in the theatre. On the English system, moreover, the possession of a degree implies, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the holder has passed his time, from fourteen to twenty-two, or thereabouts, under all the influences considered most favourable to education, and has been devoted by his parents to a liberal sphere. The fact, that University degrees generally imply good education, and that they are conferred after examination, has wholly misled many clever, unacademical persons. Mr. Rowland Hill, in particular, has lately exerted himself to obtain the admission of candidates not educated in colleges to the degree examinations in the University of London. An idea prevails, that the examination must be everything or nothing. In fact, it is but *part* of a system. It is something held up to give definiteness and object to study; and college authorities take care (or ought to do so) that the natural, and obvious, and matter-of-course way of preparing for the degree is, by conformity to the general rules and methods of the college. The degree warrants much that is wholly collateral to the examination. In few words, it tells us, that a man assumes to belong to the educated class, and has *not* been self-educated, but, on the contrary, has used the highest known aids to education.

The kind of practical examination to which we have before adverted, including examinations in science, would, we believe, be more efficacious. We believe that it might be so con-

ducted as to insure the rejection of everything like incompetence. The writing of letters, the abstracting of papers, the construction of tables, and the evidence of ordinary proficiency in arithmetic, geometry, and accounts, would be safer tests of soundness than any uncollegiate literary examination of the "pass" kind, though there is no reason why the latter should not be united with it.

In our opinion, it is impossible to secure a *high* standard by mere pass examinations; and we incline to fear the results of professing to do so. There is a kind of mania for examinations among those who are not used to them, which would minister to the delusion of the public; and there would be too much readiness to acquiesce in the delegation of responsibilities to those who had passed this favourite test, for which they would often be wholly unfit. Nevertheless, a system of pass examinations, conducted by an independent board, would, in all probability, be a most desirable check upon the system of ministerial patronage in the higher offices, if it remained otherwise unchanged.

To the competition test other considerations apply. We believe that where comparison is in question, where distinction and not bare qualification is sought, the victors will, as a general rule, be sound men, and not merely adroit ones. We must call attention, however, to a fact of which we have no doubt, and which seems to have been overlooked. We assume that from causes unconnected with examinations, the class who take the highest university honours will seldom if ever compete for government posts. The competition will be among men of a secondary order. Let us not then be led away by the idea that the machine which distinguishes with unerring precision the pre-eminent few from all their fellows, works with anything like the same accuracy lower down. It is not likely to do so as a mere means of ascertaining relative proficiency even in the actual subjects of examination. It is still less likely to do so in assigning the general mental position which is supposed to be indicated by that proficiency. He who does best, argues Mr. Macaulay, what a crowd of able men are striving to do well, thereby shows himself to be a man of more than ordinary ability, even if the subject of display be unworthy of his talents, or practically useless. Granted; but it does not follow that the twentieth best will have any general superiority to the thirtieth best. There is no regular gradation from the Senior Wrangler to the Wooden Spoon, as regards general mental power. There are two or three great geniuses at the head, and numbers below who for the ordinary purposes of life may be considered pretty much on a level. Get below a

certain rank, and who thinks of estimating a man's probable fortune in life by reference to the calendar? He is an "honour man," and therefore probably capable and industrious, but whether he came in the middle of the Senior or of the Junior Optimes signifies little. The fact is, that the difference between the first few and all the rest is not of mere degree. It is the difference in kind between genius, and simple ability and good conduct.

Comparisons drawn from universities are too favourable to the scheme of the Reporters, if it be not assumed that it is desirable to attract university men; one great reason for the weight attached to distinction in classics and mathematics is, that such distinction is from the first the point of honour among the frequenters of our universities. We say this to avoid misunderstanding, but we ourselves concur in the preference given. It will have been gathered that we agree neither with the Reporters nor with many of their chief opponents as to the results of open competition. We should not expect it to yield a profusion of embryo statesmen; and while, therefore, we are not dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect in one view, we are not deterred by the picture which Mr. Waddington draws of the alternate pinings and plungings of a Pegasus in harness. Considering how much dull work there is in all lines of life, considering the mainly honourable if partly "snobbish" pleasure which men find in being the Queen's servants, and considering too that a government servant will always have more of that precious commodity, leisure, than he who struggles for bread in an open profession—we cannot anticipate that the higher posts, which we suppose to be separated from those of mere routine, and to be the avenues to the highest in the service, will be peculiarly distasteful to liberally educated men. It is very questionable whether the apprehensions expressed by so many, that officers not appointed by their masters would fail in subordination, are well founded. The power of dismissal, and the discretion to promote, would give the superiors a great hold, and are more likely to be exercised freely where there is no patron to offend. At all events, the present permanent officers have not appointed their subordinates, and each new Secretary of State has a ready-made staff handed over to him. Provided that the competition system is not made an excuse for vastly increasing the powers and responsibilities of the bureaucracy (perhaps its chief political danger), we should expect that it would yield a body of men with adequate mental qualifications. We by no means expect that it would be prolific in the highest or the most pushing kind of talents, nor is it desirable that it should. It would introduce some showy and

shallow men, and some who would be better fitted for literature than for business. It would, we apprehend, continually reject men more fit than others whom it would accept. The question is, whether on the whole the accepted candidates would not be substantially of a higher mental order than the products of patronage, and we think the probabilities are in favour of the supposition.

It will be seen that we take very different views with regard to the higher and the lower offices. The reason is obvious. The political and confidential servants of a Secretary of State must in a constitutional country be appointed either by their changing parliamentary chief, or by some other means which will secure a constant infusion of new blood. For perfect administration of details a conscientious selection of their subordinates by the permanent Under-Secretaries might work better; but if they were to nominate those who were afterwards to succeed to the more commanding position, there would be the danger of a bureaucratic *imperium in imperio* alien to the spirit of our institutions. We have to choose between opposite evils.

Some persons (Mr. Romilly for one) appear to dread the principle of open competition, as tending to "a democratical civil service, side by side with an aristocratical legislature." We are not afraid of this in itself. In the first place, the higher classes would have great advantages in the proposed competition from the general nature of their training; and, in the next place, the constitution will not long be allowed to remain aristocratical if any great number of places of profit are reserved for the aristocracy on the mere ground of privilege. But the objection is akin to one of great importance, and which we do not feel to have been wholly met. The duties which the higher class of Civil Servants have to discharge are in the highest degree *confidential*. Something more than common honesty,—a delicate sense of honour is required. In such cases in private life, intimate personal knowledge of the candidate would usually govern the appointment. On the competitive system this could not be had. We do not pretend to say that it exists in the present system; still all the witnesses concur in testifying to the excellence of the appointments made in this vital respect. Whatever the reason may be, the higher departments of the Civil Service, though wanting in energy, flexibility, and *vis* generally, are composed of gentlemen of high honour. No intellectual improvement could compensate for even a slight deflection from this level; and, moreover, all our opinions assume that the object is not to turn a grossly incompetent into a brilliant service, but to improve a

service already decent, and in which soundness and good working qualities, and not high genius, will continue to be both the *desiderata* and the only qualifications likely to be supplied. Under these circumstances, we, like most of our authors, including many who agree with the Reporters in everything else, should hesitate completely to upset the existing system of appointment in the higher branches. We hesitate, because it has worked well in those moral respects which are the most important of all, and for which it is most difficult to provide with any certainty in a new and untried system. There seem to us to be so many elements of improvement in the other changes suggested—those changes would, in fact, so completely alter the character of the service and the inducements to competent persons to enter it—that we seek some means of escaping the most hazardous experiment of all.

The plan we should prefer is already indicated in at least one of the criticisms on the Report. We would give the parliamentary chiefs the power, not of appointment, but of nomination for the competition, it being honourably understood, that they are to invite candidateship, and to provide a considerable number of nominees. Among such nominees, the principle of competition before an independent Board should have its full way. The proposed improvements within, and the sense that merit would influence the first appointments, would, we are persuaded, insure a respectable crop of candidates. The Board should, moreover, have its standard, and reject for incompetency, even if the number of candidates were insufficient. This would put a stop to the grosser abuses of patronage.

This article has extended beyond the limits originally proposed, and we will conclude with two remarks.

One is that we have no desire to protest against the experiment recently made in the Indian service. The Indian appointments have heretofore been made so exclusively and notoriously on grounds of favour and canvassing, and, at the same time, the Indian career has so much to invite talents and ambition, that the introduction of the pure competitive principle into that sphere may well turn out to be an improvement.

The other is of a more general nature. If we have met a sanguine scheme of Reform in any cold or over-cautious temper, it is that we have a holy horror of the prevailing aim at reaching by the magic of mechanism, those results which can only be attained by invoking large and lofty principles, and a religious spirit of self-denying patriotism.

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Art. VI.—TENNYSON'S MAUD.

Maud and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London, Moxon. 1855.

Tennyson's Poems. Tenth Edition.

Tennyson's Princess. A Medley. Sixth Edition.

In Memoriam. Sixth Edition.

THERE are two instincts of the poetic nature, two faculties of the imagination, either of which possessed in a high degree is calculated to secure for its possessor a more than common immediateness of popularity. The poet who can enter deeply into, and vividly reproduce the characteristic elements in the thought and sentiment of his own time, has a hold on it by virtue of sympathy, and of that mysterious hankering after outward expression, which makes all men delight in having their thoughts spoken, and their feelings interpreted for them with a completeness they could never hope themselves to attain. He again has a not less binding claim, based upon their gratitude, who can transport them from the cankering cares of daily life, the perplexities and confusions of their philosophies, the weariness of their haunting thoughts, to some entirely new field of existence, to some place of rest, some "clear-walled city by the sea," where they can draw a serene air, undimmed by the clouds and smoke which infest their ordinary existence. These are the two broad conditions of immediate acceptance. Those who, like Shelley, have a world of their own, crossing and mingling in perplexed lines with the world by which they are surrounded, must, for the most part, wait for that to pass entirely away before they can attain to a just appreciation.

Tennyson belongs to the first class. His is a mind in exact harmony with the times in which he lives. Such minds spring up every generation or so in the history of a national literature. It is not always easy to trace their antecedents, and yet it is they who lead down the regular line of poetical development. The whole race of poets might be classed in two divisions, according to their unison with or independence of the age in which they flourish. The one form a set of successional links in a chain, they are the legitimate children of the times which produced them, they are elder sons, they have the family

estate from generation to generation, they are members of society, and fathers of families; they have a numerous offspring, small poets of the same order spring about them like suckers from a tree; they are welded into the social order. The others may be men of not inferior genius; but they stand apart, like barren younger brothers; they are solitary; it is themselves they express, and no more; they may have occasional imitators, but they are neither the founders of schools, nor in them does any school find its culmination; they do not "look before and after." They are connected with their own times, of course, but only at single points. The first are waves, part and parcel of the great river of life rolling with it to the sea; the others are inlets, where the water whirls round while the main current rushes past. The one set are the hierarchs of the Established Catholic Church of poesy, the others are leaders among the Dissenters. To take a few familiar examples, Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cowley, Pope, Byron, are of the legitimate line; Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Swift, Crabbe, are irregulars, and never has the contrast been more marked than in our own day, between Tennyson and Wordsworth.

Tennyson is the most *modern* of poets, that is, of great poets, and in the broad and permanent aspects of what constitutes us modern. Lesser poets may represent more vividly the transient phases, the accidents of the passing time; but it is Tennyson who gives us back the true characteristics in small as well as in great matters. His *air* is modern. He dispenses with the old formalities thought necessary to poetry. He has cast the ancient costume. His dress is to the old forms what a wide-awake and easy morning coat is to a wig and claret velvet suit, or the high hat and tight pantaloons of the Regency. He has the free *insouciant* demeanour characteristic of modern society; but of English society,—never American. His Muse, if she met you and liked you, would drop the Mr. from your name after ten minutes' conversation. She would cut the "right honourable" off her addresses to peers, and ignore the existence of the monosyllable, "sir." Tennyson goes to his object without preface and circumstantial delay. He does not think it necessary to tell you he is going to say a thing before he says it. You must find out his "Standpunkt" for yourself. And the publishing details are in accordance with this stage of development. His books are undefaced with introductions or annotations; he cuts down a dedication to the very shortest limits, and deems the kind and courteous reader an extinct animal. In what may be called colloquial poetry he stands alone for ease and harmony,

though leaning sometimes to affectation and mannerism of expression. We quote the beginning of "The Epic" to remind our readers of this sort of style; but it is abundant all through the first volume in such poems as "Dora," "Audley Court," "Edwin Morris," "Walking to the Mail;" nowhere so easy and so harmonious as in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," and nowhere so graceful as in the charming poem of the "Talking Oak."

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve.—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the pond,
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church-commissioners,
Now hawking at Geology and schism;
Until I woke, and found him settled down
Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,
And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,
To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
At College: but another which you had,
I mean of verse (for so we held it then,)
What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he burnt
His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—
And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
He thought that nothing new was said, or else
Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:
God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask,
It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
'Why take the style of those heroic times?
For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Nor we those times; and why should any man
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,'

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Said Francis, pick'd the eleventh from this hearth,
And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.
I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'
He laugh'd, and I, though sleepy, like a horse
That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears:
For I remember'd Everard's college fame
When we were Freshmen: then at my request
He brought it: and the poet little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music, and to this result."

Whatever we may have to say on Mr. Tennyson's "Maud," he is still master of this art, as will be seen by the following extract from one of the poems in his new volume.

"So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragil bindweed-bells and bryony rings;
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'
'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me,
What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

"'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'"

And Tennyson does more than excel in colloquial poetry.

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His style throughout is new, entirely different from anything the world has seen before, and exactly adapted to the day. Wordsworth insisted on an every-day poetic vocabulary. Tennyson introduced a modern poetic phraseology.

Nor is his matter less impregnated with the dominant feelings of his time. He sympathises with the modern bent of thought. He is touched with the triumphant, somewhat boastful temper, of an age of physical discovery. He exults in endless development. He tells us

> " The thoughts of men are widen'd
> With the process of the suns."

In this century men really have won new ground in one direction. They have enlarged the play of thought in the domain of science, and a fresh and rapid advance has given a forward attitude to our hopes and our philosophy. Tennyson is deeply tinged with this feeling. He loves to look onward over vast prospects of future time, and to imagine the heavenly order growing more clear and perfect. He leans upon the future; the " Eternal process, moving on ;" he would fain

> " Take wings of foresight. Lighten through
> The secular abyss to come."

Moreover he subdues the results to his uses; has made science subservient to poetry, and is perhaps the only man who has done so. Not his, the " Lives of the Steam Engine " or the " Chemical Affinities in Verse ;" but his genius has boldly availed itself of new scientific ideas, just as they became sufficiently familiar to make them adequate illustrations and expressions of his meaning. Take as a single instance the fifty-fourth poem in the " In Memoriam," familiar to all from its beauty, and the fifty-fifth, of which we quote enough to show how he is pursuing the idea through a suggestion derived from geological discovery.

> " The wish, that of the living whole
> No life may fail beyond the grave ;
> Derives it not from what we have
> The likest God within the soul ?
>
> " Are God and Nature then at strife,
> That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life ;

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"That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear;

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

"'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries 'a thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.'"

More than all this, when he has shared, sympathised with, used the scientific leaning of modern thought, he can share too in the fears it excites; can express the dangers it holds in its hands, can warn it against the pride of independence.

"Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

"But on her forehead sits a fire;
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

"Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

"Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first."

There is another range of present characteristics more important than these, and with which Tennyson's poetry is proportionally deeply occupied. It is he who, more than any

other, echoes back the complexities, the subtleties, the difficulties of the more advanced stages of the world's history,—not as they appear on the broad historic ground, however, but as they spring from, and affect individual minds. It is he, too, who treads with closer footsteps than any other on the heels of those whisperings of the unseen that never cease to haunt us; it is he who grasps most eagerly at the spiritual world within us and beyond us, who presses behind the curtain, who "stretches lame hands of faith, and gropes;" to whom sometimes, like Stephen, the heavens are opened, and who sometimes fades into silence with the sad, almost despairing cry, "Behind the veil, behind the veil." We believe the very reverse of that theory to be true, which represents the infant ages of the world as lying closest to the spiritual and invisible mystery which permeates and embraces our mortal life. That portion of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Youth," which has made this doctrine so familiar, was probably suggested by Henry Vaughan's poem of the "Retreate," beginning—

> "Happy those early dayes when I
> Shined in my angell-infancy!
> Before I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy ought
> But a white celestiall thought."

The older poem gives expression to the sad yearnings of our nature after a lost purity and innocence. Wordsworth has taken the exquisite idea and imagery there suggested, and, while improving its beauty a thousand-fold, he has transformed the original thought, and chosen to represent the child, not as allied in its unstained whiteness to the angel-world, but as emerging fresh from the world of spirits, retaining something of its light, and standing in closer and more conscious relations to it than the grown man. We apprehend the element of truth involved in this view lies in the fact, that to the early dwellers on earth, and to the child, external nature itself suffices to excite those feelings of wonder, and faith, and longing, with which we now gaze into the unseen beyond it. The world is at once unfamiliar, and yet the spirit is in an unbroken harmony with it; and hence that which is to the child the spiritual world lies close about him; while we, whose imaginations, fleeting intuitions, and dim promptings, have apprehended another more hidden existence, try vainly to penetrate thither, and look back with envy on the child moving freely in that finer air of influence for which we pant; we confound his spiritual world with our own, and dream that an ante-natal

splendour still glitters on his head. And for Wordsworth, indeed, this dream had a truth it has not for most men. He may be said, to the end of his days, to have moved in this child's world, and never, as a permanent state of feeling, to have penetrated beyond those more elementary spiritual influences, of which external nature is the dispenser. The unseen, with which he is ever surrounded, lies in the hidden existence, the "sublime sense," which pervades the mountain, lake, and river, "round ocean and the living air," which whispers in the night-winds, gives grace to the fleeting clouds, majesty to the sunset, and makes sad the shining stars. He is still in the child's universe. He brings to it a deeper yearning and a wider vision, an insight subtler, finer, profounder than the child's; but, like the child's, calm and unharassed. External nature is satisfying to him. In this lovely earthly island, hanging in its mysterious limits of space and time, he is content to gather beauty in the interior, among the mountains and woodlands; he has no call to go down to the shore, and listen to the solemn roar of the mysterious sea, and waste his eyes in gazing over the dim and limitless waters. And so in the early ages of the world, the broad Homeric days, few and brief were the glances which even the most commanding intellect threw beyond the limits of terrestrial being. In Nature's hidden powers and influences they too found their field of spiritual curiosity. Occasional glances, no doubt, struck further; and the profound spiritual convictions of the Hebrews furnish an exception to the general rule of this limitation; but even their idea of the Divine Being was chiefly confined to his operations in this world only. As the world has grown older, its accumulated experience and gathered insight have never, indeed, sufficed to exhaust the mystery of the natural world; but side by side with it another has been growing more apparent.

Every observant man must, we think, allow that mankind stand in a more peculiar relation to spiritual things than they have hitherto done. Spiritual things are at once nearer to us and less certain; we feel them folding closer about us, and in another moment we doubt them altogether; in proportion as they seem within our reach, is the terror mixed with our disappointment when we attempt to grasp them. Tennyson has expressed, in the most daring manner, the utmost intensity of this feeling,

> "That which we dare invoke to bless;
> *Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;*
> He, They, One, All; within, without;
> The Power in darkness whom we guess."

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More intimate spiritual convictions may in former times have possessed individual souls, but there never was a time when the invisible world occupied the thoughts and mingled itself with the daily interests of so large a mass of men as now. When another world was, to living and dead alike, a *future* world, was relegated in universal opinion to a period beyond the undated sleep of the grave, men believed in it with less difficulty, and lived less concerned by it. Now there are a mass of minds who cannot conceive it as merely future; it is another co-existent world, occupied by the same vital interests as our own, and separated from us by a veil at once thin and impenetrable. And with the growing sense of its closeness and its importance have grown the eagerness of our questionings, the impatience of our uncertainties, the bold and face-to-face grappling of our doubts. Every now and then a new medicine is discovered; it is a specific; we indulge the hope that a disease is destroyed; and for a time it seems to work cures proportioned to its reputation. But before long there comes a reaction—it is found to fail—it seems to lose its virtue, even to become powerless, and falls into utter disrepute. And so how many books have been written to *prove* that which men most desire to believe, how eagerly have they been welcomed, how wilfully believed! how have thousands rested on them, who never read them, through their faith in those who have been truly convinced by them! Then, as the number spreads of those who judge for themselves, there are seen some who find it does not touch their symptoms. The rumour spreads that it is not infallible, and the gloom is proportioned to the over-confident hope. How many hands have been pierced by leaning on Paley's Theology! And it is the same of those who strive to disprove. How many a desperate charge has flattered itself it should cut through to the very standard of faith, and rushed on to be broken like breaking water, yet leaving terrible memorials of its power! Backwards and forwards rolls the tide of battle, and in proportion as the infantry of Trust wins its slow and painful steps forward, the more desperate and overwhelming seem the onslaughts of the enemy.

In the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, this modern conflict between a distrustful intellect and a ripening intuition (perhaps we should say, a more extended revelation) has found the fullest expression it has yet received from art. It was written at a time and under the influences which give to the struggle between the seen and the unseen its most momentous character. The time when the wound is fresh—when a familiar life has newly passed through the dividing-gate, and draws the whole heart after it—when the affections throng the highest towers of

the imagination, and stretch their vain and weeping hands into the void—when the very absolute *necessity* we feel for the things of faith seems to make us doubtful, and

"Like Paul with beasts, we fight with death."

Not only are these the influences under which the "In Memoriam" was commenced, such a loss forms the subject-matter of the poems of which it consists. They portray, as all the world knows, the feelings excited by the loss of the author's most intimate and endeared friend, the remarkable and highly-gifted Arthur Hallam, a man who died young, with little or nothing palpable achieved, yet whose brief life was not without a deep and permanent usefulness in the influences he exerted on the minds and characters of his associates. Few men have had so singular and so permanent an epitaph. It is not a direct glorification of the dead, still less is it a separate poem, graced with remote allusions. It is the very cry of grief versified; its brief successional stanzas body forth the fancies, the passing moods, the yearnings, the regrets, the questionings, the consolations that suggest themselves at such a time. They strike with a terrible reality to the experience of every heart. The publication at all of such a work must suggest many trains of thought which it scarcely comes within the scope of public criticism to pursue; that hesitation and difficulty which all truthful-minded men feel connected with self-utterances must have been more than usually operative here. The feeling itself has found its expression:

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more."

The deeper passion of grief finds no such utterance, we know. No man can both feel and speak it, for it is its very essence to be speechless. Servants of the dead may mourn, the children cannot.

"The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

"Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fullness from the mind:
'It will be hard' they say 'to find
Another service such as this.'

"My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

"For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit."

It is in these poems that Tennyson's wealth of thought and power of insight in the direction we are occupied with is chiefly apparent. We must read them more than once or twice, to carry away an adequate impression of their real value and beauty. They are obscure enough to demand our attentive perusal, but rich enough to repay it. They are brief, inconsequent, disconnected. Their author has called them "wild and wandering cries," not entirely without justice. They are not poems, but utterances. Sometimes the meaning has to be laboriously disinterred; sometimes the words convey two meanings, and leave little or no clue to which was intended. In general, however, the sense will yield itself to a little patience. This no doubt is not what poetry should be; but there is gold to repay the seeker in the scattered thoughts that lie buried, and the surface is sown with beauty with a lavish hand. Still the want of clearness of expression and of completeness in form are prominent and much to be regretted. To make great thoughts familiar is one of the highest prerogatives of genius. No man enjoys it in greater fulness than Tennyson, and he should not lightly sacrifice it to the temptations of indolence and affectation.

It is the later poems which are at once the most thoughtful and the most open to the charge of obscurity. The first part of the book is occupied with the simple expression of the milder moods of feeling, or of those passing fancies which soften the intervals of a deeper anguish. They have often a tender calm about them which has given to the verses a finish and harmony others do not possess.

"Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

"So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

"All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

"Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

"My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

These verses are familiar to the memory of thousands; and it is to these, and such as these, which soothe with pitiful fancy the less overwhelming experiences of grief, that we think the popularity of the "In Memoriam" is mainly to be attributed. It is not easy to believe that the more recondite poems which it contains—at once profounder, nobler, and more difficult—can ever engage a very wide circle of readers. These are not poems which men of various tempers shall be happy to find they have taken up by accident, and feel loth again to lay down. To those who have not passed through the fire, they speak but half their meaning; to those who have, they recall too vividly the past experiences. The imagination seeks an excitement in art, but one remote from the painful experiences of actual life; the backward paths of bitter memory are but too familiar to her. The things we have really suffered are no poetry for us; they are the things from which we seek a refuge in poetry. The questionings, the cries of "In Memoriam" touch us too close—they wring us. The spiritual world is too real for us; we fly to the material—

"The floods, the fields, the mountains,
The shapes of sky and plain."

Nature is our solace; and we fall back on Wordsworth with that sort of quiet confidence with which the entrance of the

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calm, gentle, self-reliant physician inspires the fevered sufferer. We ask rest,—"Passionless calm, and silence unreproved." Tennyson can do the same thing for us, but in rather a different way. He can remove us to a sphere so remote from our own, and reproduce it so vividly, with all its effect of diversity, that complete change of scene has the same healing power as rest. The worn and the weary turn to the "Morte d'Arthur," or the "Œnone," or to those wonderful efforts of genius, the "Ulysses" and the "Lotus-eaters." Moreover there are times in the "In Memoriam" itself when he rises above the hungry questionings and sad confusions of grief, and grasps the true sources of its consolations with so prevailing a force as will bind him to many as the interpreter of their truest ultimate sources of dependence. Throughout he does "trust the larger hope," "faintly" it may be; yet the spirit of the whole work, summed up in the fine Introduction, is one of faith; and if the questions be more numerous than the answers, why how, we can only ask, *can* it be otherwise? His own estimate of the functions within his power is not overstrained.

"If these brief lays of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:

"Her care is not to part and prove:
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:

"And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:

"Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

There is a dreamy, indolent air about Tennyson's poetry, an evident want of tonic in the system, which, again, is quite in accordance with the temper of his times. His sympathy is wide and warm, but it is that of the conviction and the conscience, rather than of the will. His poetry—take his political and social allusions, for instance—is full of the indications of noble instincts and true philosophy; but it comparatively interests itself little in right deeds. How rarely he deals with action at all! States of feeling, existing moods, quiescence;

this is his natural ground. His is not the *vis tragica*. He has pathos, he has feeling; but his is not an intense and passionate nature, nor, with one or two remarkable exceptions, does he care to deal with such in his poetry. He stands aloof from the anguish and terror of the affections. He can touch the trials of the heart with a master's hand, but they must be those of the softer and more appeasable kind. It is in throwing a divine grace over the happier emotions that his muse is most at home. She speaks nowhere so freely, perhaps nowhere so enchantingly, as in the "Gardener's Daughter." The same is true of his intellect. It wants neither breadth nor depth. Yet he is less remarkable for searching, original, and profound thoughts, than for his power of giving roundness and completeness to those which are before dimly discerned and half apprehended, but which he for the first time sets before us in their true significance and in their fairest aspect. He gathers and presents us a truth with the bloom on it. His thoughts, too, do not tread on one another's heels; they are never so crowded but that each can have a full and orderly development. The obscurity of "In Memoriam" does not arise from too thickly-swarming thoughts, but from the attempt to grasp too much in a very compressed phrase, and still more from the neglect of connecting links.

When we say Tennyson shares a vice of his age in being morbid, we use a current phrase which we suppose carries something of a common impression to us all, but which nobody cares to define very clearly. Perhaps we mean, that he and all of us have a perverted tendency to take an undue interest, and exaggerate the importance of particular aspects of things which are such as lie apart from our wholesome, every-day life, the natural bent of our feelings, and the just and regular subjects of our attention. There is a trace of this in Tennyson's earlier writings here and there, and "Maud" overflows with it. If it be said that that poem is expressly devoted to the delineation of morbid character, the answer is, that a morbid tendency must have guided such a selection of a subject for art, and moreover that the treatment of it is morbid.

We have sufficiently vindicated Tennyson's right to a place in the nineteenth century, not unconfirmed by his actually existing there. Let us glance at the main characteristics of his artistical genius. He is at once the most *creative*, and the *least dramatic* of poets; the nearest to Shakspere and the farthest from him. He has in the very highest degree the fundamental poetic impulse. He fuses all things, and golden shapes spring from his mould, with only the material in com-

mon with his ore; rather, ideas are sown in his brain, and spring up in concrete organic forms. The passion to reproduce in concrete wholes, constitutes, indeed, that fundamental poetic impulse which we have ascribed to him. He may be didactic, philosophical, oratorical, sentimental, but all these things he incloses in a golden ball of poesy. He may have, and often has, an ultimate moral object. This is by no means inconsistent with the highest effort of artistic production, as has been sometimes too easily assumed. It is true, you cannot comply with the conditions of art, you cannot have the feelings of the artist, if you drive directly by the medium of verse at a moral result or an intellectual conclusion, but you may have these for your ultimate object, and you may embody them in true poetic forms. Most satires, Donne's, for instance, or Juvenal's, are only forcible rhythmical castigation; Butler's "Hudibras," however, is a poem, and Swift's "Gulliver" has the same characteristic, though in prose. It is satire informing an imaginative body. Pope's Essays are moral, didactic and in verse; Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy" is a moral poem. Dryden's "Hind and Panther," and the "Excursion," are instances where the imaginative embodiment is incomplete. There goes something more, however, than an imaginative mould to form a poem; the whole matter of it must be transmuted by the imagination. What this process is, it is not perhaps possible to describe; Coleridge, at least, would be the only man to attempt it; but we can all feel the result. We have more words for the opposite thing; we say it is dry, it is bald, it is *prosaic*. Tennyson has both these powers in the highest degree. In fact, he never writes mere verse, and is never prosaic. Whether it be thought or feeling he is expressing, he gives it a poetic body, and transfigures it in the light of a glowing imagination. The "Palace of Art" is a wonderful instance of an idea admirably adapted for poetic expression, developed in a poetic form, and with the utmost wealth of a powerful imagination, and a fancy that has scarcely a parallel in luxuriance. It was a daring flight to describe the Palace which a soul worshipping Beauty alone, should build up for her own enjoyment, and no poet since Shakspere could have filled it with so concentrated a wealth of adornment as is here gathered together; and when the soul is stricken in her high place, and the poet has to deal with the images of her despair, not less is every consecutive word instinct with the all-penetrating force of his genius.

"Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

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"And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years
She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

"Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

"When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight,
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

"Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?'

"But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

"And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

"A spot of dull stagnation, without light,
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

"A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand;
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white."

In this poem the images of beauty and terror task to the utmost the genius of the author, and the whole is moulded into a real poem; it is a tale, the history of a soul, the reproduction of life—yet it is based upon the perception of a moral truth, and devoted to developing that truth,—the truth, namely, that for a soul to be absorbed in devotion to Beauty, even in its purest and most glorious aspects, the Beauty

of Knowledge and the Beauty of Good, is for it to be false to something higher in its destination—that

> " Not for this
> Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
> Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
> Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

" The Two Voices" is simply, in its essence, an argument on the grounds for believing in the immortality of the soul. Now imagine Pope dealing with this subject in the same method in which he developes his proposition, that

> " Two principles in human nature reign,—
> Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain."

Or recall how Young conducts a somewhat similar argument.

> " What am I ? and from whence ? I nothing know,
> But what I am ; and, since I am, conclude
> Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,
> Nought still had been : eternal there must be.
> But what eternal ? Why not human race ?
> And Adam's ancestors without an end ?
> That 's hard to be conceived ; since ev'ry link
> Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
> Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
> Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
> I 'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
> Whence earth and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too ?
> Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
> Would want some other father :—much design
> Is seen in all their motions,—all their makes ;
> Design implies intelligence, and art ;
> That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
> Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
> And nothing greater yet allow'd, than man.
> Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
> Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight ?
> Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
> Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
> Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
> Asserting its indisputable right
> To dance, would form an universe of dust ;
> Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms,
> And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed ?"

Contrast this with Tennyson's poem, certainly one of the noblest in the English language. Observe that what he does is to reproduce, in a concrete form, the position of m-

towards his hope of immortality, as discernible through intellectual efforts. And the mode in which this is done, so that the poem shall not be an argument like Young's, is to represent a living soul on the actual rack of this question, inspired with all those varied feelings that actually do possess a man in such a situation, and to conduct his reasonings, not to a dry logical inference, but a resulting status in the convictions and mood of such a man. Pope and Young were poets, but they were *un*creative poets. Such men (who might also be called unartistic) reproduce things as they find them, either in wholes or fragments, embellishing or informing them with the imagination, according to their gift. One who is creative fuses them into a whole of his own.

A creative poet, however, is by no means necessarily what may be called an *initiatory* poet. Shakspere and Tennyson are remarkable instances of the very highest creative impulse, with a tendency to assume, at second-hand, the nucleus of their creative effort. They love to give a new body to an old thought; they develop a suggestion; they find old nuts, and grow trees from them; they do not care to lay their own eggs. It is probable that Shakspere did not invent the whole plot of a single one of his plays; yet each is a true creation of his own. Shelley, on the other hand, initiated all his own poems, except the greatest of them, the Cenci. Wordsworth, where he lays hold of an incident or a scene, reproduces it just as it was; where he creates, he creates all, starting-point included. Many of Tennyson's finest poems are based on an external suggestion; such are "Ulysses," the "Lotos-eaters," "Œnone," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Morte d'Arthur," "Mariana," "Godiva," "Sir Galahad," "St. Agnes," "Lady Clare," &c.; and of many others it is impossible to say whether they are thus based or not, only they do not, like the "Excursion," carry with them their own evidence of springing from the very germ, out of the poet's own mind.

To say that Tennyson's genius is not dramatic, is certainly to contradict some of his critics. Something depends on what is meant by the term. He certainly has the power of penetrating the mood of another mind; but it will generally be found that this is another mind *in a special situation*, and this is a very different thing from exhibiting character *through the medium of situations and the self-expression elicited by those situations*, and in this, we take it, consists the essence of the drama. Tennyson can grasp character, otherwise he could not express a given mood in accordance with a given character, as he certainly does in the "Ulysses;" but he has not the least taste for reproducing character as such; he subordinates it to

the presentment of an incident, a train of thought, a sentiment, or a picture. If he has occasion to use the dramatic form of self-expression, the absence of any real dramatic form is at once perceived. The young prince who relates "The Princess," uses the first person singular throughout, without giving us any idea of himself beyond what we gather from incidental description. Neither he nor the princess imposes on us for a moment, when employed to develope Mr. Tennyson's views on matrimony. This we know is what they were created for, with all their charming environment of scene and incident. We have vivid impressions of them and all the other persons of the story, but it is because they are admirably described. There is nothing dramatic in it: Mr. Tennyson is betrayed to every observer pulling the wires, and scarcely taking the trouble to alter his voice for the separate characters. In the latest poem, too, "Maud," the narrator is a mere morbid mouthpiece, and a very strange inconsistent medley of morbid matter he utters, more than is compatible with any method in his madness; and some degree of consistency is absolutely essential to the dramatic maniac; for instance, he, definitively, must not be sane and insane at one and the same time, and it is better and clearer if he is not both dead and alive.

That singularly fine poem, the "Ulysses," will best serve to illustrate Tennyson's possession of high creative genius, combined with the assumption of a foreign nucleus, and the absence of dramatic power.

> "It little profits that an idle king,
> By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
> Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
> Unequal laws unto a savage race,
> That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
> I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
> Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
> Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
> That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
> Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
> Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
> For always roaming with a hungry heart.
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
> And drunk delight of battles with my peers,
> Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
> I am a part of all that I have met;
> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.

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How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
"There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

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He takes a Greek legend, and catching it up at a single point, makes an original poem. He has been reading Homer, that is clear; but does he imitate Homer? No; it is Tennyson tinged with Homer. He makes Ulysses speak, to delineate a certain mood in the mind of Ulysses; one, however, which gathers up in it the whole of his character; it is, therefore, true to that character, yet Ulysses we know would never have said that and in that way. It is what he would have said, if, retaining his antique simplicity, he had become modernized, and at the same time seen himself as Tennyson sees him through his nineteenth-century eyes. What a wealth of imagery and diction is here lavishly yet guardedly employed! There is a reticence of vivid, full imagination, which gives to this poem an inexpressible hold on the admiration of the reader.

We pass to a characteristic of Tennyson's genius, which, perhaps, more than any other, has won him his well-deserved place in the estimation of a people so deeply imbued with the love of natural scenery as the English undoubtedly are. He has a power of reproducing external nature in words, which is absolutely startling. The mode in which he does this cannot be said to be peculiar to him, but he has been the first to employ it to such an extent, and with so absolute a mastery, as to create a new school. He describes Nature through an appeal, not to our ideas, but to our imaginative perception. His words do really, of course, rely on our knowledge of words, yet they seem to present new *things*. He might be said to write to our *senses*.

Shelley applies himself to our *already-gathered* imaginative associations with things; and these associations are what he himself employs; certain things, and even their representative words, to him contain certain impressions and impulses, and in this way he has in part *classified* the more distinct vehicles of special influences in the natural world. The face of earth was, with him, not made up of separate and distinct landscapes. Not that snow-clad range of Alpine brethren oppressing the air of Switzerland; not the fair Italian scenes as he gazed on them in his walks at Lucca, or trod the shore of the blue inland sea; not the special pictures which at various times she presented to his faithful and absorbed gaze, made up for him the aggregate of Nature. She was composed not merely of mountains, but of mountains modified by all that he had ever experienced in gazing on all mountains, of rivers and what rivers brought to his mind, fountains, winds, and flowers; all separate classes of beauty. Shelley's perceptions were so keen, and his sympathies so true, that he could give us back as it were the *essence* of every

kind of natural object. Now Tennyson gives us back the things themselves, just as they stand in nature, with all the special environment that naturally belongs to them: he transplants a landscape into his pages. If he dealt through the eye alone, we should say he is the most picturesque of poets. Read Shelley's description of his island retreat in Epipsychidion :—

> "It is an isle under Ionian skies,
> Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
> And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
> This land would have remained a solitude
> But for some pastoral people native there,
> Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air,
> Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
> Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
> The blue Ægean girds this chosen home
> With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
> Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
> And all the winds wandering along the shore
> Undulate with the undulating tide:
> There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
> And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
> As clear as elemental diamond,
> Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
> The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer,
> (Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year,)
> Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
> Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
> Illumining, with sound that never fails,
> Accompany the noon-day nightingales;
> And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
> The light, clear element, which the isle wears,
> Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
> Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
> And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep;
> And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
> And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
> Till you might faint with that delicious pain,
> And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
> With that deep music is in unison;
> Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
> Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
> It is an isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth, and sea,
> Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
> Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
> Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air."

This is very lovely; it gives us the impression of a most delicious spot, but we don't see *the* island: it has all that such

an island as he seeks should have, but you are placed in possession of its beauties, not landed on the place itself. Contrast it with pure description in Tennyson, such as the opening of "Œnone."

> "There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
> Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
> The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
> Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
> And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
> The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
> Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
> The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
> In cataract after cataract to the sea.
> Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
> Stands up and takes the morning but in front
> The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
> Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
> The crown of Troas."

Or, further on :—

> "O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
> Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
> I waited underneath the dawning hills,
> Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
> And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
> Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
> Leading a jet-black goat white-horned, white-hooved.
> Came up from reedy Simois all alone.
>
> "O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
> Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
> Far up the solitary morning smote
> The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
> I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
> Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
> Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
> Cluster'd about his temples like a god's:
> And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
> When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
> Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came."

Or, Sir Bedivere carrying the dying King Arthur to the lake :—

> "But as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
> Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
> When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
> Muttering and murmuring at his ear 'Quick, quick!

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I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon."

The two last lines place you on the very spot: you see it almost with your bodily eyes. And marvellous is the power with which he can strike off these landscapes at a blow. In the "Palace of Art" are a series of professed descriptions of pictures, each in four lines, and yet this brevity is consistent with giving an impression of absolute completeness of detail.

"One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

"One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

"And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

"And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

"And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

"And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

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Tennyson never generalizes. He gives us not aspects of

nature, but some one special aspect at a given place and time: he never paints scenery, but always some individual scene. He assigns special conditions to every incident. One of our old poets has thus described the dawning of day:—

> "Now the day begins to break,
> And the light shoots like a streak
> Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
> While the morning doth unfold."

This might be anywhere. Not so with Tennyson.

> "Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
> The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
> The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
> Laid their dark arms about the field:
>
> "And suck'd from out the distant gloom,
> A breeze began to tremble o'er
> The large leaves of the sycamore,
> And fluctuate all the still perfume;
>
> "And gathering freshlier overhead,
> Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
> The heavy-folded rose, and flung
> The lilies to and fro, and said,
>
> "'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
> And East and West, without a breath,
> Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
> To broaden into boundless day."

Such a description of one of the changes from one state to another in Nature, is rare in Tennyson. Usually in the natural as well as in the moral world, he prefers to paint things at rest. Some poets, Thomson, for instance, occupy themselves rather with the natural changes, storms, the gathering of mists, the coming in of night, the falling of autumn leaves. The distinction is worth noting, for it indicates a deep-seated difference in the whole character of their genius. Instances of the power to reproduce sounds are not of course so common, but not less striking. A single example will suffice.

> "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
> O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going!
> O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
> The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
> Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying."

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Byron, when dealing with scenery, gives you, with great force and spirit, the most ordinary common-place impressions produced by it; he intensifies the vague undiscerning glance with which we are apt to look at a perfectly new landscape. Wordsworth pierces to the deeper influences it has the power to exert, and reveals them to us. Tennyson gives it us as it is, and leaves it to make its own impression; but he is master of what that impression shall be. He reproduces nature with matchless freshness and fidelity. Yet he rarely copies her. He is not dependent on the actual combinations he has seen. His creative power intervenes here again. You can only describe its operation by contrasting it with the workings of a different genius. Wordsworth's mind is investigatory. All his lifetime he was gazing on Nature, and trying to penetrate her subtle and mysterious depths, observing and recording the impressions she produced on himself; and the finest instances of his genius, and those which distinguish him from all others, are when, steeped himself to the core in the finest and profoundest of her influences, he can shadow forth in words the effect they produce. Wordsworth is the servant, the student, the worshipper of Nature; he presses into her shrine. Tennyson is her master; he controls, he wields her as an instrument. Wordsworth deciphers Nature; Tennyson uses her to interpret himself. Wordsworth either tells us what he has gathered from her, or if he reproduce her, it is just as he has seen her; he describes an actual *existing* landscape. Tennyson *creates a new landscape* in such exquisite unison with his thought, that its power of arousing sentiment shall be the medium of expressing his thought with a delicacy nothing else could. He makes fresh scenery to match every change in his own mood. Wordsworth goes out to seek Nature. Tennyson is passive to her influences, simply recipient, not searchingly recipient like the other. He loves to "sit and let the sound of music creep in his ear." Wordsworth is haunted by a restless desire to put Nature down in verse as he sees it. Tennyson troubles himself not; but she sinks into the depths of his memory, and his musing spirit has ever at hand an unfailing wardrobe of loveliest forms; and rich vestments lie waiting by the pillow of his sleeping thoughts. When Tennyson has to describe the lotos-eaters, he does not go in quest of the most probable natural scenery, he does not give us the Nile with the red hills and ever-flowing stream, and pointed pyramids, with here a hippopotamus, and there a crocodile, and a vivid description of white waterlilies; he *makes* them a land to suit their condition.

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"In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

"A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

"The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came."

If he were a painter, we should say he had Claude's power of steeping a landscape with his own sentiment, combined with that absolute fidelity, which is the aim of our modern English landscape painters.

Tennyson cannot be said to be a great master of rhythm. Verse is plastic in his hands: he can shape it with ease to his purposes, but he has none of that power by which Shakspere wrote every play of a different class in a different rhythm. He indulges in experiments, without attaining to any very good new thing. Nothing can reconcile us to the dislocation of the old alternate rhyme which we find in the "In Memoriam" and elsewhere. It appears to have been adopted from pure desire for novelty, and we cannot help thinking the experiment a marked failure. Two rhymes are lost, and the other two clash too close on the ear. Such a collocation is only fitted for dissyllabic rhymes. It may do in Italian, but the English would have been wise, even in their sonnets, to follow the example Shakspere set them. It will always remain a subject of regret, that the "In Memoriam" is defaced by the assumption of this unhappy form. Its inferiority is at once made apparent by comparing it with the proper alternate rhyme employed by the

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same poet, as in "The Palace of Art," "The Talking Oak," or "Lady Clare." Tennyson's verse, throughout, is not unfrequently spoiled by affectation and mannerism: that of "Maud" is often a mere butcher's-pony-pace.

There is a harmony of sound in verse distinguishable from harmony of rhythm. Of this Tennyson is master. He is master, too, of the finer capacities of words, and can make single lines infinitely expressive.

> "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes."

Any common poet would have written "tiréd," but Tennyson will have it ti-erd, (a legitimate English dissyllable,) and your eyelids droop in saying it.

It is impossible to attempt any estimate of Tennyson's genius, without giving some consideration to his last effort. The reputation of his previous poems may be considered as fixed; they are incomparably the most popular of the day. Not read by so many as Eliza Cook's, (whom probably many of our readers never heard of); not so deeply endeared to a few minds of a special order as Wordsworth's; but on the whole, those which afford the greatest delight and profit to the main body of competent English readers. The reputation of the poet, however, is in his own hands; for a man must be judged by the worst he is capable of, as well as by the best. Nor will it avail a poet who is once known and understood, to appeal from the judgment of his readers. Popular opinion is false enough in its transitory expressions; the plaudits accorded to Alexander Smith are valueless; the neglect suffered by Beddoes is inconclusive; but it can measure a man *against himself* pretty accurately. It is now pronouncing a very unmistakeable judgment on the merits of Mr. Tennyson's last production. There may be some immediate exaggeration in the tone of the condemnation, yet we cannot doubt that in the main it will be confirmed by that ultimate public estimate, which is neither the voice of the loudest nor of the most numerous, but which sooner or later expresses what the men competent to think really do think,—the unbiased and deliberate judgment of a man's peers. This beats like death at every gate, and strikes with as unsparing an arrow. More credit will probably, after a little time has elapsed, be given for the beauties which "Maud" undoubtedly does contain; yet it must always stand as a heavy item on the debtor side of his reputation account. No other man could have written it at all; no one would have supposed that its author could have written it so ill. It abounds with scintillations of his genius,

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but the whole imaginative form is so confused and shapeless, the body of thought so valueless, and the execution on the whole so poor and degenerate, that his most earnest admirers must find it impossible to read it with pleasure. As to the main conception embodied in the poem, it is not easy to hazard an opinion, for it is almost impossible to ascertain what it really is. Had the whole been worthier in other respects, its leading idea might have repaid the labour of a disinterment; as it is, it must be content to remain buried. The difficulty of the enigma is the only thing calculated to stimulate curiosity for its solution. A sulky and misanthropic young man's father may have been reduced to ruin and suicide by an old grey wolf residing in a neighbouring country-house; the young man himself may reside in a cottage in a wood, and be subject to the petty depredations of his domestic servants; he may form a reciprocated attachment for Maud, the daughter of the old wolf, and be annoyed by the haughty behaviour of her brother, the sultan of brutes, who wishes to marry her to a rabbit-faced peer. He may make verses to this lady, (the best in the poem,) and may spend the night in her garden conversing with the flowers, while she is dancing at a ball inside; till, in one of the poet's happy imitative couplets,—

> "Low on the sand, and loud on the stone,
> The last wheel echoes away."

She may then come to see him at the gate; be followed by her brother, who may strike our morbid young friend, who may make a hole in his side in a duel, whether with fatal consequences we can't say. Maud may disappear from the story, except in an apparitional form. The hero may go to Boulogne, haunted by an ocular delusion; crack a small shell on the shore, and return; be buried very near the surface of a London street; rise again, see Maud descend in a vision and foretel the coming war; may join the people in a battle-cry on board a ship-of-the-line, and "wake to the higher aims of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold." All this may be done, and leave us little the wiser. It may be an allegory—which is the severest construction that can be put upon it—or it may be an ill-told love-story, full of brief snatches of wonderful beauty, which the poet has clumsily made the vehicle of some of his own views on the question of peace and war.

Apart from the artistic demerits of the poem, we could have wished that this subject had been handled more broadly and more temperately. This used not to be Tennyson's deficiency. The three poems in his first volume, "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom on the Heights," and "Love thou thy

Land," are treasures of that wisdom with which a poet should enlarge the practice-enthralled aims, and views of statesmen. Must we send him to school in his mature age, to learn from himself the lessons he taught in his college days, of "Freedom"

> " Turning to scorn with lips divine
> The falsehood of extremes?"

Must we warn him to

> " Pamper not a hasty time,
> Nor feed with crude imaginings
> The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
> That every sophister can lime "?

Has he so utterly forgotten

> " Gentle words are always gain "?

The blind raving against peace in "Maud," *may* be only dramatic, but it is in such a form as not to be distinguishable by any one from the approved sentiments of the author, and is a poor contribution from the great popular poet of his day, to a cause which demands the greatest strength and most persistent resolution of which England is capable, standing as she does the harassed upholder of a difficult cause, between a powerful foe and a distrusted and incompetent guidance. It is true, no doubt, that war in itself has a value; that the more constant opportunities and examples of self-sacrifice it offers, do tend to rouse a more chivalrous sentiment in a nation, and oppose themselves to the indolence and self-indulgence with which peace is compatible; and that a great common cause unites in a wider interest the petty isolations of commercial life. A great poet might glance at these things; but to look so exclusively at them, is to turn from the true object, to hug ourselves on the advantages we may obtain from the means: it is but another form of selfishness.

Tennyson gives an exaggerated expression to the mere war-spirit, and no prominence to the cause and principles involved, which alone can make war a duty and a blessing. In so doing he is echoing back and furthering one of the worst evils of a war—the danger that it should be loved for its own sake; an evil only less than that of passing by great duties, and sacrificing great interests, for the mere dread of the sufferings it brings, and from a cowardly and interested regard for peace. Those whose sympathies are the most steadily and seriously engaged in the prosecution of the war, and who revolt the most strongly from a shameful and impotent conclusion to it, ought to be the first to protest against the language of an

auxiliary, however powerful, whose rash and unsustainable vituperation of the mere state of peace, must inevitably cast some slur on the cause he espouses. Tennyson has forgotten his old promise to himself,—

> "I will not cramp my heart, nor take
> Half views of men or things."

It is only in some of its details that "Maud" has any claim on our attention. It is full of fragments of wonderful beauty, often inseparably mixed up, in the most irritating manner, with flimsy matter in jingling verse. One of the more separable of these fragments we quote:—

> "O that t'were possible
> After long grief and pain
> To find the arms of my true love
> Round me once again!
>
> "When I was wont to meet her
> In the silent woody places
> Of the land that gave me birth,
> We stood tranced in long embraces
> Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
> Than anything on earth.
>
> "A shadow flits before me,
> Not thou, but like to thee;
> Ah, Christ, that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The souls we loved, that they might tell us
> What and where they be.
>
> "It leads me forth at evening,
> It lightly winds and steals
> In a cold white robe before me,
> When all my spirit reels
> At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
> And the roaring of the wheels.
>
> "Half the night I waste in sighs,
> Half in dreams I sorrow after
> The delight of early skies;
> In a wakeful doze I sorrow
> For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
> For the meeting of the morrow,
> The delight of happy laughter,
> The delight of low replies."

The stately and moving "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the "Charge of the Light Brigade," are reprinted in this last volume. The latter is only spirited. The

former we can never read too often, and we turn gratefully from the painful waste of genius which torments us in "Maud," to the temperate flow of lordly verse, the wisdom of thought, the lucidity of expression, which make this Ode incomparably the finest work of art that any Poet Laureate has ever produced in discharge of the functions of his office. Sometimes we are inclined to think that, in this sort of subject, Mr. Tennyson has no independent power of origination; but is simply an involuntary focus, which collects into a shining point the existing condition of natural feeling and thought; and that "Maud" is the image of our present perplexities, as the Ode is that of the common deep feeling and general current of reflection, aroused by the death of the Duke. This volume contains, moreover, one or two small poems, sufficient to indicate that in the domain of tranquil fancy Tennyson's powers remain little impaired. We quote, in a connected form, what is unmistakeably the gem of all that is new in the book:—

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

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"And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

"And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

What more are we to look for from Mr. Tennyson? "Maud" itself does not seem to indicate that his command over language and fancy is in the least contracted; it has no trace of the relaxed nerves of age, not even of that diminished boldness of imagination and vividness of fancy, which in general detract from the advantages of matured judgment and taste in a poet. Its faults are rawness and incoherence; it is just the poem which would have excited brilliant hopes for the poetical career of a boy of nineteen. It is the more lamentable that so great a poet should, in the unweakened vigour of his powers, want only those advantages which his own will could have secured him; that one whom nature has so lavishly endowed should be content to serve as a new example that severe and persevering efforts are necessary to the progress of a poet,—necessary even to guard against sudden and rapid retrogression. The poet is born, not made: but this is all nature does for him.—Suddenly the saying is reversed. He does not grow; he must build up himself. Nature graces her young athlete with swiftness and strength, she brings him to the starting-place, she strips and anoints him; but it is for him to run the race:

the mere rejoicing in his faculties, effortless spurning of the dust, may carry him some way along the course; but not without toiling and sweat is the grasping of the crown. So her gifts to the poet—a fertile fancy, a passionateness or, in its place, an intensity of nature, swift imagination, and piercing vision—are but the instruments of the success he is to win for himself. They may flash with a brilliant heaven-aspiring pyramid of fire, to sink with swift decadence and play in feeble glimmerings, like fitful false auroras, or they may rise in full and glorious advance like the sun, from the morning to the mid-day, till

> "All the earth and air
> With the song is loud."

Keats was more richly endowed by nature with the special temperament, and some of the most important gifts of a poet, than any other modern writer. He was cut off when he had but shaken his young sword in the freshness and exultation of his strength, and he left it a perfectly open question, whether he could ever have fought his way to great things, or idly flourished the bright weapon till it rusted in his hand. What would have been Shelley's career, on the other hand, no one can doubt; partly because he lived longer; but his face was ever up the mountain, his nature softening and refining, his intellect broadening, and his imagination growing more searching and comprehensive, as, day by day, his unwearied shining sickle reaped the ever-springing golden harvest of beauty. Of him we may aver, safely, that had he lived, he would have ranked high,—perhaps only second among the poets of England. Wordsworth, from a soil not naturally rich, gathered by patient and indefatigable spade-husbandry a noble and abundant crop. In him culture was carried something too far, or at least was too anxiously pursued, until it even took a taint of egotism, and wanted a perpetual discrimination, which should not have left the tares to ripen with the wheat, to the unbounded annoyance of the purchaser of six volumes.

Is Mr. Tennyson to stand as the instance of as disproportioned a neglect? We earnestly trust that the truer view is, that "Maud" indicates only some sudden and passing perversion of taste and judgment; that it is the symptom of an acute seizure, not of a chronic failing; and that one to whom the English language is already so deeply indebted, has still the power and the will to add some things worthy of his genius and his fame.

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Art. VII.—THE STATESMEN OF THE DAY.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.—Session of 1855.

Earl Grey's Speech on the Negotiations at Vienna. May 25th, 1855.

THE state of parliamentary politics at the present moment cannot be viewed without grave uneasiness and unfeigned regret. It is not conducive to the public interest, and it is not creditable to public men. The nation—accustomed, in spite of its habitual murmurings, to look up to its leading senators and statesmen with some deference, and with much substantial reliance—has had its confidence rudely shaken, if not in their integrity, at least in their sound judgment and stanch patriotism. Men of the most unquestioned ability have acted and spoken in a manner that to ordinary understandings seems marvellously like folly; politicians of the longest experience and of spotless reputation for high-minded honour have taken a course which no ingenuity can reconcile with our current notions of either wisdom or propriety; the most distinguished of our rulers have laid themselves open to the most grievous imputations; a crisis, that of all others demanded the most cordial union among those entrusted with the management of public affairs, has been marked above all others by severances and dissensions; and the most sudden, frequent, and incomprehensible changes in the *personnel* of Government, have followed one upon another precisely at the conjuncture of our national history when changes were most fraught with peril and discredit. And the people, spectators at once and victims of those strange evolutions, are bewildered, resentful and suspicious. There are many unmistakeable symptoms of the growth of that universal distrust of those who are high in character or eminent in station, which, of all maladies that can seize upon a country, is the most rapid in its progress and the most ominous of catastrophe and convulsion. Faith in men, like faith in God, lies at the foundation of all heroic effort and all firm endurance. A nation that has begun to doubt its deities and disbelieve its creeds is losing the very life-blood of its being; an army that suspects its generals of incapacity or treachery can win no further victories; an army that cashiers them one after another as unworthy of reliance can hardly, save by miracle, escape dispersion and defeat.

There is another very serious feature in the present aspect of affairs. We are carrying on a desperate war with a power of

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the first order—an adversary of vast strength and consummate skill. The country has embarked heart and soul in the struggle; it is confident in the justice of its cause; it is determined to succeed; and its substantial resources are, we cannot doubt, amply sufficient to ensure success. But in order that these resources should be turned to full account, it is essential that they should be wielded by the ablest hands of the kingdom; in order to command complete and certain victory, it is necessary that we should fight *cum toto corpore regni*—with all our moral force as well as with all our material means,—that there should be no divisions in our camp, that our statesmen and legislators should be as unanimous and resolute as the country which they govern, and in whose name they assume or are called upon to act. Are these things so? On the contrary, there can hardly be a wider discrepancy between what is and what ought to be. When the war began, the Administration comprised all shades of Liberals; it was the broadest that could possibly be formed; it was supported by all except the regular Tory opposition and the irregular Manchester guerillas; it included, with one single exception, every man of first-rate eminence and proved ministerial ability. Lord Grey alone, for some reason or other, had not joined the Cabinet of All the Talents. But since then, on various occasions, on pretexts more or less valid, in a manner more or less creditable, one after another of the most prominent members of the Government have seceded, and joined the opposition, or set up a special opposition of their own; till only two statesmen of the highest standing as to ability and character—Lord Lansdowne and Lord Clarendon—remain at the head of affairs: the other members of the Cabinet to whom is committed the conduct of affairs at one of the gravest crises in the destiny of England, are all either discredited or second rate. That men like Lord Derby, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Malmesbury, and Mr. Disraeli, should find fault with the management of the war, and should thwart and embarrass the men whose places they covet, is natural and normal, and gives us no uneasiness. But that men like Lord Grey, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord John Russell, should have seceded, or should stand aloof, —should be lost to the Government, should actually oppose the continuance of the war, and should refuse to stand by the country or aid it in the great cause it has embraced,—this is a phenomenon which cannot be regarded without deep anxiety; since it would be affectation to deny that (with the exception of the two noblemen lately named) these are the most celebrated names in the ranks of Parliament, and are all eminent either for

conscientiousness, ability, or position and prestige;—and it is not unreasonable to feel some doubt as to the wisdom and some misgiving as to the triumph of a course which such men desert and condemn. It becomes important, therefore, to appreciate as correctly as we can the character, the proceedings, and the motives of these politicians, in order that we may be in a position to estimate the weight to be attached to their opinions and the inference to be drawn from their manœuvres. It will be no effort to us to do this without malice or hostility: we shall endeavour to do it without favour also.

We incline to place Lord Grey in the very front rank of public men for honesty and talent. His merits are courage, originality, and inflexible uprightness. His faults are the excesses, the perversions, the distorted simulacra of his merits, viz., combativeness, or rather oppositiousness—a proneness to run into crotchets, and a stubborn adherence to them—and a somewhat harsh rigidity of character, or at least of action,—for personally, we believe, he is a most amiable man. England has few statesmen of such pure and single-minded patriotism —few who study their duty so conscientiously, or pursue it so unswervingly—few who so easily or resolutely push aside all irrelevant or sinister influences. When in office, he was distinguished for the irreproachable character of his appointments. Acting not only under a deep feeling of responsibility, but from a high and almost religious sense of public duty, he carefully sought for the fittest men to fill every vacant post within his department; when he had found them, or thought he had found them, he appointed them, though often entire strangers, without any solicitation, and in defiance of any opposition; when he discovered them, or fancied them, to be incompetent or unsuitable, he superseded them without scruple or hesitation; sometimes, also, perhaps, without gentleness or due consideration. In the discharge of his administrative functions, he cared little whom he offended—too little whom he hurt. These characteristics, of course, made him unpopular with those who came into collision with him, and with many of those whom he governed; and this unpopularity was increased by the dogmatic stiffness with which he held his own opinions, and by something of the schoolmaster and lecturer in the manner in which he enforced them upon colonies and deputations. At the same time, he was always open to discussion, and sometimes to conviction; and though not easily shaken in his preconceived notions, nor quick in recognizing the weight of antagonistic representations, nor quite as pervious to logic as the logician might have wished; yet, when once persuaded of his error, no false pride ever withheld him from rescinding his decision.

While at the head of the Colonial Office he had to forego or to modify many of the views which he had cherished when in opposition; and though sometimes wrong in the course which he pursued, and as willing as any one to admit this now, he never persisted in a discovered blunder. Those who watched his conduct there, and were able to compare it with that of preceding and subsequent ministers, place him, for conscientiousness and ability, quite at the head of all who have held the seals of that department; and though much that he did was severely criticized and blamed at the time, yet each succeeding year has raised his character as an administrator, by bringing to light, and giving time for the development of, the secondary and remoter effects of his administration. His volumes on Colonial policy, explaining what he had done and why he had done it and what consequences had flowed from it, did much to raise his reputation, and was a real addition to our scanty library of practical statesmanship.

From the beginning of his career, Lord Grey has been famous for his individuality. He has always thought for himself, and has never taken anything for granted. To every fresh subject that has come up, he has applied his mind as a conscientious and inquiring student—a mind vigorous and scrutinizing, if at times both prejudiced and paradoxical. On nearly every subject, therefore, he has thrown light; and, however entirely we may differ from him, however preposterous and eccentric may be the views he advocates, it is impossible to read or hear his speeches without gaining much sound information and many useful suggestions. But, *en revanche*, he is prone to approach each question with a prepossession *against* the popular opinion of the day; what is current and received becomes to him, *ipso facto*, doubtful and suspicious; that the hounds are in full cry affords to his mind a *primâ facie* probability that they are on the wrong scent. The consequence is, that he is often mischievous, and constantly provoking; no man adopts more crotchets, or more often takes up an isolated and ineffective position; few men work less smoothly or yieldingly with colleagues; few horses are more tedious or restless in a team. It is this disposition to look at matters from a different point of view to any one else, and to follow closely and exclusively his own line of thought, that more than anything else has led Lord Grey to take up his present deplorable and untenable position on the question of the war. Not being in the ministry, he was able to consider it unfettered by any antecedents; finding a prevalent and overwhelming opinion against Russia, his ingenious antagonism of spirit prompted him to discover excuses for her conduct, and to speak depreciatingly

of the dangers to be feared from her ambition; discerning much that was embarrassing and menacing in the complicated politics of the Eastern question, he set himself to expose and magnify these difficulties, without reflecting that difficulty furnishes no plea for shirking a clear duty or abandoning a righteous and sagacious policy. In fact, looking at the question as a critic, he looked only at one side, and found there, as he well might, dangers and perplexities that needed not exaggeration to persuade or alarm us into inaction, had inaction been possible or decent. In two points does Lord Grey, in his conduct during the past session, seem to us to have derogated from the course of a true and wise statesman,—first, in treating the question in an oppositious temper and seeing it only from a partial point of view; and secondly, in not perceiving that, as he stood nearly alone among his countrymen and his peers in his opposition to the war, his representations would not move them, but could only encourage the enemy,—and therefore, ought, in common patriotism, to have been withheld. His speech, previous to the declaration of war last year, was, we think, deficient in wide and far-seeing statesmanship; but this is a point on which judgments may well differ. His speech on the Vienna Conferences, however, we cannot but regard as culpable and reckless, and bearing a painful analogy to the language and proceedings of the more wilful and factious Whigs of the previous generation, who, in their systematic opposition to the party in power, did not scruple to become the apologists and even eulogists of Napoleon, and the bitter assailants of their own generals and soldiers. On the whole, Lord Grey's course in the present conjuncture so obviously springs from those peculiarities of his character which we have endeavoured to delineate, that it does not create the slightest misgiving as to the soundness of our opposing opinions, though we heartily regret that he has, by that course, rendered it impossible for the country to avail itself of his stainless integrity and undisputed ability. Indeed he is just the man whom we would always rather see in office than in opposition. The former position ballasts him with all the weighty responsibilities of practical action; while the latter leaves him at the mercy of all those erratic and perverse idiosyncrasies which so sadly impair his usefulness, and obscure his fame.

Of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, notwithstanding their vexatious and melancholy wanderings, it is impossible not to speak with respect. As efficient debaters, they have only one superior, and besides him scarcely any equal, in the House of Commons. They have both rendered signal services to their country, and services of a kind and magnitude which it will

not be easy either for them to cancel or for the country to forget; and they are incomparably the best specimens of middle-class talent, sentiment, and character of mind that have been contributed to the aggregate of legislative wisdom. But within the last few years their relative position in public and Parliamentary estimation has been almost reversed. When they began that skilful and resolute course of agitation on the Corn-Law question, to which both owe their rise, Mr. Cobden was far ahead of his *collaborateur;* he was the keen logician, the subtle persuader, the man of convincing and arousing eloquence; Mr. Bright was little more than a stirring declaimer, eminently endowed with the vigour and fluency of language which is so effective on the hustings, but possessing few of the higher characteristics of the orator. Thus it continued till the great victory of 1846 was achieved.

At that moment Mr. Cobden stood higher than almost any public man. It was the turning point of his career: sound discretion, perfect singleness and unselfishness of purpose, that wisdom, in short, of which modesty and respect for others is a necessary ingredient, might have gradually led him to the pinnacle of power and fame. But he made a false step, and pride or temper forbade him to retrace it. Good taste, good sense, and good feeling seemed suddenly to desert him; and O'Connell's career, which ought to have been his warning, seemed, on the contrary, to be taken as his example. From that day he has lost ground, not only in position, but—we grieve to say it—in nearly all those qualities by which high position is merited and is won. Few men have been more deteriorated by a life of self-assertion and antagonism. We remember him well in earlier days, earnest, serious, and devoted; his whole soul engrossed by the sacred cause in which he was engaged; as pure as a child from any sinister motives or unworthy aims; vehement often from the intensity of his convictions, but always anxious for the truth; fair in argument, patient in exposition, and gentle with his interlocutors; and steering clear of the shoals and perils of the agitation of which he had the main direction, with wonderful steadiness and discretion. We find him now, after a lapse of years which should have enlarged and matured so fine a nature, with his faculties sharpened and stimulated indeed, but altogether of a rougher and coarser order: captious in argument, uncandid in discussion, unable to see or unwilling to admit the strong and sound points of an opponent's case, seeking rather to trip up an adversary than to convince a hearer or elucidate a truth. Where formerly he was only eager and earnest, he is now overbearing and ungentle, and he seems

to us to have exchanged the searching logic of the reasoner for the mere dialectic keenness of the unscrupulous and practised fencer. The House of Commons has proved a bad school for a temperament such as his; he has become careless in his statements, rash in his assertions, and reckless in his assaults. The truth is that Mr. Cobden's is a very sensitive and excitable organization. He needs sunshine; he needs the sympathy of others; he needs especially the approval of his own conscience. Opposition irritates him; the consciousness of having blundered or failed perturbs at once his temper and his judgment. He is like a high-bred colt in a bog; his excitable temperament makes him flounder on deeper and deeper into the mire, when a more phlegmatic animal would stand still or turn round and recover himself. Thus, as long as Mr. Cobden had a cause which, though unpopular with men in power, he felt was sacred and invulnerable, as long as the sympathies of his own class and his own friends were with him, as long as he was gaining ground and was obviously on the winning side, though victory might be distant and the struggle might be desperate,—so long he was serene in the consciousness of power and right, and could afford to be moderate, patient, and conciliatory. But no sooner had he blundered into a line in which the applause and suffrages of his former supporters deserted him, no sooner had he to swim against the stream, no sooner did the inability to carry with him the better class of his admirers throw him upon the sympathy of lower minds, than his temper became soured, his views more extravagant and unsound, and his language more unwarrantably violent and contemptuous;—and in proportion as public approbation is withdrawn from him does he seem inclined to set public opinion at defiance. Still so many of his native gifts yet remain to the fallen angel, that we cannot abandon the hope that he may still strike back into the right path. Occasionally, even now, flashes break forth which show what he might do and be, if he again became the interpreter of the earnest feeling of the nation, and the prophet to bear that feeling in words of power to the ears of the unworthy great. His speech on the occasion of Lord John's strange confession of an uncommitted crime and a non-existent cabinet dissension,—in which he denounced the discrepancy of the language held in the lobby and in the House, and the shock to public confidence which such insincerity had given,—might have indicated to him the direction in which his recovery of influence was to be sought.

While Mr. Cobden has been falling, Mr. Bright has been rising as rapidly and as surely, till he has now become indisputably one of the potentates of Parliament. He is a man

to be counted with; and though not exactly the leader of a party, he is the spokesman of a special class of sentiments. He owes his rise to his sterling qualities of mind and character; to his conscientious diligence in mastering the details of all the questions which come before him; to his industry in amassing knowledge and supplying the defects of a curtailed and imperfect education; to his single-minded earnestness, in an assembly where a certain affectation of moderation and indifferentism used to be the order of the day; to his straight-forwardness and plain-speaking, in an arena where compromise and conventionalism are too much in fashion; to the strong sense which pervades everything he says, even when narrow and wrong-headed; to the courage which shrinks from doing nothing, however unpopular, and from saying nothing, however disagreeable; and lastly and chiefly, to the conviction, which he has managed to impress upon every mind, that he is wholly free from any interested or personal designs. He is generally dogmatic and imperious; he is often abrupt and uncourteous; but no one suspects him of being a self-seeker; and men will forgive much and bear much from a politician of whose incorruptible integrity and sincerity there can be no shadow of a doubt. If, in his engrossing eagerness about his subject, he obviously forgets himself, they readily allow him to forget also, occasionally, the decorums of debate and the bland amenities of social life.

The line which these two eminent men have taken on the great question of the day does not surprise us, and ought not to disturb us. It might have been predicted beforehand. It is not only consistent with their known principles, but conformable to their known character. They are and have always been essentially *doctrinaires* in the narrowest sense of the word. They are not statesman of a nation, but politicians of a school. They are not physicians, but empirics. They are like shrewd but uneducated men, who, finding a specific of wonderful efficacy, and having seen its curative virtue proved beyond question in one grievous epidemic malady, would apply it indiscriminately and, what is worse, exclusively to every disorder, and are for expunging every other medicine from their pharmacopeia. Economy is their standard, their panacea, their watchword. They measure every policy by their miserable two-foot rule, and speak and think as if a nation had no interests but material ones, no duties save to itself, no objects but peace, prosperity, and wealth. Their creed is that war is costly, that England has nearly always blundered in her international proceedings, and that the present contest is fraught with dangers, perplexities, and immoralities of every sort:—

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all undeniable truths, but all fragmentary and incomplete ones. We do not design to argue the case with them here:—all that we are now concerned to point out is this—that they are not the representatives or organs of *any one class* of their fellow-citizens, but merely of one particular tenet and sentiment which exists in the minds of nearly every class, but exists *only as one element* or ingredient in the composition of its political opinions. This distinction is one which neither the Member for Manchester nor the Member for the West Riding has perceived; yet it offers the true explanation of the entire and nearly universal secession from them of that part of the community which they used to influence so specially, and will influence again. That consideration, which in their minds occupies so disproportionate a space, and overbears and crushes every other, in the minds of the middle and working classes is only one consideration among many others, and by no means the most absorbing or supreme. They touch the national mind only at one point; they sympathise with it only in one out of its several phases. Hence it is only when the nation has its parsimonious fit upon it, or when considerations of saving and retrenchment are paramount to all others, or when, as sometimes occurs, the strictest economy happens to coincide with the largest and wisest policy, that these politicians can be favourites and leaders. Theirs is the fate of men who are distinguished for a *specialité*: they must wait till their *specialité* comes round. At present their proceedings serve to show, not how the nation would think and act if the mercantile and industrial classes had the exclusive guidance of its policy, but only how these classes would think and act if their souls were swept and emptied of every principle and sentiment except a cold, shrewd, narrow, sordid, heartless, egotism.

The above three gentlemen—Lord Grey, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Cobden—objected to the war from its commencement, and have been consistent in their course. We have now to speak of the seceders—those who were *for* the war when in office, and against it when in opposition—members of the Government up to the 22nd of February, members of the Peace Society since that date. But here we must make a marked distinction between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert on the one side, and Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Graham on the other. To mix them up in one category would be confusion and injustice. Of the two former we can speak with unfeigned and unmixed respect. Both men of high rank, and deeply sensible of the responsibilities and obligations which that rank lays upon them, their conduct and demeanour throughout has been such as no difference of party

or opinion can prevent us from characterising as worthy of the highest approbation; and we think it a serious calamity that personal connections, political etiquette, and popular clamour should even for a time have deprived the country of their services. They belong to a class of statesmen much wanted, and very rare. We can speak of them the more plainly, because on some most important points their views and ours are utterly divergent. They are neither of them men of brilliant ability, nor of commanding force of character. But they are high-minded English gentlemen; eminently men of honour; too free in their thoughts and too delicate in their sense of duty to be thick and thin adherents of any party, and with far too resolute an individuality to allow colleagues or leaders to betray them, or drag them into damaging or indefensible positions; and—what we value above all—earnestly and religiously devoted to the cause of social amelioration, and valuing this cause far beyond any political aims or any party victories. It is with reference to these matters that we consider the Peelites (as they are termed) as far ahead of all other sections of the parliamentary world; and except in conjunctures like the present, would rather see them in office than any other politicians. They may not always be clear-sighted; they may often find their judgment weakened and perverted by crotchets and fancies which we do not share and cannot help regretting;—but they can afford, as few can, to consider questions and measures on their merits, and not as they bear on this or that political arrangement or clash with this or that official prejudice or tradition; and their conscience prescribes to them this independent reflection as an imperious duty. If the matter before us were a proposal of organic reform, for example, we should feel sure that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, *et hoc genus omne*, would test it by its conformity to certain musty ancestral formulas, or by its probable influence upon the supremacy of that party of whom alone, according to their creed, is salvation;—we should know that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, and the band they lead, would approach it solely to discover how it might be handled so as to damage their antagonists, or to pave their own way to power;—whereas we should expect Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert, and the Duke of Newcastle—according to their sometimes refracted light, and to the best of their sometimes fettered vision—to apply themselves with a single mind and a conscientious diligence to the inquiry how the highest interest and the permanent welfare of Great Britain would be affected by the change. In short, they would consider the question much as thoughtful, cultivated, and sincere men of the middle classes would consider it;—the

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others would deal with it as London men of good society, involved in official circles, and heated and dusty with the jostling race and the blinding conflicts of party, are unhappily wont to deal with nearly every great matter that is forced upon their bounded and battered minds. If the subject in hand were some difficult and urgent social problem—such, for example, as the management and minimising of our criminal population—on which it was of vital moment to arrive at sound principles, and then to organize a system of action in conformity with those principles, and to adhere to it and enforce it in spite of covert hostility or open opposition,—we should go to the usual occupants of the Home Office with a feeling compounded of irritation and despair; knowing that in all likelihood our views would be frowned upon as troublesome, or pooh-poohed as absurd, or bowed out as inopportune; or that, if entertained, they would be only half comprehended and not half adopted; that some points absolutely essential, and interwoven with the very principles of the reform, would be modified or abandoned out of deference to the prejudices of this subordinate official, or to ward off the opposition of that parliamentary debater,—till what went into the office a consistent and well-considered scheme, would come out an indefensible and unintelligible hash. But if Mr. Herbert or the Duke of Newcastle were in power, we should feel confident that they would diligently and conscientiously consider the matter as a whole; would give their minds to it, as men who perceived its importance; and, if satisfied of the correctness of the principles and the wisdom of the plan, would embrace it with cordiality and *understanding*, and support it with the full weight of their talents, their character, and their position. Hence there are no public men whom we, as philosophical statesmen and social Reformers, so desire to see in power,—none whom, if we were civil servants of the State, we should so willingly act under;—and this, though we are conscious of much divergence of opinion, and fully recognize that the political arena contains many men of more consummate and remarkable ability.

As to the war administration of the Duke of Newcastle, we think, and the country has begun to think, that that nobleman met with harsh measure and with scanty justice. There was certainly no want of diligence and devotion, and we do not know that there were more or greater errors of judgment than any other minister might have committed. Assuredly the public has no reason to believe that his successor has done anything to eclipse him. But we think that the Duke was injudicious in accepting that special post. Not only was it

obviously one of peculiar difficulty, owing to the manifold and unforeseen requirements consequent upon a peace of forty years' duration, but it demanded as its most essential qualifications precisely what the Duke did not possess—viz., pre-eminent authority, a commanding and somewhat imperious will, and quick intuitive sagacity in selecting instruments and judging men. If his agents and subordinates had possessed as much diligence and sound sense as their chief, and if their chief had possessed either the traditional position of Lord John Russell or the imperative mood of Earl Grey, we do not think much fault would have been found with the war administration of the Duke. Since he quitted office his conduct has been admirable and faultless. He abstained from going into opposition; he refused to stultify his acts, or to unsay his words; he accepted the sentence of the country as due, if not to his demerits, at least to his unsuccess; he defended himself with spirit, and admitted his mistakes and deficiencies with modesty and candour; and no condemned or discarded politician ever left the bar with the sympathies of both court and audience more completely in his favour. There is no reason, so far as we can discover, why he should not return to power whenever he may wish or deem it prudent; and we are sure that when he does return, it will be both a more experienced, a more influential, and a more popular man.

Sir James Graham has much ground to be grateful for the chance which has mixed him up with his seceding colleagues, and blended him in the public mind with a party so richly endowed with the special qualities in which he is so singularly deficient. He counts with Mr. Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, and the Duke, as one of the four "Peelites." He, a man whom few esteem and scarcely any like, is sheltered by the ægis of associates who are respected even by opponents and beloved in no ordinary measure by all their friends, and who find in the general appreciation of their virtues a ready pardon for their occasionally inconvenient idiosyncrasies. He, a man to whom it is not easy to give credit for conscientious and firm adhesion to any opinions, shares in the odour of sanctity which surrounds a small clique of statesmen, the earnestness and depth of whose convictions is their redeeming and especial merit. Of the administrative ability of Sir James Graham there can be no doubt: when at the Home Office and formerly at the Admiralty, no minister was ever more assiduous, vigilant, or capable. He gave his whole powers to his work, and did it with unsurpassed efficiency. His judgment was generally good, his comprehension quick, his will resolute, and his management, for the most part, irreproachable. During Lord Grey's and still more

during Sir Robert Peel's administration he rendered good service to his country. As a debater he is somewhat slow and ponderous, though very weighty and effective. But the substratum of a high political and personal morality is wanting to his character as a statesman. His opinions never seem to have been deeply rooted in the heart of the man. Moreover, there is a vein of the ignoble and ungenerous in his nature that "crops out" in a most ugly manner on slight provocation and on unworthy opportunities. He has made many changes and done many ill-natured things. You never feel sure of him or safe with him. He began life as a somewhat extreme Radical, subsided into official but still vigorous Whiggism, seceded with Lord Stanley in the character of a sensitive churchman, joined Sir Robert Peel as a Protectionist leader, followed him as a Free-trade convert, again fell into opposition when Lord John Russell came into power, coalesced with him in 1851, relapsed somewhat rashly into Radicalism and anti-Napoleonism when those opinions seemed likely to be in the ascendant, remained one of a ministry which made Louis Napoleon its closest and firmest ally, allowed his rash and inconstant temperament to involve him in a scrape with an unmanageable admiral, (which made him, we believe, not sorry to get away from the responsibilities of office); and, finally, by a most unpardonable attack upon Mr. Layard for a matter in which he himself was the real culprit, showed that the old *malus animus* was not purged out, and laid himself open to a conclusive and damaging retort. It is sad to see such powers of achievement and of usefulness marred by such deficiencies and by such admixtures:—it is sadder still to see a man who has been a prominent and active politician during a long life, arrive at his grand climacteric without a principle and without a friend.

Mr. Gladstone is, at the present day, without dispute and beyond rivalry, the first man in the House of Commons. His richly furnished mind; his consummate command of language; the thorough scholastic training he has undergone, and that perfect mastery over all his intellectual faculties which no other discipline can give; his unfailing good taste and gentlemanly feeling,—all combine to make him about the most finished and effective debater of our time. He is a rare example of the genuine orator who never degenerates into the rhetorician. And the combination of the most eminent mental endowments with a spotless character, a resolute temper, and intense and indisputable earnestness of purpose, fully merits the lofty position it has enabled him to win.

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We are not sorry to have an opportunity of stating our esti-

mate of Mr. Gladstone, at a moment when, as far as public favour goes, he is under a sort of eclipse, and when his course seems to us more utterly astray than it has ever been before, or will, we trust, ever be again. We dissent from the views of Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the war as widely as it is possible to do, and we deplore the line which he has taken as a national calamity. But we should despise ourselves were we unable to do justice to the character, or to appreciate the reasoning of a formidable opponent; we have no patience with the narrow hostility of politicians who cannot or will not recognize a masterly argument, because it proceeds from an antagonist and is directed against themselves; and we protest against the superficial and uncharitable psychologists, who refuse to believe that a subtle mind can be an honest one, or that a man who goes so far wrong, may yet fancy all the while that he is going right. Just before the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech of singular force, earnest eloquence, and acute ability, in which he impugned in no measured terms the wisdom and justice of continuing the war. On the subject of that speech we differ from Mr. Gladstone *toto cœlo;* we demur to his statement of the object in dispute: we dissent from his estimate of the relative consequences of compromise and war; we take exception to some of his premises; and we altogether repudiate his conclusion. But we heard that speech; we listened to the orator for two hours with unflagging interest and admiration;—and we are bound to say, that we never heard arguments so skilfully marshalled or so brillantly expressed, statements so lucid, declamation so impassioned yet so chastened and restrained, and facts and documents so ably collected and deployed irresistibly to suggest and shadow forth the designed conclusion. *We* thought him all the time, and think him still, quite in error;—but how ministers and his former colleagues could meet his argument we were at a loss to conceive. Since then he has gone further and further in the same direction; but his course, though much to be regretted, is, we apprehend, by no means inexplicable.

Mr. Gladstone has no sincerer or warmer admirer than ourselves, his most determined opponents; none, we believe, who can more fully enter into the peculiarities of his mental constitution; none who better comprehend the sources of those estimable qualities which so endear him to his associates, or who possess more accurately the clue to those idiosyncrasies which so often fill the hearts of his detractors with sinister and malignant joy. It is not difficult, for any one who seeks sincerely, to find the explanation of Mr. Gladstone's wanderings from the straight path, and to perceive by what refracting

media "the light that leads astray" is distorted in its passage through that refining and elaborately cultivated intellect. In truth, he is his own marrer and misleader. It is the special nature of his talents and his virtues that prevents him from seeing clearly or walking uprightly. He is a man of wonderful mental powers and of vast acquirements, but not of unerring instincts or correct intuitions. He has to *think out* what is right and wise: he does not, like other men, perceive it *instinctively*. The intellect with him has laboriously to do the work of the moral sense and the unclouded natural perceptions. Thus it often pursues a tortuous course, and does not always arrive at the right goal at last. He is somewhat like certain statisticians we have known, who are entirely dependent for their results upon the accuracy of their calculations, and who, when those calculations have brought them to inadmissible conclusions, have nothing within them to detect that inadmissibility, or induce them to suspect the correctness of their figures. There is nothing *trenchant* in Mr. Gladstone's mind. When he has to concoct measures and estimate suggestions, he approaches them all in turn in a spirit of diligent and conscientious inquiry, weighs them in the balance, brings them to the test of his subtle logic, and accepts or rejects them after deliberate reflection. He does not, as a man of rougher and stronger sense would do, throw numbers of them aside at once as obviously worthless and unsound. His mind, in a word, is not a *touchstone* for the quick detection of the true and false, but an elaborate, polished, and complicated instrument for ascertaining the one and eliminating the other;—an instrument liable to get out of order from the airy ingenuity of its construction, and the multiplicity of its contrivances and checks.

Now this peculiarity of mental constitution is not favourable to perfect simplicity or truthfulness of mind. Subtlety and ingenuity are dangerous intellectual endowments. They involve a man in details, in which great principles are apt to be lost sight of. They incline him, when an end is clearly seen and greatly valued, to be clever, crafty, and not always straightforward, in the use of means. They pave the way to casuistry. They are the fatal and discrediting qualities of the Jesuit. And when they meet in the same character with great religiosity, and with that special form of religion which, for want of a better name, we will designate as *ecclesiastical*, they are apt, perhaps, not to blunt, but to pervert and twist the conscience. The mind, as well as the eye, will occasionally squint. And those who had much to do with Mr. Gladstone during the discussions on the Oxford Reform Bill, declared themselves painfully con-

scious of some obliquity of this nature in a man whom they had been at first disposed both to reverence and to trust.

Mr. Macaulay said of him some years ago, that "half his ability, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have secured him from nearly all his errors." The criticism was a just one. His fine fancy enables him to gild and clothe any fallacy, and his glowing and redundant language to hide even from himself the naked meaning of his tenets. But he has a greater enemy than even his brilliant intellect,—and that is, his sensitive conscience. Of all virtues, there are few more dangerous, if there is none more beautiful. The more imperious the sense of duty, the more scrupulous and commanding the conscientiousness, the more does it need to be enlightened and controlled by a sound judgment and correct instincts. All extreme susceptibility is apt to degenerate into morbidity—susceptibility of conscience more surely than any other. And when once it has passed the limits of moderation and sobriety, it presses all the other powers of thought and character into its service; it blinds its victim to all qualifying and rectifying considerations; it enables him unconsciously and unfeelingly to trample upon all other principles; it takes the bit between its teeth, and guidance and restraint are thenceforth hopeless.

This we apprehend to be the case with Mr. Gladstone at present He entered on the contest with Russia with great and manifest reluctance,—with more reluctance, and with greater misgivings, than he is now willing to admit even to himself. He sympathised largely in the feelings of his chief, Lord Aberdeen; and his unfortunate speech at Manchester early showed a "hitch" in the workings of his mind upon this subject. He is a man of piety,—and war seems to him criminal and unchristian. He is a man of culture and refinement,—and war necessarily strikes him as something strangely low, brutal, and vulgar. He is a devoted and somewhat mystical adherent of "the Church,"—and war against a Christian power and on behalf of unbelievers affects his fancy as something unnatural and monstrous. Still, at the outset the justice of the case was so clear, the overbearing insolence of the aggressor so intolerable, and the political necessity of defending Turkey so imperative, that good sense asserted its supremacy, and the statesman in Mr. Gladstone triumphed for a time over the scholar, the casuist, and the theologian. But his conscience has never been quite at ease since. Once emancipated from the wholesome and restraining responsibilities of office and of action, his fancy free to expatiate as it would, and his critical judgment to take up any *Stand-punkt* that he pleased, doubts

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and scruples grew stronger day by day, and the balance of his mind gradually and not slowly turned. The prolongation of the strife and its enormous slaughter kept him in a chronic state of wretchedness and anxiety, if not of remorse; his incessant thought was how to terminate on any decent terms so deplorable and uncivilised a spectacle; his subtle logic was expended, not wholly without success, in endeavouring to harmonize his former with his present course; he lost sight of the great and noble cause in his horror at the violent and sanguinary means; till at length all that was wise, candid, and statesmanlike in his nature gave way before the feelings of the gentle and polished philosopher whom such barbarism revolted, and of the humane lover of his species whose very soul was harrowed by the bloodshed and suffering around him. Such, at least, we believe and hope to be the historical and psychological explanation of the erratic and indefensible course of so eminent a statesman; and if something of pardonable indignation at the injustice with which his most intimate friend had been treated by the public mingled with his feelings, and if the secession from power hastened and exacerbated the change which other causes had long been silently operating in his sentiments, we are not disposed to inquire too curiously into such natural infirmity, or to visit it with too severe a condemnation.

But though we accept this probable and not discreditable explanation of Mr. Gladstone's secession to the Peace party, and of the unwarrantable and unpatriotic language which we hold him to have used in defence of it, there is one point in the case which we confess does surprise us,—one set of considerations which we can scarcely understand that he should so entirely have overlooked or put aside. No man loathes cruelty and oppression more than he does. No man's soul so sickens at the cold and crushing barbarities of despotism. No man ever spoke out against them more boldly or impressively or uncompromisingly than did Mr. Gladstone—when he witnessed them. All Europe shuddered at the heart-rending pictures which he drew of the damp dungeon and the gnawing chains of the gentle and virtuous Poerio. Who dug that dungeon and riveted those chains? *The King of Naples.* Who supported and encouraged him in a perfidious and savage tyranny which, if left to his own strength, he neither could nor dared have continued for an hour? *The Emperor of Austria.* And who kept the empire of that sovereign together? Who replaced him on his shaken throne? Who enabled him to exercise that blighting and leaden influence on Italy which, by crushing all resistance and inciting to all oppression, rendered safe and possible those regal crimes which aroused even a

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Conservative like Mr. Gladstone to denounce them? *The Czar of Russia.* But for him that whole hideous fabric of despotism must have fallen to pieces in 1848. But for him the Austrian and Italian governments must, perforce, have introduced those ameliorations and permitted that political and civil freedom which alone, as Mr. Gladstone well knows, can open the prison doors of Naples or of Rome. But for him Hungary would have been independent or constitutionally free, and Austria must have accepted new conditions of existence; and when Austria was no longer able to be a tyrant, the lesser criminals of Italy must have become humane and just in order to be allowed to live. *Does not Mr. Gladstone recognize the pedigree of Poerio's dungeon now?* And if we had retired baffled and unsuccessful from our deadly strife; if, as he recommended, we had closed the war on terms which would leave Russia unenfeebled and Austria actually and relatively strengthened; if we had re-embarked from the Crimea, *re infecta*, leaving our colossal and not modest antagonist to boast that the two liberal nations of the West had tried their utmost efforts against him for twelve long months, and had effected nothing; then, we pray Mr. Gladstone to consider, how would such an issue operate on the fate of those for whose sufferings he feels such deep compassion? We should have left erect and triumphant—not only not checked and rebuked, but made more insolent and cruel by the result of our unavailing endeavour to rebuke them—rampant, eager for revenge, and henceforth irresistible in might, the two great incarnations of relentless Despotism; those two Powers by whose encouragement, under whose inspiration, in reliance on whose strength, every Italian dungeon is filled, every Italian scaffold raised, every Italian patriot massacred or fettered, every hope of better days for that unhappy land crushed, silenced, buried in a grave over which not even Faith itself could write *Resurgam!* Can it indeed be the Mr. Gladstone whose heart, in Naples and at Ischia, so bled at Russian deeds—for we have shown that in the last resort they are traceable to Russia—that would now leave that despotism free and powerful for the infliction and the sanction of similar atrocities during a long future to whose duration we could see no end?

One reflection more, which we anxiously commend to the consideration of a statesman we esteem so highly. War is bad enough, but is there nothing worse than war? Its details are often horrible, but there are silent sufferings more sickening by far. What are the swift agonies of the battle-field, compared with the slow tortures of the dungeon? What are even the trenches before Sebastopol, to the underground cell and

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the rusty fetters of Poerio and Settembrini? Must we not feel more painful and profound compassion for one statesman, patriot and scholar, left to rot in hopeless darkness between the four walls of a loathsome prison—seeing nothing but the dripping roof; hearing nothing but the moaning sea—than for fifty soldiers wounded or dying in the open field, in the moment of victory, in a good cause, amid overpowering and glorious excitement? And, moreover, what is life given us for, if not to further noble aims, to aid human progress, to put an end to such social and moral and political evils as are the curse and the opprobrium of the southern lands of Europe? And if the result of our efforts shall be—as it must be if they are energetic enough and long enough continued—so to cripple and repulse for ever the arch-enemy of liberty and peace and civil justice and national rights, that horrors like those enacted in Italy and Hungary shall be no longer possible; so to inaugurate a better era, that the gentle and the wise shall no longer groan under the cruelty of the barbarous and the base; that the sword and spear of the oppressor shall be beaten into the plough-share and the pruning-hook of the free citizen and the secure husbandman; that we may be able to live in the "Eternal City," or wander by the banks of the Arno, or the shores of the beautiful Parthenope, without alternately blushing with shame, or burning with indignation, or sickening with sympathy at hideous wrong,—if a brief war should issue in a long result like this, will not even Mr. Gladstone confess that we have gained a pearl of inestimable worth at a price incalculably small? Human life is precious; but it is precious only for what it can do, or can buy, or can become. *Spent* to buy human progress, human emancipation from sin and suffering and degradation, it is a treasure whose value no arithmetic can reckon up. *Hoarded* as a miser hoards his gold—laid up in a napkin as if it were a jewel in itself—it is worth no wise man's care: it purchases no blessing, and yields no return.

It will be some time before Mr. Gladstone can obliterate from the minds of his countrymen the impression left by his recent speeches; for the disapprobation they have caused has been deep and general, and few judge him as leniently as our sympathies have enabled us to do. Still, there is no country in which false steps are more easily or rapidly recovered than in England: none in which "acts of oblivion and indemnity" are more promptly passed for all the offences of public men; and the return of peace, and the change in the topics of national attention consequent upon it, will, we doubt not, restore Mr. Gladstone to his proper place in the service of the State. We should desire to see him constantly in power, not only in

order that the empire may have the perennial benefit of his great abilities, and his rare earnestness of purpose; but because the heavy responsibilities and the practical labours of power are precisely the ballast which he needs to keep him steady. In office we believe he would always be tolerably reliable and safe: out of office the peculiarities of his mental constitution, to which we have already alluded, will make him often *tangential*, erratic, and inscrutable. The difference between Mr. Gladstone the writer and Mr. Gladstone the orator, is significant of, and analogous to, the difference between Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street, and Mr. Gladstone on the cross benches or below the gangway. When he writes, his refining dialectics, his quick and rich imagination, and his subtle analytic tendencies, render his style digressive, clumsy, and involved, so that few men of splendid abilities ever wrote so ill. When he speaks, on the contrary, having actual business to deal with, facts to which to apply his mind, antagonists to guard against, and a vigilant and living audience to please and keep in hand; he is clear, vigorous, and even terse. So, when in office; when he has to deal with men and not with speculations; when thought must be followed up by action, and theory must be translated into and tested by its practical applications; when colleagues are always at hand with their needful alloy of broad common sense, to bring down his fine gold to a coinable condition; and when the events and calls which every day arise insensibly envelope him in an atmosphere of realities; Mr. Gladstone seldom runs wild or goes astray. But no sooner is he liberated from the wholesome fetters of the Treasury bench, —no sooner is he free to consider, not what must be done, but what might be said or thought,—than his native predilection for the abstract and ingenious re-asserts its sway over his mind; he gets astride on some fine-spun subtlety or some collateral conception, rides away into space and darkness,

"And panting *sense* toils after him in vain."

In this general review of our eminent public men, it is as impossible to be silent with respect to Lord John Russell, as to speak of him without sadness. His career of late has been both painful and perplexing. Either he is not the man he was, or he never was the man we thought him. Probably the qualities which have sunk him so low and led him so far astray were always latent and not quite inoperative in his character, but needed the long possession of power to foster them into dangerous dimensions, and a conjunction of favouring circumstances to develop and display them in all their rank luxuriance of mis-

chief. At the same time it seems impossible to doubt that within the last few years his judgment must, from some cause or other, have been strangely, and it would seem, irreparably impaired. His conduct of late has been inexplicable, even to those who have known him longest and most intimately; or explicable only on suppositions which it is grievous to be forced to entertain. At a period when questions involving great principles were in discussion, and when he and his associates were the champions and representatives of those principles, his character, naturally congenial to them, was no doubt elevated by their grandeur, and his reputation shared in the halo which they shed around them. His unquestioned talent, his great parliamentary experience and tact, his ready courage and chivalrous spirit, his high connections and historic name, insured him office and prominence as soon as his party came into power, and the leadership of his party as soon as the older chiefs died out; and he had so long been regarded, both by himself and by the people, as especially the champion of liberal opinions, that they rallied round him, and adhered to him, and urged him on, even after the great strife was over; and he considered himself to have acquired a sort of prescriptive title to their allegiance. Nursed in all the traditions of the aristocratic Whigs, a Pharisee after the strictest sect of that religion, he has never been able to rise to the height of either an original statesman or a thorough patriot. As long as, from the accidents of history, statesmanship and patriotism marched parallel with the Whig conceptions, and were identified with or embodied in their formulas, all went well, and all looked sound and right; but Lord John was a Liberal, because he was a Whig; not a Whig, because the Whigs had embraced liberal opinions; and in a word, his misfortune and his ruin has been that he has never been able to soar beyond the atmosphere of connection and tradition; he still talks of "the principles of Mr. Fox;" he believes in a party, not in a doctrine or a creed. Hence, in his heart, he is persuaded that the country can never be well governed unless the Whigs are in power; and he cannot feel that the Whigs are in power, unless he—their natural and hereditary leader—is at the helm as Premier. This sad double delusion is one of the keys to his recent erratic movements. Having early and conscientiously identified the interests of his country with those of his party, and those of his party with his own,—his party gradually became more to him than his country, and the process has ended in himself being more to him than his party. The tendency has been fostered by the *pessimum genus inimicorum* among whom he has of late lived in comparative seclusion,

and who have encouraged him in his broodings over his own greatness and his own claims; till he has been betrayed into a series of false steps as startling as irretrievable.

We need not go further back than the last five years of Lord John Russell's career, in order to perceive indications of the increasing preponderance of certain characteristics, which seem now to have reached their culminating point,—characteristics of which his colleagues and admirers have long been painfully aware, but which the public at large has only just begun to recognize and reprobate,—namely, rashness, impulsiveness, impressibility to advice combined with a marvellously bad choice of advisers, a singular oblivion at times of what is due to others, and an occasional aberration of judgment calculated to astound all who had not known him intimately.

The famous Durham letter was one of the first examples of these growing disqualifications for high office. We will not now discuss the wisdom of that sudden declaration of war against Romanist encroachments—that giving vast importance and publicity to what might else have died away in silence and contempt. On this point difference of opinion may and does exist; but, at least, there can be no question that such a manifesto—coming from a Prime Minister, involving the necessity of following it up by legislative and executive action, and certain to produce intense and wide-spread excitement—should only have been issued after the most deliberate reflection on its consequences, and the most anxious consultation with all his colleagues, whom it committed to a very hazardous and (as it turned out) damaging course of conduct. Yet it is notorious that Lord John issued his "bull," not only without weighing and foreseeing the results, but without calling any of his fellow-ministers into his councils.

In December, 1851, he was guilty of his second escapade. Dissenting from the judgment which his Foreign Secretary had formed respecting the French *coup d'état*, he, as Premier, summarily dismissed Lord Palmerston,—a more experienced, and, as it has proved, a more sagacious and skilful diplomatist than himself. No doubt he had a perfect right to take this unusual step;—whether it was a prudent step, and whether Lord Palmerston's judgment on the matter in question was not sounder than his own, may well admit of discussion. But what admits of no discussion is the double impropriety of which Lord John was guilty, in the mode of dismissing, and justifying the dismissal of, his peccant Secretary. Once again he acted without consulting his colleagues; "alone he did it," as he himself avowed; no single member of the Cabinet was aware that one of the most eminent and able of their coadjutors

was to be thus arbitrarily ousted from among them; and deeply and universally did they feel the indignity. But this was not all. When Lord John stood up in the House of Commons a day or two afterwards, to avow and justify his proceeding, he staggered and astounded every one by producing, in his defence, an autograph letter from the Queen, betraying considerable personal irritation against Lord Palmerston for real or supposed slights on previous occasions, and written in a tone which it was impossible not to regret. The nearly universal feeling of the House on the reading of this document was, that so strange a breach of decorum, loyal feeling, and sound discretion, had scarcely ever been witnessed within its walls; and men wondered in loud whispers what had become of the Premier's chivalry and judgment, that he could thus drag his Queen into the party arena, and assail a colleague with a weapon from the Royal quiver.

Lord Palmerston was not long in taking his innings. In February, 1852, he defeated his late chief on the question whether the militia should be general or local. Lord John's ministry resigned, and Lord Derby came into power, and brought in a Militia Bill, differing in few material points from the former one. A meeting of Whig and Liberal members was held on (if we remember rightly) April 21st, at which it was decided that the measure offered so little tangible handle for criticism that it should not be opposed. Two days afterwards, to the amazement of his party, Lord John, acting at the suggestion and under the influence of one of the least reputed of its members, spoke and voted against the second reading, on grounds to which even his ingenuity failed to impart any validity. His Whig associates, however, this time refused to let him drag them through the mire of faction; most of them deserted him, and the ministerial bill was carried in spite of his opposition, and in a House in which the Liberals were notoriously predominant, by a majority of 316 to 167.

The following year Lord John took office under Lord Aberdeen; and everybody, except a few personal adorers, who professed to consider the step a degradation, approved of his doing so. But he was restless in the Cabinet, dissatisfied with its internal arrangements, and must have been a most uncomfortable colleague. He recommended certain changes; then, becoming amenable to the same sinister suggestions that had formerly misled him, withdrew them, and remained quiescent, and apparently acquiescent, till, on the announcement of Mr. Roebuck's motion, (which he must long since have foreseen,) he suddenly deserted, on Tuesday night, those with whom he had acted up to Tuesday at dinner-time; declared he could not

defend them, and gave in his resignation. Every one was thunderstruck and scandalised; and even he himself, two days afterwards, was obliged to confess that the mode and time of his desertion was an error. Since then, he has literally bombarded us with blunders. Shell after shell has exploded among his colleagues and co-senators, till surprise is almost exhausted. It was a blunder to accept the Vienna Mission, for which neither his character nor his antecedents fitted him; it was a blunder to accept a subordinate post under a man whom he had formerly commanded and dismissed; it was a blunder to accept a seat in the Cabinet while acting as an instructed servant of that Cabinet; and it was a strange weakness or mistake to permit himself to be deluded into listening to and sanctioning proposals of accommodation, the inadmissibility of which he had himself shortly before so clearly pointed out. All these things, however, though clearly indicative, we think, of impaired judgment, were indicative of nothing worse. But what shall we say of his two strange speeches,—one in answer to Mr. Gibson as to his concessions at Vienna; and the other, his meandering harangue on foreign politics in general, just before the session closed?

On the faith of a circular issued by Count Buol, Mr. Gibson charged Lord John with having deceived the nation and the House as to his real sentiments,—with having made a warlike speech, though he had returned from Vienna in favour of peace,—and with remaining a member of a Cabinet which had rejected terms of accommodation which he himself had accepted and approved. Lord John pleaded guilty,—declared that he had been "overruled in the Cabinet," and the proposals which he had recommended negatived; that, thereupon, he had deliberately reflected whether to resign or not, but had decided that to break up another ministry would shake confidence in public men, and be every way undesirable; that he had, therefore, succumbed to the opinions of his colleagues; and finally, that he considered he was acting quite honourably in doing so. Every one was perfectly amazed by this statement, and none more so than his colleagues, who could not conceive what he meant, knowing that there never had been any Cabinet discussion of the proposals alluded to; that they were conscious of no difference of opinion; that Lord John had never been "overruled;" that his perplexity as to whether he ought to resign or not must have been all moonshine; and, in fact, that the alleged difficulties and divergences were as new to them as to the House. The case, we believe, was simply and concisely this. At Vienna, Lord John appears to have been alarmed or cajoled by Count Buol into an approval of certain proposals which his

instructions did not warrant, and his colleagues did not agree to. He came home, prepared to recommend these proposals to the Cabinet, as what France would accept, what Russia would probably accede to, and what, if she did not accede to, would induce Austria immediately to declare war against her. But before these proposals could become the topic of formal consideration, the Government was officially informed—*first*, that France would *not* accept them; *secondly*, that Russia would probably *reject* them; and *thirdly*, that this rejection would *not* induce Austria to declare war against her. The proposals, therefore, at once fell to the ground, with the removal of all the motives for entertaining them. They ceased to be a matter even for consideration, much less for difference; and there being, therefore, no dissension in the Cabinet, there could be no reason for Lord John's even contemplating a resignation.

Why, with so good a case, he should have made so bad and so irrelevant a defence, time alone can clear up. At present, the only certain conclusion is, that no explanation of his marvellous misstatement can be imagined which harmonizes at once with the assumption of unclouded judgment and unstained veracity.

But, of all Lord John's anomalous proceedings, the speech—nominally on the aspect of affairs in Italy—with which he wound up his sessional misdemeanours, seems to us the most utterly inexcusable. It was *àpropos* of nothing; it was quite a work of supererogation: why he made it, no one could divine, unless it were a desperate attempt to recover reputation; and if it were, that he should fancy reputation could be recovered by such an exhibition, is the most marvellous phenomenon of all. It was in truth a masterpiece of mischief, though languid in spirit and common-place in matter. With a perverse skill, which only long parliamentary experience could have bestowed, he contrived to rub every sore place, to touch every inconvenient topic, to open up every critical and delicate discussion. Careful not to commit himself to any strong opinion or to any decided policy,—"Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike,"—he managed, as dexterously and recklessly as even Mr. Disraeli could have done, to say precisely what he knew would most embarass and annoy his late colleagues, and most irritate our sensitive allies. Whatever could be stated or insinuated to make Russia obstinate, to make Turkey sulky and exacting, to make France jealous and suspicious, and to put England in the wrong in the eyes of Europe,—*that*, Lord John let drop as a sort of final legacy to his successors, with the cold *insouciance* which is one of his distinguishing characteristics.

A long series of escapades of this kind have destroyed his reputation in the country as much as they have shaken the confidence of his party. We do not believe that he can ever again lead the one, or become the admired and trusted ruler of the other. What we most dread, both for himself and for the nation, is lest, in his craving to be prominent and powerful, he should seek his restoration to the high eminence which he has forfeited—as soon as he awakens to the consciousness that his former adherents are irrevocably alienated—in new alliances and unworthy combinations, in tampering with men and measures below him in statesmanship and inconsistent with his former principles. One of the most curious features of the case at present is, that his political instincts have so utterly deserted him, that he seems quite unaware either that he has fallen or has deserved to fall.

Of the present occupants of the Treasury Bench we have left ourselves little room, and we have no great desire, to speak. Lord Palmerston was a necessity of the hour; but whatever may be his ability, and whatever energy he may have displayed in special departments of Government, his character undeniably unfits him for the premiership in times like these through which we are now passing. While at the War Office, he was an admirable and diligent administrator. Much of the severe criticism lavished on his management of our foreign relations was, we think, undeserved, though we cannot persuade ourselves that he gave any indications of having grasped those grander principles of justice and wisdom which must lie at the foundation of all international policy worthy of the name; his sympathies were not generous or expansive, and his faith in men and in ideas was weak. Of his career while at the Home Office, the less that is said the better;—and certainly, since he became Prime Minister, the prominent feeling among his admirers has been one of disappointment, both at his language and his bearing.

Among the active ministers, Lord Clarendon we consider to be the ornament and the hope of the cabinet. The known liberality and soundness of his views, his un-party antecedents, his long and skilful administration of Irish affairs during the most trying crisis through which that unhappy country ever passed, and the mingled firmness, courtesy, and patience of his conduct since he was made Foreign Secretary, all combine to place him in a position which makes his path easy to the highest influence and the chief post. We may be of opinion that he has fallen into some errors in his diplomatic proceed-

ings; that he has not shown perfect sagacity to foresee all the complications of the perilous conjuncture, nor a sufficiently resolute will to carve a clear path through them at all hazards; that he has been too ready to trust the perfidious and to hope for the unlikely. But we must remember that he was clogged with colleagues, some older and more experienced and others more parliamentarily powerful than himself; and his despatches —which are his own—leave nothing to be desired on the score of either vigour or ability, and present scarcely one vulnerable point to criticism. Much of our future hope rests upon Lord Clarendon, and upon two other noblemen, who have the rare advantage of having earned great experience and a high reputation in fields which have left them wholly uncommitted to the errors and uninvolved in the passions of party. And when Lord Elgin and Lord Dalhousie shall be members of a reconstructed cabinet; when the Duke of Newcastle shall have recovered his popularity and matured his experience; when Mr. Gladstone shall have emerged from behind the cloud, and shall be again tamed by the harness and ballasted with the responsibilities of office; when Lord Granville shall have justified the general estimation of his powers; when the severe discipline of some laborious post shall have developed the unquestionable talent and worked off the unquestionable faults of the Duke of Argyll; and lastly, when the cessation or the expansion of the war shall enable Lord Grey again to serve his country in a ministerial capacity;—we see no reason to fear that the destinies of England will be committed to hands inferior to those which have guided them of late.

And while enumerating those who are to be the luminaries of the coming age, we must not be ungratefully forgetful of the setting sun. From the list of politicians whom we look to as the hopes and stays of the empire in the days which are before us, we gladly turn to pay a passing tribute to the veteran statesman who still sits among us at the helm in the full maturity of his wisdom, and almost in the full vigour of his powers, though long past the threescore years and ten,—the connecting link between the extinct and the rising generation. It is now nearly fifty years since Lord Lansdowne was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and considerably more since he entered the House of Commons as Lord Henry Petty; and we cannot remember that, during the whole of that period, he has committed one signal blunder or has once gone behind a cloud. Never very brilliant, never very prominent, he has always been sagacious, patriotic, and high-minded, — a consistent statesman, never a mere party politician. Endowed with eminent rank, vast wealth, clear strong intellect, and consummate and cultivated

taste, he has turned all these great gifts to their proper ends. His house has always been the rendezvous of genius and merit; it has been his pride and pleasure at once to surround himself with all that was distinguished, and to pursue obscure and struggling talent with judicious and searching benevolence. Few great men ever led so spotless, so useful, or, we believe, so serene a life;—and his reward is to have secured the attachment and respect of all, and at last to have attained that rare and proud position—given to few to reach, and the loftiest that a citizen can aspire to—of standing independent of and above all party,—a sort of consulting physician to the Queen and country.

Art. VIII.—St. PAUL.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. 2 Vols. 4to. Longmans, 1852.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians: with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1855.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans: with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. 2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1855.

These treatises, bearing on their title-pages the names of our two ecclesiastical universities, give happy signs of a new era in English theology. They show how effectually we have escaped from the morbid religious phenomena represented by Simeon at Cambridge, and the counter-irritants applied by John Henry Newman at Oxford; and come as the returning breath of nature to those who have witnessed the fevers of "Evangelical" conversion or the consumptive asceticism of "Anglican" piety. On looking back, from the position now attained, it seems wonderful that we could ever, with St. Paul's writings in our hands, have been betrayed into either of these

opposite extravagances: for anything more absolutely foreign to his breadth and universality than the Genevan dogma, or more at variance with his free spirituality than the sacramental system, it is impossible to conceive. But it is the peculiar fate of sacred writings, that the last thing elicited from them is their own real meaning. The very greatness of their authority puts the reader's faculties into a false attitude; creates an eagerness,—an inflexible intensity,—that defeats its own end; and, in particular, gives undue ascendency to the uppermost want and feeling that may be craving satisfaction. Hence the tendency of Scriptural interpretation to proceed by action and reaction; an easy ethical Arminianism being succeeded by a severe Calvinism, and the reliance on individual grace giving way before the advance of sacerdotal and Church ideas. When the opposite errors have spent themselves, the requisite repose of mind will be recovered for reading just the thought that lies upon the page: here and there an eye will be found, neither strained with pre-occupying visions, nor scared by sceptic shadows, but clear for the apprehension of reality, as God has shaped it for our perception. At length, we have reached this crisis of promise; and critics are found who, instead of interrogating St. Paul on all sorts of modern questions, listen to him on his own; and draw from him, not a fancied verdict on the sixteenth century, but a faithful picture of the first.

And for this historical purpose, the writings of the great Gentile apostle are of paramount value, and justly occupy the inquirer's first researches. The most considerable of them are of unimpeachable authenticity. They are the very earliest Christian writings we possess. They are the productions of a man more clearly known to us than any of the first missionaries of the gospel. They are *letters:* abounding in disclosures of personal feelings, of biographical incident, of changing moods of thought, of outward and inward conflict. They are addressed to young communities, scattered over a vast area, and composed of differing elements; and exhibit the whole fermentation of their new life, the scruples, the heart-burnings, the noble inspirations, the grievous factions, of the apostolic age. The Gospels and the Book of Acts *treat* no doubt of a prior period, but *proceed* from a posterior, of whose state of mind, whose retrospective theories concerning the ministry of Christ, it is of primary importance to the criticism of the evangelists that we should be informed: and on these points the Pauline epistles are the indispensable groundwork of all our knowledge or conjecture. In them we catch the Christian doctrine and tradition at an earlier stage than any other canonical book represents throughout. Although the narra-

tives of the New Testament doubtless abound in material drawn faithfully from a more primitive time, they are certainly not free from the touch and tincture of the post-Pauline age. How powerful an instrument the apostle's letters may become for either confirming or checking the historical records, may be readily conceived by every reader of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." In fine, if it be a just principle, in historical criticism, to proceed from the more known to the less known,—to begin from a date that yields contemporary documents, and work thence into the subjacent and superjacent strata of events,—the elucidation of Christian antiquity must take its commencement from the Epistles of St. Paul.

Except in its general similarity of subject, the first of the three works mentioned at the head of this article admits of no comparison with the other two. It is rather an illustrated guide-book to the apostle's world of place and time, than a personal introduction to himself. The authors are highly accomplished and scholarly men, and could not fail, in dealing with an historical theme, to bring together and group with conscientious skill, a vast store of archæological and topographical detail; to weigh chronological difficulties with patient care; to translate with philological precision, and due aim at accuracy of text. They have accordingly produced a truly interesting and instructive book:—*so* instructive indeed that by far the greater part of its information would, probably, have been quite new to St. Paul himself. His life seems to us to be injudiciously overlaid with what is wholly foreign to it, and for the sake of picturesque effect to be set upon a stage quite invisible to him. He was not "Principal of a Collegiate Institution," accustomed to examine boys in Attic or Latian geography; was not familiar with Thucydides or Grote; was indiffent to the Amphictryonic Council; and, in the vicinity of Salamis and Marathon, probably read the past no more than a Brahmin would in travelling over Edge Hill or Marston Moor. The world of each man must be measured from his own spiritual centre, and will take in much less in one direction, much more in another, than is spread beneath his eye. He cannot be reached by geographical approaches. You may determine the elements of his orbit, and yet miss him after all. It is an illusory process to paint the ancient world as it would look to an Hellenic gentleman then, or a university scholar now; and then think how St. Paul would feel in passing through it to convert it. The indirect influence of this kind of conception seems to us apparent both in Mr. Conybeare's translation, and Mr. Howson's narrative and descriptions. The outward scene and conditions of the apostle's career are

elaborately displayed; but more with the modern academic than with the old Hebrew tone of colouring; and the English version, scrupulous and delicate as it is, has, to our taste, a general flavour quite different from the original Greek. Unconsciously entangled in the classifications and symbols of the Protestant theology, the authors are detained outside the real genius and feeling of the apostle.

Of a far higher order are the other two works,—produced, we infer from their numerous correspondences of both form and substance, not without concert between the authors. Indeed the same explanation of the merits of Lachmann's text (printed without translation by Mr. Stanley, and with the adapted authorised version by Mr. Jowett) is made to serve for both. So clearly and compendiously is this explanation drawn, that in the next edition of Lachmann, Mr. Jowett's introduction might usefully be annexed to the great critic's rather tangled and awkward preface. Of the superior fidelity of this recension, we think no habitual reader of the Greek Scriptures can reasonably doubt; and the recognition of its authority fulfils a prior condition of all scientific theology. The text being chosen on grounds purely critical, the notes are written in a spirit purely exegetical: they aim, simply and with rare self-abnegation, to bring out, by every happy change of light and turn of reflective sympathy, the great apostle's real thought and feeling. How very far this faithful historic purpose in itself raises the interpreter above the crowd of erudite and commenting divines, can scarcely be understood till it has formed a new generation, and fixed itself as a distinct intellectual type. It is not, however, an affair of mere will and disposition; but, like most of the higher exercises of veracity, comes into operation only as the last result of mental tact and affluence. With the most honest intentions towards St. Paul, a critic without psychological insight and dialectic pliancy, without power of melting down his modern abstractions, and redistributing them in the moulds of the old realistic thought, —a critic without entrance into the passionate depths of human nature,—a critic pre-occupied by Catholic or Protestant assumptions, and untrained to imagine the questions and interests of the first age,—*cannot* surrender himself to the natural impression of the apostle's language. The disciple and the master are, in such case, at cross-purposes with one another: the questions put are not the questions answered: the interlocutors do not really meet, but wind in a maze about each other's *loci*, not to end till the unconscious interpreter has set his phantasies within the shadow of inspiration. No such blind chace is possible to our authors. They have achieved the conditions

of fidelity; and bring to a task, in which the truthful and sagacious spirit of Locke had already fixed the standard high, the ampler resources of modern learning, and more practised habit of historic combination. In the distribution of their work, the difference of natural genius between the two authors has perhaps been consulted, and is, at all events, distinctly expressed. Mr. Stanley's aptitude for reproducing the image of the past, his apprehensive sympathy with the concrete and individual elements of the world, fitly engage themselves with the composite forms of Corinthian society, and the most personal, various, and objective of the apostle's letters. For the more speculative Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans, there was need of Mr. Jowett's philosophical depth and subtlety. The strictness with which he restrains these seductive gifts to the proper business of the interpreter is not less admirable than their occasional happy application. Instead of being employed to force upon the apostle a logical precision foreign to his habit, they are chiefly engaged in detecting and wiping out false niceties of distinction drawn by later theology, and throwing back each doctrinal statement into its original degree of indeterminateness. It is not in the notes,—which are wholly occupied in recovering St. Paul's own thought,—but in the interposed disquisitions, which avowedly deal with the theology of to-day, that a certain breadth and balance of statement, and delicate ease in manœuvering the forms and antitheses of abstract thought, and fine appreciation of human experience, make us feel the double presence of metaphysical power and historical tact. The author, accordingly, appears to us not only to have seized the great apostle's attitude of mind more happily than any preceding English critic, but also to have separated the essence from the accidents of the Pauline Christianity, and disengaged its divine elements for transfusion into the organism of our immediate life. Mr. Stanley appears to have more difficulty in unreservedly adhering to the purely historical view, and clerically flutters, without clear occasion, on the outskirts of "edification;"—the critic in his notes, the preacher in his paraphrase; conceding in act more readily in name, and apologising for finding human ingredients in the apostles and their doctrines, as if it were he, and not *God*, that would have them there. This tendency to blur the lines which he himself draws between the temporary and the permanent in the Scriptures with which he deals, is the only fault we can find with Mr. Stanley; whose associate, clinging less to the past, in effect preserves more for the present. To learn the external scene of the apostle's career, we would refer our readers to Messrs. Conybeare and How-

son: to appreciate his moral surroundings, and the problems it presented especially on the Ethnic side, they may take Mr. Stanley as their guide: but for insight into the apostle himself, and outlook on the world as it seemed to him, they must resort to Mr. Jowett.

The Pauline epistles are interesting, apart from all assumption of inspired authority, because the elements are seen fermenting there, of the greatest known revolution both in the history of the world and in the spiritual consciousness of individual man. Judaism was the narrowest (that is, the most *special*) of religions: Christianity, the most human and comprehensive. Within a few years, the latter was evolved out of the former; taking all its intensity and durability, without resort to any of its limitations. This marvellous expansion of the national into the universal, was not achieved without a process and a conflict. Divine though the work was, it had to be wrought upon men, and through men; whose character, interests, convictions, habits, and institutions, furnished the data conditioning the problem, and whose remodelled affections and will supplied the instruments for its solution. The laws of human nature therefore and the action of human events necessarily enter into the study of this great revolution; and it cannot be detained out of the hands of the historian by any exclusive rights of the divine. When we endeavour to trace the successive steps of faith from Mount Zion to the Vatican, many parts of the progress appear to have left but scanty vestige. We know the beginning, in the doctrine of the Hebrew Messiah; we know the end, in the recognition of a Saviour of the world. We know the intermediate fact,—that Judaism did not surrender its own without a struggle, or readily give away the keys of its enclosure just when it was passing from a prison of affliction into a palace of "the kingdom". But within this general fact lies a world of mysterious detail,—nay, almost the whole life of the early church. Who began the open breach between Messiah and the Law? how and to what extent did the parties divide? what was their relative magnitude at different times and in different places? and by what process was the difference terminated, and the two extremes,—Marcion on the one hand and the Ebionites on the other,—removed outside as heretics? The Christianity of the third century is so little like the doctrine of Matthew's Gospel as to perplex our sense of identity. No one can bring the two into direct comparison, without feeling how much must have happened to shape the earlier into the form of the later. Could we trace the flow and estimate the sources of this change, the most wonderful of the world's experiences would be resolved

The continuity, however, of visible causation is often broken: there are everywhere many missing links in the chain, and a chasm extending through a large part of the second century. But a generation earlier we meet with materials, of the richest value, in the Epistles of St. Paul; and by their aid the general direction may be found by which thought and events must have advanced. Otherwise, the change would seem as violent and inconceivable as a convulsion that should mingle the Jordan and the Tiber.

No doubt, the germ of the gospel's universality is to be found in the personal characteristics of its Author; in the whole spirit of his life, and the direct tendency of his teachings. He who found in the love of God and love of man the very springs of eternal life; who measured good and evil not by the act, but by the affection whence they come; who placed his ideal for man in likeness to the perfection of God; had already proclaimed a religion transcending all local limits. Nay, if he opposed the "true worship" to the services at Gerizim and Jerusalem, and could wish the Temple away, that obstructed his direct dealing with the human soul and suppressed the inner shrine "not made with hands," he must even have placed himself in an attitude of open alienation towards the ritual of his people. At the same time, his words seem to have left not unfrequently an opposite impression. He comes "not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil" them; "not a jot or a tittle is to fail." His most spiritual truths and sentiments, instead of being announced as novelties grounding themselves on his personal authority, are drawn out of the old Hebrew Scriptures; and even the life beyond death he finds lurking in patriarchal idioms and phrases heard at the burning bush. His intensest polemic against the sacerdotal party goes on within the limits of the system which they represent and yet corrupt; and his bitterest reproach against them is that there is no reverence for it in their hearts, since they hugely violate and trivially obey it. Far from ever launching out against law *as* law, or setting up faith as a rival principle excluding it, he extends *precept* to the last heights of religion, *enjoins* the divinest affections, as if *there also* obedience was possible, and duty and volition had their place. It was not in a nature holy and harmonious as his,—type of heavenly peace rather than of earthly conflict,—that the schism would be exhibited between Will and Love; where both are at their height, there is no rent between them. Nor was there need, in that meek reverential soul, to break with the past, in order to find a sanctity for the present, and leave an inspiration for the future. Some things, once

given for the hardness of men's hearts, might be dropped, and fall behind; but God had ever lived, and left the trace of his perfectness upon the elder times as on the newest manifestations of the hour. There was enough in the law, if only its fruitful seeds were warmed into life, to furnish forth the gospel. And so Christ presents himself as the disciple of Moses, and in the Sermon on the Mount does but open out the tables of Sinai. It was not, therefore, without honest ground that his immediate disciples could defend him from the charge of being unfaithful to the religion of his native land. And yet the instinct of the priests and rabbis told them truly that he and they could not co-exist, that his doctrine reduced their work to nought, and that whencesoever he might draw it, there was no doubt whither he must carry it. The "witnesses" were not altogether "false" which they brought to show his inner hostility to the altar ceremonial: and perhaps his enemies, with apprehension sharpened by fear, more correctly interpreted his tendency in this direction than his followers, entangled in the cloud of a Judaic love. It was quite natural that the real antithesis between the law and the gospel should thus be first felt by his antagonists, whilst as yet it slept undeveloped in the minds of his followers and in the habitual expression of his own thought; and that its earliest proclamation should be *their* act, *their* defiance, the cross on Calvary!

This terrible challenge, fiercely protesting that the law would hold no parley with the gospel, the apostles, however, refused to accept. They still denied their Lord's apostasy or their own; they had always been, and with his encouragement, the best of Jews: nor did they contemplate, so far, any change. The crucifixion was a Jewish mistake, meant for the nation's enemy, but alighting on its representative; a mistake, however, which God had counteracted by a glorious rescue, in the resurrection of the crucified. The mischief being thus undone, the day of Hebrew opportunity was resumed; the ministry of Jesus was not closed; he yet lived and preached to them as before;—no longer, indeed, in person till their better mind should reassert itself, but by "faithful witnesses;"—no longer too in tentative disguise, but now identified as Messiah by his exaltation above this world. Whatever conflicts of mind the disciples suffered in the mysterious period following the crucifixion, the operation of the resurrection and the Spirit was at first simply to reinstate them in their prior faith,—that the kingdom would soon be restored to Israel, and be brought in by no other than their Master, already waiting for the crisis in a higher world till God's hour should come. There is no evidence to show that, on the transference of their Lord's life from earth to

heaven, they were carried into any greater comprehensiveness or spirituality of faith: their convictions were more intense, but held on in the same direction, being all included in one great theme,—the speedy coming of Messiah's kingdom, and the end of the world. Nay, of so little consequence, in comparison with this *general* picture of expectation, was even the appearance in it of the person of Jesus as its central figure, that Apollos, more than twenty years aftewards, was making and baptizing converts, without having ever heard of any later prophet than John the Baptist; and these people are already recognized as "disciples," and then informed, as needful complement to their faith, that besides the crisis being near, the person is appointed.* Here had evidently been, for some quarter of a century, two independent streams of Messianic faith, one from a rather earlier source than the other, but pursuing their own separate way, till thus partially confluent at Ephesus. And what is the relation between them? One of them baptizes into an impersonal and anonymous hope, the other into the same hope with the name attached. And when these two states of mind are set side by side, they are regarded as the same in their essence, and differing only in completeness. Nor is there anything in their mutual feeling to hinder their instant coalescence. This fact defines in the clearest way the position of the early church; the ordinary Jew believed that Messiah would *sometime* come, and bring in "the last days;" Apollos, that he would come *ere long;* the Christians, that already *the person* was indicated, and would prove to be Jesus of Nazareth. All three co-existed within the Hebrew pale, and the two last fall under the common category of "disciples."

It was impossible, however, that the contemplation of a Messiah risen and reserved in heaven should affect all the believers in a precisely similar manner. His personal attendants it would take up just where the crucifixion had let them down; would give new force to their previous impressions, new sacredness to their recollections, new significance to his words and example, new reluctance to venture where he had not led. The whole effect would be conservative, and tend to fix them, with an inspired rigour, within the limits of the Master's lot and life. Quite otherwise was it with the new disciples, who had no such restraining memories of the human Teacher. *They* began with Christ above, and were tied down by no concrete biographical images, no scruples of tender retrospect. They were free to ask themselves, "What meant this surprising way of revealing Messiah 'in heavenly places,' and letting his disguise first fall off in his escape from local

* Acts xviii. 24; xix. 7.

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relations? The scene from which he looked down,—was it the mere upper chamber of Judæa, or did it overarch the human world? Who could claim him, now that he was there? Was it for him to examine pedigrees to test 'the children of the kingdom;' or would he, as Son of David, even come emblazoned with his own?" The mere conception of an ascended and immortal being, assessor to the Lord of *all*, seemed to dwarf and shame all provincial restrictions, and sanction the distaste for binding forms and ceremonial exclusiveness. The withdrawal of Christ to a holier sphere accorded well with all that was most spiritual in his teachings and in himself; and could not fail to reflect a strong light back on this aspect of his life, and give a more significant emphasis to the tradition of his deepest words. In the mind of many a disciple this tendency would be favoured by a weariness towards the outer worship of the Temple, and a secret aspiration after purer and more intimate communion with God. Especially was the *foreign* Jew obliged to confess such a feeling to himself. The very speaking of Greek spoiled him for thinking as a Hebrew; for language is the channel of the soul, and according as the organism is open, the sap will flow. Accustomed to the simple piety of the Proseucha, where God was sought without priest or sacrifice, and adequately found in poetry, and prophecy, and prayer, the Hellenist acquired a tone of sentiment on which the material pomps and puerilities of Mount Moriah painfully jarred. Nor could he enclose himself contentedly, like the Palestine Jew, within the sacred boundary that admitted the most worthless son of Abraham, and shut the noblest Gentile out. Living in heathen cities, dealing with heathen men, touched at times with the sorrow or the goodness of heathen neighbours, his moral feeling fell into contradiction with his inherited exclusiveness, and inwardly demanded some other providential classification of mankind. Accordingly, it was the Hellenist Stephen who first saw, in the heavenly Christ, a principle of universal religion and a proclamation of spiritual worship. When accused of defaming Moses and the law and the holy place, and setting up Jesus to supersede them, he boldly reflects on the stone Temple, rooted to one spot, as at variance with His nature who said, "Heaven is my throne, and earth my footstool," and points to the earlier tabernacle, movable from place to place, following the steps of wandering humanity, as truer emblem of a faith that takes every winding of history, and a God who goes where we go, and stays where we stay.* This noble doctrine doubtless expressed a feeling common among the foreign Jews of liberal culture and fervid

* Acts vii. 44-49.

piety; and when consecrated by Stephen's martyrdom, it would assume a distinctness unknown before, and become the admitted type of belief among the Christian Hellenists. That it was confined to them, is evident from the partial effect of the persecution in which Stephen fell. *His* friends,—perhaps we may say his *party*,—hunted from house to house, fled from Jerusalem; but the Jewish apostles remained where they were,* apparently unmenaced and undisturbed. The hostility of the city drew therefore a distinction between such Hebrew Christians as the twelve, and the freer "Grecians" who proclaimed a Spirit above the Temple and the Law. The former, constituting an inner sect of Judaism, might hold their ground unmolested; the latter were treated as apostates, and "scattered abroad." The essential, but hitherto dormant, antithesis between the gospel and the law, had thus burst into expression, and embodied itself in two sections of the church that grew ever more distinct; the Hebrew party concentrated in Jerusalem, and remaining intensely national; the Hellenistic, spreading itself on the outskirts of Palestine, and ere long fixing its head-quarters at Antioch. Within this freer circle, first as persecutor, soon as disciple, appears Saul of Tarsus. So congenial are its tendencies and aspirations with his nature and his antecedent position, that his hostile attitude towards it might well strike him, on looking back, as a monstrous self-contradiction. A foreigner to Palestine, a "citizen of no mean city," familiar with a trade that bought from the shepherds of Mount Taurus, and sold to the Greek skippers of the Levant, he knew the human side of the Gentile world too well to rest in a narrow Judaism. We cannot imagine his fervid, free-moving mind, content to live within the enclosure of Rabbinical niceties, or able to find, in the materialism of the Temple rites, his ideal of true worship. With sympathies essentially cosmopolitan, he could scarcely fail to be disappointed, not to say repelled, by Jerusalem,—so different from the dream of his young romance. Some higher, fresher communion between earth and heaven, some wider monarchy for God than over a mere clan, would be to him natural objects of aspiration. Hence his first persecuting attitude towards the Christian Hellenists was permanently untenable; and as he went amongst them, words were sure to fall upon his ear, and holy looks to meet his eye, that would smite him with a kindred affection. Whether the death of Stephen left on his mind images which he could not banish, and commenced a reaction which no plunge into fresh violences could arrest, it is vain to conjecture. That it should be so, would be only human; for in the life of passion,

* Acts viii. 1.

triumph and humiliation are near neighbours, and often the last note in the song of exultation dies down into the plaint of compunction. Certain it is, that shortly afterwards it "pleased God to reveal his Son in him;" that with the suddenness characteristic of impassioned natures he came to himself, and found his proper work, "to which he had been set apart from his mother's womb;" and that his new convictions were of the very same type and tendency with Stephen's, and strongly discriminated from the Messianic doctrine of the twelve at Jerusalem. The incipient breach between law and gospel, latent in the Master, denied by the twelve, bursting forth among the Hellenists, finally realized and defined itself in Paul; whose intense impulses were too great for the custody of his will; whose soul had wings to fly, but not feet to plod; who felt himself the theatre of living powers not his own; and could find no peace till, by communion with the heavenly Son of God, he discovered a providential love universal as human life, and a way of reconciliation quick and open as human trust and reverence. It is easier to speak of the effects than of the nature of his conversion. His writings exhibit its results, but only vaguely allude to its occurrence, and never in terms at all resembling the recitals in the Book of Acts, or abating their discrepancies. Of these narratives (Acts ix. 1—9; xxii. 6—12; xxvi. 12—18) Mr. Jowett remarks, "There is no use in attempting any forced reconcilement." (I. 229.) On the one hand, "there is no fact in history more certain or undisputed than that, in some way or other, by an inward vision or revelation of the Lord, or by an outward miraculous appearance as he was going to Damascus, the apostle was suddenly converted from being a persecutor to become a preacher of the gospel." (I. 227.) On the other, "If we submit the narrative of the Acts to the ordinary rules of evidence, we shall scarcely find ourselves able to determine whether any outward fact was intended by it or not." This, however, is of the less moment, because it is evident from the language of the Epistle to the Galatians, (Gal. i. 15, 16,) that—

"Whether the conversion of St. Paul was an outward or an inward fact, it was not principally the outward appearance in the heavens, but the inward effect, that the apostle would have regarded. Compare Eph. iii. 3:—'How that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery (as I wrote afore in few words).'

"It has been often remarked, that miracles are not appealed to singly in Scripture as evidences of religion, in the same way that they have been used by modern writers. Especially does this remark apply to the conversion of St. Paul. Not a hint is found in his writings, that he regarded 'the heavenly vision' as an objec-

tive evidence of Christianity. The evidence to him was the sudden change of heart; what he terms, in the case of his converts, the reception of the Spirit; what he had known, and what he felt; the fact that one instant he was a persecutor, and the second a preacher of the Gospel. The last inquiry that he would have thought of making, would be that of modern theologians: 'How, without some outward sign, he could be assured of the reality of what he had seen and heard.' No outward sign could, as such, have convinced the mind of a man who fell to the ground amazed, unless it were certain that his companions had seen the light and heard the voice. Nor unless they had distinctly been partakers of the supernatural vision, could he ever have been satisfied that what they saw was anything but a meteor, or lightning, or that the voice they heard was more than the sound of thunder. No evidence of theirs would have been an answer to the language of some of the rationalist divines: 'St. Paul was overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning in the neighbourhood of Damascus.' Such difficulties are insuperable; at best we can only raise probabilities in answer to them, based on the general tone of the narrative in Acts ix. But we may remember that the belief in some outward fact was not the essential point in St. Paul's faith, and therefore we need not make it the essential point in our own.

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"It is not upon the testimony of any single person, even were it far more distinct than in the present instance, we can venture to peril the truth of the Christian religion. Weak defences of comparatively unimportant points, undermine more than they support. He who has the Spirit of Christ and his apostles, has the witness in himself: he who leads the life of Paul, has already set his seal that his words are true. Were the other view supported by the most irrefragable historical evidence,—had the sign in the clouds been beheld by whole multitudes of Jews and Gentiles, believers and unbelievers,—it is to the internal aspect of the event we should be more inclined to turn, both as the more religious one, and the one which more closely links the apostle with ourselves." (I. 230.)

With the essentially inward character of this crisis, the substance of the revelation involved in it strikingly corresponds.

"It was spiritual rather than historical; a revelation of Christ in him, not external information brought to him. It was the ever-growing sense of union with Christ, imparted not in one revelation, but many; not only by special revelation, but as the inward experience of a long life, from which his union in Christ with all mankind, and his mission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, were from the beginning inseparable; as a part of which the image of the meekness and gentleness of Christ formed itself in him, not without the remembrance that he had 'seen' Him who was now passed into the heavens." (Jowett, I. 216.)

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Since the apostle "nowhere speaks of any special truths or

doctrines as imparted to himself" (I. 72); since he never dwells on the life of Christ, the miracles, the parables, so that it is even doubtful what he knew of them; and since his whole appeal is either, (1), to the witness of the Hebrew Scriptures; or, (2), to historical testimony; or, (3), to the assurance of the living Spirit; it is evident that his conversion chiefly gave him that inward image of Christ crucified and risen, which attended him through all his years, and so lived in him as to take the place of his personality, and coalesce with his spiritual affections, and do the work of his will.

Of the apostle's mode of thought when fresh from his conversion, no memorial exists: his earliest extant writing being of a date fourteen or fifteen years later, and the report in the Book of Acts not being altogether reliable,—as Mr. Jowett has shown,*—for historical accuracy. But we learn from his own remarkable statement to the Galatians, that he kept aloof from the churches in Judæa, and was unknown to them by face; that it was three years before he entered Jerusalem, or saw an apostle; that he then made acquaintance with Peter, and met James, but without its affecting his independent course, which ran through eleven years more ere it brought him to Jerusalem again; that his errand, on this second visit, was to take security against being thwarted by Jewish jealousies sanctioned at headquarters; that from James, Cephas, and John,—the "seeming pillars" of the church,—he learnt nothing that he cared to hear; that they, on the other hand, could not gainsay the independent rights of so fruitful an apostleship, and agreed with him not to cross his path, if he would leave them theirs. The emphasis with which, in this animated passage, St. Paul dwells on the separate sources of his own faith, and disowns any obligation to the prior apostles, renders it certain that the biography, the discourses, the human personality of Jesus, were indifferent to him; and that with only the cross and the resurrection (contained as data in the vision of conversion) he could construct his scheme. The unmistakeable sarcasm of the expressions, οἱ δοκοῦντες,—δοκοῦντες εἶναί τι—οἱ δοκοῦντες στύλοι

* See especially the Notes on Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, i. 349, 252. We subjoin in this connexion a just and striking remark of Mr. Jowett's. "In inquiries of this sort, it is often supposed that, if the evidence of the genuineness of a single book of Scripture be weakened, or the credit of a single chapter shaken, a deep and irreparable injury is inflicted on Christian truth. It may afford a rest to the mind to consider that, if but one discourse of Christ, one Epistle of Paul had come down to us, still more than half would have been preserved. Coleridge has remarked that out of a single play of Shakespeare the whole of English literature might be restored. Much more true is it that in short portions or single verses of Scripture the whole spirit of Christianity is contained." I. 352.

εἶναι,—betrays a state of mind, in regard to the twelve, out of all sympathy with the grounds of their authority. And the necessity, in order to agreement, of marking out for each, not a separate geographical beat, but a distinct religious and ethnologic ground, shows that, with external mutual toleration, there is yet wanting the inner unity of an identic faith. Only in the absence of a common gospel would each party have to take its own, and spare the other. Indeed, the difference was so fundamental as to involve everything that St. Paul then, and Christians now, would deem characteristic of their religion. The question was this,—"How might a born Gentile become a Christian?"—"By becoming a Jew first, and then accepting Jesus as appointed to be the Jews' Messiah," was the answer at Jerusalem. "By believing in Jesus straight-away," was the reply of Paul. With irresistible force he contended that, according to his opponents' view, the Gospel opened no door at all, and was simply nugatory. For it had *always* been possible for a Gentile to become a Jew; and if, without this step, faith in Christ was unavailing, the real efficacy must lie in what the Jew brought to Christ, not in what he received from him; so that it was hard to say what good there could be in passing on from Moses at all, or what essential difference between the unconverted and the converted Hebrew. And, in truth, they were *not* strongly contrasted in Jerusalem; and in habit, thought, and feeling, the twelve were probably much nearer to Gamaliel than to Paul. The altercation between Peter and Paul at Antioch is full of instruction on this point; proving, as it does, that the intensest form of ritual exclusiveness,—the refusal to partake at table with the uncircumcised,—was retained in the parent church, and enforced with jealous vigilance. In the Syrian capital the Gentile disciples were numerous, the Pauline comprehensiveness prevailed, and the intercourses of life were unhindered by ceremonial scruples. Peter, thrown amongst them on a visit, yields to the local impression, and as long as he can do so unobserved, falls in with their free ways; feeling all the while, no doubt, like the Quaker from home tempted into a ball-dress or regimentals. Soon, however, the strict brethren at Jerusalem send to look after him or the Antiochians, and instantly his liberality is gone; he is the prim Jew again, and the Gentile dishes are all unclean. And who then are these new witnesses, that he should so fear their report? They are deputies from James, "the brother of the Lord," who, on account of this affinity,* was the

* Was it in reference to this mere *family-title* to a *spiritual* authority that Paul says of the Jerusalem apostles, "Whatever they were, it maketh no matter to me: God accepteth *no man's person*."—Gal. iii. 6.

recognized head of the Judæan Christians; and of whose ascetic abstinences, and constant devotions *on the temple pavement*, till "his knees were become like the knees of a camel," Hegesippus preserved the tradition.* It was clear, therefore, that Peter's association with the Gentile Christians was exceptional,—a violation of his professed rule, and of the allowed usage of the apostolic church. To own brotherhood with the uncircumcised believer, was a forfeiture of character, probably an outrage on his own conscience, to the Christian apostle! This was the result, among the first disciples, of nearly twenty years' belief of Christ in heaven. There could be no real sympathy between such an evangile and Paul's. It let him make converts, but would not acknowledge them when made. It could not resist the fact of his success, but treated his "children in the faith" as in a doubtful case, left to Heaven's "uncovenanted mercies," and needing to be put in a securer state, as soon as his back was turned, and teachers could be sent to complete the task. Hence the opposition that tracked the steps, and so much marred the work of the apostle, wherever he went; and in repelling which he wrote his chief epistles, and matured the form of his great theology. Mr. Jowett, whilst allowing that this opposition was systematic and persistent, and in some degree connived at by the twelve, is yet anxious to lay it mainly to the charge of their followers, and defines the relation of the two sections thus:—"Separation, not opposition; antagonism of the followers rather than of the leaders; personal antipathy of the Judaizers to St. Paul, rather than of St. Paul to the Twelve." (I. 326.) These are fine distinctions, and for this very reason likely, we fear, in the rough movement of human passions, to be more ideal than real. True, the feeling of a leader is ever apt to run into exaggeration among the followers; nor probably was apostolic control over the mass of believers so complete as to exclude this danger. But the Epistle to the Galatians is written by one leader, and speaks of the others; and the impression it conveys is surely one of very decided antagonism, and that, too, not accidental, but depending on permanent differences of principle, which discussion did not smooth away, and which penetrated into the very organism of daily life. In the altercation with Peter, what was the point of Paul's rebuke? Did he simply censure his moral weakness and inconsistency? Not so, or he would have exhorted him to take whichever course he approved, and stick to it. Did he find fault with his *exceptional* act, of eating with the Gentile Christians? Not so, for he did the same

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* Ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccles. ii. 23.

himself. The thing he blamed was nothing less than the rule and usage by which Peter *habitually lived*, and which, it is declared, virtually made Christ of none effect. Here was a collision of irreconcileable principles, and every subsequent occasion of personal contact, under like conditions, would be as liable to produce it as the first. Nor have we, in fact, any reason to suppose a closer approximation at a later part of the apostolic age. That Paul looked with any particular respect on the other apostles, is surely not proved, as Mr. Jowett imagines, by his appeal (1 Cor. xv. 5) to their testimony respecting the *fact* of their Lord's resurrection, or by his claiming (1 Cor. ix. 5) to stand on a like footing of privilege with them.* To cite the spectators of an event as its proper witnesses, is no expression of feeling towards them at all; and to say, "Are the other apostles to have the right of taking their wives with them at the cost of the church, and may not I accept or decline my mere personal maintenance as I think proper?" institutes a comparison in which it is difficult to discover any strong sentiment of "respect." Nor do the doctrinal agreements, of which, as well as of the personal relations of fellowship, our author makes the most, amount to any substantial concurrence, when we penetrate to the essence from the form. On both sides, says Mr. Jowett, the disciples were baptized into the *same name*. (I. 340.) Yes; but how different the *object named* as present to their thought; in the one case, the human life in its detail, with the resurrection as its crown; in the other, the cross of Christ that stands between them, and his life in heaven that passes beyond them! Both sections, it is again said, find their *ground* in the Old Testament. (I. 341.) True: but the one on Moses, the tables and the holy place; the other, on Adam's nature, and the patriarchs' freedom, and the prophets' insight; the one, moreover, using the "ground" to entrench the law for ever; the other, to drive the plough-share over its ruins, and make it a fruitful field. Once more, it is said that on both sides there was a looking for "the day of the Lord," an expectation of Christ's return to end the world within that generation. (I. 341.) Assuredly; but with such differences in the vision, that in the apocalyptic picture of the one, Paul is not among the apostles, or his followers among the white-robed

* In proof of an essential unity of teaching, Mr. Jowett quotes Paul as declaring that what they preached against him was "*not another*" gospel, "for there was not, could not be, another." (I. 340.) But far from bearing this conciliatory turn, which is out of character with the whole context, Gal. i. 6, affirms that what his opponents have been preaching *is* (1) another gospel; and yet (2) *not* another gospel, (not so good even as that), but mere disturbance and perversion, the negation of a gospel.

and crowned (Rev. xxi. 14, and ii. 2, 14, 20); while, in that of the other, the advent will but perfect and perpetuate a union with Christ, already present to their consciousness, and open to all who live with him in the Spirit. In short, twenty years after the death of Christ, the two elements that were harmonized in him, but are ever apt to part in our imperfect minds,— the ethical and the mystical, the historical and spiritual, ascetic concentration and outspreading trust,—fell into determinate antithesis, realizing their conflict in the immediate question of Jew and Gentile, and finding their respective representatives in the Twelve and St. Paul.

Whether, besides and beyond this general development of the Christian system, there was also a special development of doctrine into higher degrees of spirituality within the mind of St. Paul himself, is a question of less interest and more difficulty. Both Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jowett find traces of such a change in the modified sentiment of his later writings: nay, they even make the apostle himself depose to his own enlargement of view. We must confess that this speculation, though excluded by no antecedent improbability, appears to us less well supported than anything in these volumes. It is ingeniously presented and argued by Mr. Jowett in his introduction to the Thessalonian Epistles; and by means of it he explains the marked absence from these letters of St. Paul's usual topics and manner, and gets rid of the objection urged on this ground to their authenticity. Applied at the other end of the apostle's career, the hypothesis accounts for the prominence, in the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, of certain conceptions, doubtfully traceable elsewhere,—as to the place of Christ in the hierarchy of the universe, and his union with his disciples as his "body." The Pastorals may be left out of consideration, since their mixed phenomena cannot be much used in the service of this theory. The broad facts are undoubted;— that the four great central epistles (Galatians, Corinthians, Romans) must be taken as our foci of authority for the characteristics of St. Paul; that in the earlier Thessalonians, these characteristics are overshadowed by the more Judaic doctrine of the "day of the Lord;" and in the later Ephesians, &c., by the more Gnostic conception of a spiritual hierarchy and pleroma. But these facts are quite overworked when set to prove our author's thesis. In order to establish a process of personal development, they ought to exhibit certain natural links of psychological and moral succession, and not mere abrupt and unrelated contrasts of subject. To look for such organic indications in the sparse productions of the apostle's pen, is to ask too much from a few incidental letters, bearing to his whole

life the proportion of a dozen pages of random excerpts to a cyclopædia. If the matters treated be different, still, if this be all, the whole group of writings may very well express, in its several parts and aspects, one simultaneous state of mind. If the types of thought be such as could scarcely co-exist, the cause may be sought as reasonably in a plurality of authors as in a succession of beliefs in the same author: and only a most delicate combination of symptoms can rescue the problem from this indeterminate state of double solution. Nor ought we to forget, in weighing the probabilities, that the whole set of epistles comprising the phenomena of difference, were written within nine years; and that, ere the first of them was produced, St. Paul had been a convert fifteen years, and had reached the age of fifty. The earlier and longer of these periods is a more natural seat of mental change than the later and shorter; especially of a change not apparent so much in particular judgments and opinions, as in the whole complexion of spiritual feeling and idea.

But, we are assured, the apostle directly testifies to his own progress in doctrine; and intimates (2 Cor. v. 16) that there was a time when he had "known Christ according to the flesh," —had preached him "in a more Jewish and less spiritual manner,"—though "henceforth he would know him so no more." Mr. Stanley, explaining this much-disputed phrase, says:—

"Probably, he must be here alluding to those who laid stress on their having seen Christ in Palestine, or on their connexion with him or with 'the brothers of the Lord' by actual descent; and if so, they were probably of the party '*of Christ*.' But the words lead us to infer that something of this kind had once been his own state of mind, not only in the time before his conversion (which he would have condemned more strongly), but since. If so, it is (like Phil. iii. 13—15) a remarkable confession of former weakness and error, and of conscious progress in religious knowledge."—II. 106.

Did St. Paul then ever "lay stress on having seen Christ in Palestine"? or on actual blood-connexion with him? or on "something of this kind"? To personal relations with Jesus in his ministry or family he had no pretensions: and the spirit with which he had *always* treated everything "of this kind," is so apparent from his narrative to the Galatians as to contradict Mr. Stanley's inference. Mr. Jowett gives the phrase a different turn. Finding (Gal. v. 11) the apostle charged with at one time "preaching circumcision," he accepts this as synonymous with "knowing Christ according to the flesh." (i. 12.) This, however, would imply that he was originally no "apostle to the Gentiles," but insisted on *mediate* conversion

into the gospel through the law. Feeling the irreconcileable variance of such an hypothesis with the autobiographical notices in the epistles, Mr. Jowett lowers his phraseology, and attributes to St. Paul's early teaching only such sentiments as "*might be thought*" to make him "a preacher of the circumcision." And so we lose ourselves again in "something of the kind." Yet at last, in the following passage, we find the critic's finger distinctly laid on the doctrine which he proposes to identify with the apostle's "knowing Christ according to the flesh."

"That such a change" (in the apostle's teaching) "is capable of being traced, has been already intimated. Both Epistles to the Thessalonians, with the exception of a few practical precepts, are the expansion and repetition of a single thought—'the coming of Christ.' It was the absorbing thought of the apostle and his converts, quickened in both by the persecutions which they had suffered. Not that with this expectation of Christ's kingdom there mingled any vision of a temporal rule over the kingdoms of the earth. That was far from the apostle. But there was that in it which fell short of the more perfect truth. It was not 'the kingdom of God is within you;' but 'lo here, and lo there.' It was defined by time, and was to take place within the apostle's own life. The images in which it clothed itself were traditional among the Jews; they were outward and visible, liable to the misconstruction of the enemies of the faith, and to the misapprehension of the first converts; imperfectly, as the apostle saw afterwards, conveying the inward and spiritual meaning. The kingdom which they described was not eternal and heavenly, but very near and present, ready to burst forth everywhere, and by its very nearness in point of time seeming to touch our actual human state. Afterwards the kingdom of God appeared to remove itself within, to withdraw into the unseen world. The earthen vessel must be broken first, the unbeliever unclothed that he might be clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. He was no longer 'waiting for the Son from heaven;' but 'desirous to depart and be with Christ.' (Phil. i. 23). Such is the change, not so much in the apostle's belief as in his mode of conception; a change natural to the human mind itself, and above all, to the Jewish mind; a change which, after it had taken place, left the vestiges of the prior state in the Montanism of the second century, which may not improperly be regarded as the spirit of the first century overliving itself. Old things had passed away, and behold, all things became new. And yet the former things—the material vision of Christ's kingdom—have ever been prone to return; not only in the first and second century, but in every age of enthusiasm men have been apt to walk by sight and not by faith. In the hour of trouble and perplexity, when darkness spreads itself over the earth, and Antichrist is

already come, they have lifted up their eyes to the heavens, looking for the sign of the Son of man."—(I. 10.)

If to announce the coming of Christ is to "know him according to the flesh," St. Paul assuredly did not keep his resolve "henceforth to know him no more." For the expectation re-appears, without any perceptible change, in his later epistles; as in Rom. xiii. 11, 12: "Do this the rather, knowing the time,—that now is the time to awake out of sleep: for our salvation is nearer now than when we first believed: the night is far spent; the day is at hand;" and in Phil. iv. 5: "The Lord is at hand."* Moreover, it is utterly impossible that *this* element of his teaching could be adduced in proof of his "preaching circumcision." It had nothing to do with the question of Jew and Gentile; with the most opposite solutions of which it is equally compatible.

In truth, our author has here combined two passages, which throw no light on one another, and has extracted from each what neither is able to yield. The words (in Gal. v. 11) "if I *still* preach circumcision," do not really imply that the apostle once *did* so preach; though in an accurate writer this sense might be insisted on. He is not thinking of *his own* former notions, but of *other people's*, continuing unaltered after they ought to have changed. There *were* persons who, in spite of the dispensation of the Spirit, *still* preached circumcision after its significance was gone. This did not Paul; but he was charged with doing so: and he says, "Well, if so, I am a Judaizer like you, and I cannot be *also* chargeable with teaching that the cross of Christ supersedes the law." The true sense is, therefore, given by the rendering, "If I preach circumcision *still*,"—that is, as *still necessary;* and no tale is told of the apostle's earlier teaching.

The other passage (2 Cor. v. 16) *does* undoubtedly refer to a former state of the writer's own mind, when he "recognized Christ according to the flesh." But he alludes, we apprehend, to the period when he was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews;" and had no conception as yet of a suffering, dying, and heavenly Christ;—when he was full of the thoughts still occupying the Twelve, who did not take in the significance of the cross, but carried past it their old Messianic notions. "There may have been a time," he means to say, "when I thought only of a national, Israelitish, historical Messiah, bound by the law of

* Comp. also Rom. xiv. 10, Phil. i. 6, 2 Tim. iv. 1. Nay, the very passage in which he renounces the "knowing of Christ according to the flesh," contains the doctrine: 2 Cor. v. 10.

his fathers, and binding to it. Had this been the true conception of him, then would it have been a matter of privilege and pride to be near his person, to stand in natural relations with him, and be mixed up with the incidents of his local career. But ever since I understood the cross, and saw that Messiah's life began in death, a far other truth has dawned upon me. When he gave up the ghost, all the accidents of his humanity —his lineage, his nationality, his earthly manifestation—were left behind and died away; and they must carry with them into extinction whatever feelings had collected round them,—family pride, Jewish exclusiveness, and the memories of personal companionship. From that moment, clear of earthly entanglements, Christ in the spirit draws to him a community of human spirits,—one with him in self-abnegation, dying to the earthly past; one with him in re-birth, living to heavenly union with God. Thus, if any one be in Christ, it amounts to a new creation; his old self has passed away; behold, all things have become new." The apostle, therefore, sets up the death of Christ, as cutting off, for all disciples, the prior time from the subsequent; as flinging the former, with all the human conceptions that cling to it, into eclipse and annihilation, and beginning a new and luminous existence in the latter; as breaking the very identity of the believer, and delivering him from the thraldom of nature into the freedom of the Spirit. The cross had already done its work ere St. Paul became a disciple. He had never known his Lord but in the spirit; and the "Christ," whom he had "known according to the flesh," was the Jewish Messiah of his previous and unconverted conception. Mr. Stanley's objection, that the apostle could hardly have spoken of his unconverted state without stronger condemnation, might perhaps hold, were the allusion to his fit of persecuting violence against the church. But there was no occasion for self-reproach in describing the picture of a national Messiah, on which, in common with his countrymen, he had permitted his imagination to dwell. *

* With a curious inconsistency Mr. Stanley fixes *on the apostle's conversion* as the date after which he would no longer "know Christ according the flesh;" yet in the very next note declares, that this state of mind must be referred to a more recent period than the conversion.

"*ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν*, from *the time of my conversion*." It is to be presumed that this is also Mr. Stanley's interpretation of the *νῦν οὐκέτι* of the next clause, which only repeats specifically of "Christ" what has just been said universally.

"*εἰ καὶ ἐγνώκαμεν κατὰ σάρκα χριστόν*, even though I have known; granting that I have known." *γινώσκομεν*, i. e. *κατὰ σαρκά*, "henceforth we know him no longer." . . . "The words lead us to infer that something of this kind had once been" [prior, surely, to the "*henceforth*"] "his own

Neither, then, from his own direct assertion, nor from comparison of his several writings *inter se*, do we learn anything of the alleged *development* of the apostle's doctrine. There is no element in it, that, from inability to co-exist with the rest, requires to be assigned to a date of its own. The breach with Judaism, especially, we conceive to have been complete from the first, and unsusceptible of degrees; nay, to have been the initial principle of his conversion, the secretly prepared condition or tendency of mind that rendered him accessible to the Divine call, and open to sudden change in the direction of his character. When first released from the formulas of a Jewish Christology, and communing in spirit with a heavenly and universal Lord, his mind would doubtless be met by a multitude of new problems, and would work freely towards their resolution, with the quickening consciousness of new light streaming in, and a grander landscape of Providence opening before him. The very intensity of this inward action, however,—the thirst it sustains for its own completion,—forbids us to attribute to it a life-long duration; ere fifteen years were passed, its force would be spent by having realised its work, and attained the equilibrium of a holy peace. Whatever subsequent changes occurred would be of a different nature, enforced by the turn of the world's affairs; a mere re-moulding or re-proportioning of inward faiths, in adaptation to the altered pressures of the hour. Of such modifications, such retreat of once-favourite ideas into the background, and advance of dim suggestions into strong light, there are doubtless examples in St. Paul. The expectation of Christ's speedy coming to close the world's affairs, and realize "the kingdom," could not but dominate at first, and pale every other interest and belief by the terror and glory of its light. But there is a limit beyond which the strain of longing cannot be sustained; as it subsides, the present and actual recovers power, and pushes its problems forward, and gains once more the eye that had looked beyond them. And so, after a while, spring up questions of Christian order that will not bear to be put off; —how to live in a world that, however near its doom, entangles the disciple still in a web of difficult relations; how to touch the skirt of its idolatries, and not be tainted; how to behave to wife and child in this last generation of human affairs; how to seal up the passions that *ought to die* within the saints, but were not dead; how to prevent the gifts of the Spirit from over-

state of mind, *not only* in the time before his conversion," . . . . "*but since!*"

How then can the "*henceforth*" serve as the *terminus a quo*, if the same state lies on both sides of it?

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balancing themselves, on the heights of a dizzied mind, into outrages on nature; how to preserve to the woman and the slave, in their exulting reaction from degraded life, the sense of modest reverence, and the appreciation of faithful service. Day by day questions of this kind insisted on attention, and brought out a fresh type of sentiments proper for their determination, and offering to view a new side of the Christian thought and life. Nor, again, could many years elapse, before the Jew and Gentile difficulty changed its whole aspect, and expanded, from a petty scruple compromised at Jerusalem, into a world-wide theology, regulative of all future history. When it became evident that it was no question about a small sprinkling of Ethnic converts,—mere hangers-on of Hebrew families and synagogues; when the delay of Messiah, and the energy of Paul, gave occasion for thousands to pour in; when it seemed imminent that Palestine should be outvoted and overpowered by the growth of the foreign gospel, the alarm of the Judaic Christians became great. They tracked Paul's steps; their emissaries were everywhere; *their* arguments and doctrine became more constricted, and *his* more wide and free: and as the clouds visibly lowered over Israel, touching him as well as them with gloom, all the more did he see the sunshine flood the lands beyond; and his national trust assumed this form;—that, maybe, the outlying heavenly light may creep back as the dark hour passes, and again set the shadows moving on the hills it has so long glorified. The apostle died before the question settled itself by the mere force of the facts,—by the utter breaking up of the Jewish nation, and the inpouring of Gentile numbers. Others waited to be driven into catholicity by events; it is his glory to have surrendered himself to the inspiration that implanted in him its principle from the first. He lived, however, to see a mighty growth, though not the final fruit; and the grand scale on which he conducts the controversy, in his Epistle to the Romans, by converging reasonings fetched from afar out of history, and aloft out of the perfections of God, and deep out of human nature, shows how his thought expands with the exigencies of experience, and advances to fill the whole greatness of his opportunities.

There can be no doubt that the earliest apostolic Christianity consisted mainly in the faith of Christ's coming again, "to-day, or to-morrow, or the third day." This event, with its effect on the living, was *the one only point*, Mr. Stanley conceives, on which St. Paul, in his great chapter on the Resurrection, professed to have a distinct revelation:—

"On one point only he professes to have a distinct revelation,

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and that not with regard to the dead, but to the living. So firmly was the first generation of Christians possessed of the belief that they should live to see the second coming, that it is here assumed as a matter of course; and their fate, as near and immediate, is used to illustrate the darker and more mysterious subject of the fate of those already dead. That vision of 'the last man,' which now seems so remote as to live only in poetic fiction, was, to the apostle, an awful reality; but it is brought forward only to express the certainty that, even here, a change must take place; the greatest that imagination can conceive."—I. 398.

That this belief, where held at all, should be paramount and absorbing, follows from its very nature. Accordingly, St. Paul, as Mr. Jowett remarks, makes even the essence of the Gospel to consist in it:—

"It appears remarkable, that St. Paul should make the essence of the gospel consist, not in the belief in Christ, or in taking up the cross of Christ, but in the hope of his coming again. Such, however, was the faith of the Thessalonian church; such is the tone and spirit of the epistle. Neither in the apostolic times, nor in our own, can we reduce all to the same type. One aspect of the gospel is more outward, another more inward; one seems to connect with the life of Christ, another with his death; one with his birth into the world; another with his coming again. If we will not insist on determining the times and the seasons, or on knowing the manner how, all these different ways may lead us within the veil. The faith of modern times embraces many parts and truths; yet we allow men, according to their individual character, to dwell on this truth or that, as more peculiarly appropriate to their nature. The faith of the early church was simpler and more progressive, pausing in the same way on a particular truth, which the circumstances of the world or the church brought before them." —I. 46.

Only it is not on "a particular *truth*," but on a particular *error*, that the "pause" of faith was here made;—an error found or implied, as our author observes, "in almost every book of the New Testament; in the discourses of our Lord himself, as well as in the Acts of the Apostles; in the Epistles of St. Paul, no less than in the Book of the Revelation." Mr. Jowett does not evade the difficulty. In an admirable essay on this special subject, he frankly states the facts, traces their influence on the early church, accepts them as among the limits which human conditions impose on Divine revelation, and shows from them, how, even in God's highest teachings, He leaves much truth to be drawn forth from time and experience.

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"It is a subject," he says, "from which the interpreter of Scripture would gladly turn aside. For it seems as if he were compelled to say at the outset, 'that St. Paul was mistaken, and that in support of his mistake he could appeal to the words of Christ himself.' Nothing can be plainer than the meaning of those words, and yet they seem to be contradicted by the very fact, that, after eighteen centuries, the world is as it was. In the words which are attributed, in the Epistle of St. Peter, to the unbelievers of that day, we might truly say that, since the fathers have fallen asleep, all things remain the same from the beginning. Not only do 'all things remain the same,' but the very belief itself (in the sense in which it was held by the first Christians) has been ready to vanish away." —I. 96.

It is the infirmity of human nature—an infirmity irremovable by inspiration—to translate eternal truth into forms of time, to throw colour into the invisible till it can be seen, and look into any given infinity, till finite shapes appear within it, and it is felt as infinite no more. The soul tries, as it were, every apparent path from spiritual apprehension to scientific knowledge, from deep insight to clear foresight, from perception of what God *is*, to vaticination of what he *does;* but she ever finds herself stopped, and sooner or later has to return into her place and abide alone with the Holy Presence that will not tell His counsels but is ever there Himself. From the world of Divine reality into that of transient phenomena there is no bridge found as yet; and only He whose footstep needs no ground can pass across. We know somewhat on both sides; but the chasm between vindicates its perpetuity against all invasion. *Vision*, for faith; *prevision*, for science;—this seems to be the inviolable allotment of gifts by the Father of Lights. And whoever overlooks this rule, and, inspired with discernment of what absolutely is, ventures to pronounce what relatively will be, embodies his truth in a form whence it must again be disengaged. The deepest spiritual insight is ineffectual to teach *past* history; it is equally so to teach *future* history. The moment you lose sight of this fact, and expect the sons of God to *predict* for you, you confound inspiration with divination, and will pay the double penalty of missing the truth they have, and being disappointed at that which they have not. It is not always much otherwise with themselves; the light which they *are*, they do not *see;* and that which shapes itself before them, and becomes the *object* of their minds, is but the shadow of human things, deepened and sharpened, perhaps also misplaced, by the preternatural intensity. By its very inwardness and closeness to the soul's centre, God's Spirit may express itself chiefly in the unconscious attitudes and manifestations of

the mind; especially as it is these that often leave the most ineffaceable impressions of character upon others, and may, therefore, be the vehicle of a more life-giving power than any purposed teaching or more conscious authority. The disappointment of an avowed prediction, or the error of an elaborated doctrine, no more affects the Divine inspiration at the heart of Christianity, than the miscalculations and failure of the Crusades disprove their Providential function in the historical education of mankind. Mr. Jowett takes up the question from another side, and shows how the faith in a future life, though not directly *given*, necessarily disengaged itself in the end from the expectation of the coming of Christ.

"We naturally ask, why a future life, as distinct from this, was not made a part of the first preaching of the gospel?—why, in other words, the faith of the first Christians did not exactly coincide with our own? There are many ways in which the answer to this question may be expressed. The philosopher will say, that the difference in the mode of thought of that age and our own, rendered it impossible, humanly speaking, that the veil of sense should be altogether removed. The theologian will admit that Providence does not teach men that which they can teach themselves. While there are lessons which it immediately communicates, there is much which it leaves to be drawn forth by time and events. Experience may often enlarge faith; it may also correct it. No one can doubt that the faith and practice of the early church, respecting the admission of the Gentiles, were greatly altered by the fact that the Gentiles themselves flocked in; 'the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force.' In like manner, the faith respecting the coming of Christ was modified by the continuance of the world itself. Common sense suggests that those who were in the first ecstasy of conversion, and those who after the lapse of years saw the world unchanged and the fabric of the church on earth rising around them, could not regard the day of the Lord with the same feeling. While to the one it seemed near and present, at any moment ready to burst forth; to the other it was a long way off, separated by time, and as it were by place, a world beyond the stars, yet strangely enough, also having its dwelling in the heart of man, as it were the atmosphere in which he lived, the mental world by which he was surrounded. Not at once, but gradually did the cloud clear up, and the one mode of faith take the place of the other. Apart from the prophets, though then beyond them, springing up in a new and living way in the soul of man, corrected by long experience, as the 'fathers one by one fell asleep,' as the hopes of the Jewish race declined, as ecstatic gifts ceased, as a regular hierarchy was established in the church, the belief in the coming of Christ was transformed from being outward to becoming inward, from being national to becoming individual and universal,—from being Jewish to becoming Christian."—I. 99.

With the apostle Paul, however, the "coming of Christ" occupies the place of our "future life." The *living* mass of disciples, waiting till then for the "redemption of their bodies," fill the foreground and largest space in the scene; the rising of the dead is the subsidiary fact, needful to the completeness of the gift of life in Christ. On this crisis, supposed to be so near, his eye was exclusively fixed whenever he spoke of the Christian's "salvation;" and could he have been told that no such crisis would come, that, for fifty generations, the present order of the world would vindicate its stability, we cannot imagine what shape his faith would have assumed; whether he would have made light of all these centuries, have said that with the Eternal "a thousand years are but as one day," and still have opposed to one another the *αἰὼν οὗτος* and the *αἰὼν μέλλων*; or, whether he would have found that the distinction was evanescent, and the kingdom of God was to be not sent hither, but to be created here; or how, in either case, he would have represented to himself the state of the innumerable dead. These are questions which did not arise for him; and it were vain to conjecture his solution. He is engaged with other problems;—all, indeed, having reference to that never-doubted crisis, and arising out of its manifold relations, yet so treated by him as to detach them unawares from their origin, and give them a permanent place in the religious consciousness of men. *Who* were to be the subjects of that salvation? How were they *qualified?* By what act of God's, and what temper of their own, to reach the blessing? What present *assurance* had they of this approaching good? It is in dealing with these questions that St. Paul darts from his objective theology into the deepest recesses of human experience, and fetches into expression spiritual truths that transcend their incidental occasion, and will remain valid while there is a soul in man.

In the apostle's habit of thought there is a certain antique *realism* which renders many of his doctrines and reasonings almost unpresentable before a modern imagination. With our sharp notions of personality, of the entire insulation of each mind as an individual entity, of the antithesis of inner self to the outer everything, we are quite out of St. Paul's latitude, and shall be perpetually taking for figures and personifications what had a literal earnestness for him. The universe is with him full of Agents that for us are only Attributes,—the theatre of certain *real* principles (*i.e.* principles having existence independent of us), that carry out their tendencies and history among themselves, and upon and through individual men, as organs or media of their activity. Thus, *Sin* is neither the mere voluntary unfaithfulness of the transgressor, nor the person of the tempter;

but *both* of these; and that not apart from one another or alternately, but blended together under the conception of a universal element of evil, having its objective focus in Satan and its subjective manifestation in man. In like manner its opposite, *Righteousness* (Justification) is not exclusively human rectitude, or the Divine justice, or *imputed* goodness substituted for genuine; but less ethical than the first, less forensic than the last, and more ontological than either; that element, we may say, in the essence of God which sets man at one with Him, and is the common ground of their harmonious relation. Around these two contrasted principles, others, equally conceived as real elements, and misunderstood as mere attributes or phenomena, group themselves on either side. With the former is *Death*,—the pair being *gemini*, not simply joined by decree of God in time, but inseparable *in rerum naturâ*, coordinates by physical necessity; and *Flesh*, the material or medium that furnishes the endowments of sense, and instinct, and the natural will, and affords to Sin its seat and hold upon us; and *Law*, the discriminating light that parts the mixture of good and evil, and, on entering into us, brings the slumbering evil into the conscious state, and so makes it sin relatively to us, and simultaneously shows us the good without adding to the force for producing it. With the latter—Righteousness—are conjoined *Life*, the positive opposite of Death, and, like it, a function of the moral as well as the natural constitution, the immortal energy inherent in sinless being; and *Spirit*, the absolute essence of God, present as the vivifying source of whatever transcends nature,—a faint susceptibility, felt only to be overmastered, in the sons of Adam,—a conquering power, coalescing with the personality itself, in Christ and his disciples,—and a spontaneous flow of higher life seizing on converted men as organs of its charismata; and *Faith*,—the opposite of Law,—the passing out of ourselves to embrace unseen relations, to make conscious appropriation of the Spirit, and thus enter into union with Christ and God. Even this most subjective of all the great principles of the apostle's theology, is more than a mere private and personal act. As common to all the disciples,—the simultaneous gaze that connects them as a whole with Christ,—its single threads pass out and become a converging web. As something other than the act (of obedience) which men were under bond to render, it is a new institute of God, and, relatively to them, reads itself off as *Grace*. As opposed to Law, in which there is a delivery of the Divine will *into* men, it involves a *drawing* by Divine love of an affection *out of* men. And under all these aspects it acquires something of that indeterminate character, subjective and objective at once, which its

associate-elements possess in a much higher degree. The same mode of thought is traceable in another form. The apostle exhibits the providential scheme of the human race by distributing them into two successive *gentes*,—the earthy or natural, the heavenly or spiritual; and lays down all the predicates of each direct from the personal history of their respective heads, Adam and Christ. Whatever is true of the founder is considered as known of the followers: the phenomena of his existence spread themselves inclusively to theirs. He is regarded, not simply as a representative individual, while they are the represented individuals; but as a *type* of being within which they are contained, and which in its history and vicissitudes carries them hither and thither. Condemnation and redemption take place by *Kinds*, and fall on particular persons in virtue of their partaking of these kinds. Settle the attributes of the species, as found in its archetype, and you know what to say of individuals. It is not difficult to understand this way of thinking so long as the apostle applies it, as a naturalist might, to the *Adamic gens;* and argues, that being made of earthy materials (χοϊκοί), and having the focus of personality in σάρξ, with no adequate counterpoise of πνεῦμα, it is the seat of sin and death. But it is less easy to follow the apostle's meaning when he similarly identifies Christians with Christ, and transfers, or rather extends to them, all the great characteristics of his existence. They are crucified to the world. They are "all *dead*" with him: they are "buried with him" in baptism: they are "risen with him:" their "life is hid with him in God." And while this is true of *living* disciples, he is no less "the first-fruits of them that sleep;" his resurrection is but the first pulsation of an act that next proceeds to theirs, and then completes the transformation of the living. All this is meant for more than rhetorical analogy. With Christ, and in Christ, took place a re-constitution of humanity. Of the new man, he was the ideal and archetype; inverting the proportions of σάρξ and πνεῦμα, and having his essence and personality in the latter, so as to render sin an unrealized possibility and death a transitory accident. The spirit in him which evinced its life-giving power in raising him from the dead, is no more limited to his individuality than flesh and blood were the attributes of Adam only. It spreads to the whole family of souls springing up into his kindred; it flows into them as they look up to him in faith, and are reborn to him: it repeats in them the fruits it produced in him,—the sacrifice of self,—the dying-away of passion and pride,—the heavenly love that darts upon the wing whither the bleeding feet of conscience fail to climb,—together with many "a gift less excellent," of

healing and of tongues. The consciousness of this new heart, set free with Divine affections, is immediate evidence of their union with Christ, of the Real Presence of his Spirit within them, of their substantive incorporation into his essence, and therefore of a restored harmony and even oneness with God. To what extent the apostle supposed that this transformation of nature, by partnership in the properties of the heavenly Christ, might be carried in the living disciple, it is not possible to say. It amounted to "a new creation;" and among the "old things" that had already "passed away," he probably included more than the moral habits and feelings of the unconverted state; and conceived that the same spirit by which these died out was purifying also the bodily organism of the believer, and leavening it with antiseptic preparation for its final investiture with immortality. That last "change," like the resurrection itself, is not regarded as an external miracle, suddenly forced on an uncongenial material by mere Almightiness; but as the last and crowning stage of an internal development, whose principle had long been active,—the emergence from all entanglement with "flesh and blood" of that spiritual element which in Jesus "could not be holden of death," and which, dwelling in his disciples, already deadened and damped the vitality of the σάρξ, and would at last quicken the σῶμα with imperishable life. Thus it is that "Christ" is not to St. Paul an historical individual, but a generic nature,—the archetype of a spiritual species, sharing his attributes and repeating his experience.

Cleared as a stage for these contending principles, the universe witnesses their co-existence and antagonism from the beginning to the end of time.

The great drama has two main acts, and the cross of Christ divides them.

The first is a descending period, accumulating the force of evil to a pitch of frightful triumph. The second is an ascending period, at whose goal the last enemy is gone.

In the opening scene of the first, extending from Adam to Moses, both Flesh and Spirit were there; not yet, however, in conflict; but the latter sleeping as a mere susceptibility, and the former having its own way in the instinctive life of man. The state was not one which, had the comparison been made, would have accorded with the Divine will. It was therefore really, though unconsciously, a reign of Sin, as was proved by the presence of Sin's inseparable sign;—the generations *died*.

The next scene was marked by the introduction of *Law*. The effects were, to bring into full consciousness the sin before unmarked, and so make it exceeding sinful; to set man at

variance with himself by giving him discernment, and quickening his longing and his fear, without any new spring of force; and actually to multiply transgressions by enumerating and suggesting them.

Hence, at the close of the period, an utter rotting away of human society, and a confirmed moral incapacity of the widest sweep. The spontaneous law of nature and the written law of Moses being equally set at nought by Gentile and by Jew, any promises God might have given fell through, from human breach of the conditions. This was the moment seized for instituting a new creation; the promised Messiah of the Jews being the vehicle of its accomplishment, and the link of connexion between the old and the new.

All the Messianic conditions were *fulfilled*,—the right tribe, the right family, the right personal marks and characteristics. But they were also *transcended*. Along with the human infirmities and liabilities, was present, in this archetype of a new race, the Spirit in such full measure as to constitute his proper self, or at least, win that centre by complete victory over nature and temptation and surrender of all he had and was to a Divine Love. As he had baffled and held off Sin, Death had so far no business with him. Yet what was to be done? for there were conflicting claims upon him. Sinless in himself, he was of a sin-doomed type, the *likeness* of sinful flesh (ὁμοίωμα σαρκὸς ἁμαρτίας), and therefore liable to the incidents of such a race. This was at least his property by nature. At the same time, he was internally and essentially of the opposite type; the image of God (εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ), and so, foreign to the mortal fate, at once imperishable and life-giving. In the person of this double nature, the contest between the antagonists must come to an issue; and while *both* gain their due, it is the last triumph of evil, the first opening of eternal good. Sin recognizing in his suffering and mortal frame its own physical counterpart and shadow, strikes him with death, exerting for that end its own "strength" and instrument, "the Law." But in thus carrying its curse upon the guiltless, it overreached and spent itself; and the Law, lending itself to such an act, fell into self-contradiction, and disappeared in suicide. He died, therefore, in virtue of what was really foreign to him, as *representative* of a Sin which was not his, but which yet involved him, as human, in sorrow and mortality. But no sooner had this happened, than his "Righteousness" vindicated its power. He came out of death, which *could not keep* one so holy: and now, escaped from nationality, and placed aloft as the ideal of the new humanity, his vivifying spirit penetrates the heart of men below, and taking them on the side of faith a-

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love instead of will, kindles a divine fire that burns up the dead elements of the "old man," and wraps the "heavenly places" and the earthly in a common blaze. By spiritual affiliation with him, his disciples enter the essence of all holy and immortal natures. And so it comes to pass that, through the incidence of sorrow and death in the wrong place, an objective power of "righteousness" is set free, that reconciles mankind with God, and restores them to sanctity and life. The past and the future of humanity were concentrated, just at the turning point between them, in one person: the natural element, bearing the burthen of the past, perished and fell away: the spiritual and divine principle, containing the germ of the future, asserted its inextinguishable life; and from heaven evinced its self-multiplying power, making him only "the first-born of many brethren."

Thus was the second act initiated, which also presented two successive scenes. During the first, the Christ was still in heaven; and his Spirit on earth, having the community of disciples for its organ or "body," stood in presence still of the opposing powers. In the world, it encroached upon the province of evil continually, and reclaimed a citadel here and there. In the church, if it infused as yet no *perfect* grace, it left its "earnest" everywhere;—ecstatic gifts and mystic insights; hearts set free from pride and scorn, and brought to the meekness and gentleness of Christ; the self-seeking will surrendered; the anxious conscience led to trust; the tangles of thought smoothed out by a wisdom not its own; and outward distinctions reduced to nought by faith, and hope, and charity. Nevertheless, Satan disturbed the κόσμος still: and even the children of the Spirit were but prisoners yet, and felt the tent of nature but a poor abode. They had yet to wait for their full adoption; when the tabernacle in which they groaned being dissolved, they should be invested with an unwasting frame.

This was reserved for the final scene, the coming and the reign of Christ. At this culminating crisis, the antagonism which in Adam was as yet unfelt from the ascendency of nature, was to die out and cease on the absolute triumph of the Spirit. Physically, death was to disappear; the departed being finally re-instated in life, and the living "clothed upon" with their new garment ere yet they were stripped of the old. Morally, the remnant of inner strife and temptation, that even the faith of saints might leave unappeased, would pass away, aspiration be harmonized with achieving power, and in conscious presence of the objects of deepest affection and reverence the sighs of separation would cease. As soon as resistance was

over, and there was nothing to subdue, the separate function of God's redeeming and sanctifying Spirit would find no work; "the kingdom would be resigned to the Father;" "the Son would be subject;" and "the Trinity would cease."

Whether the Apostle's vision of trust was really of universal sweep, and included even those who should still be found astray at last, is a question difficult of direct determination; but not very doubtful when tried by the general scope of his doctrine. Mr. Jowett's judgment, given in the following passage, truly seizes, we think, the feeling of St. Paul. The author is commenting on the parallel drawn between Adam and Christ, especially on the words, "As by one man's transgression sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and has shown that they do *not* teach any imputation of Adam's sin.

"It is hardly necessary to ask the further question, what meaning we can attach to the imputation of sin and guilt which are not our own, and of which we are unconscious. God can never see us other than we really are, or judge us without reference to all our circumstances and antecedents. If we can hardly suppose that He would allow a fiction of mercy to be interposed between ourselves and Him, still less can we imagine that He would interpose a fiction of vengeance. If He requires holiness before He will save, much more, may we say in the Apostle's form of speech, will He require sin before He dooms us to perdition. Nor can anything be in spirit more contrary to the living consciousness of sin of which the Apostle everywhere speaks, than the conception of sin as dead, unconscious evil, originating in the act of an individual man, in the world before the flood.

"On the whole, then, we are led to infer that in the Augustinian interpretation of this passage, even if it agree with the letter of the text, too little regard has been paid to the extent to which St. Paul uses figurative language, and to the manner of his age in interpretations of the Old Testament. The difficulty of supposing him to be allegorizing the narrative of Genesis is slight, in comparison with the difficulty of supposing him to countenance a doctrine at variance with our first notions of the moral nature of God.

"But when the figure is dropped, and allowance is made for the manner of the age, the question once more returns upon us—'What is the apostle's meaning?' He is arguing, we see, *κατ' ἄνθρωπον*, and taking his stand on the received opinions of his time. Do we imagine that his object is no other than to set the seal of his authority on these traditional beliefs? The whole analogy, not merely of the writings of St. Paul, but of the entire New Testament, would lead us to suppose that his object was not to reassert them, but to teach, through them, a new and nobler lesson. The Jewish Rabbis would have spoken of the first and second Adam; but which of them would have made the application of the figure to all mankind? A figure of speech it remains

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still, an allegory after the manner of that age and country, but yet with no uncertain or ambiguous interpretation. It means that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth;' that 'he hath concluded all under sin, that he may have mercy upon all;' that life answers to death, the times before to the times after the revelation of Jesus Christ. It means that we are one in a common sinful nature, which, even if it be not derived from the sin of Adam, exists as really as if it were. It means that we shall be made one in Christ by the grace of God, in a measure here, more fully and perfectly in another world. More than this it also means, and more than language can express, but not the weak and beggarly elements of Rabbinical tradition. We may not encumber St. Paul with the things which he 'destroyed.' What it means further is not to be attained by theological distinctions, but by putting off the old man and putting on the new man." (II. 166.)

On surveying the picture of time and the history of humanity that lay beneath St. Paul's eye, the question naturally arises, What is its significance and value for us? Manifestly not those of an absolute guide through the labyrinthine depths of the divine counsels. "We can scarcely imagine what would have been the feeling of St. Paul, could he have foreseen that later ages would look not to the faith of Abraham in the law, but to the Epistle to the Romans, as the highest authority on the doctrine of justification by faith; or, that they would have regarded the allegory of Hagar and Sarah, in the Galatians, as a difficulty to be resolved by the inspiration of the apostle." * We cannot say of him less than Mr. Jowett says of a greater than Paul, that in many places "his teaching is on a level with the modes of thought of his age," (I. 97). The ultimate point towards which all the lines of his expectation converged, and all the history of the past appeared to gaze, we know to have had no existence where he placed it; and as the whole scheme was laid out to lead up to this, it might seem to disappear as the fabric of a dream. Yet it is not so; and the very fear implies that we look in the wrong place for the permanent amid the evanescent in the gospel. Religion,—revealed or unrevealed,—is no production of the systematizing intellect—inspired or uninspired. The workings of constructive thought follow, not lead it. Their function is not creative, but simply adaptive; to find a settlement and orderly method of being and growing for some new principle of divine life, or for some old principle in an altered scene; to ward off from it uncongenial elements, remove dead matter that chokes it, and surround it with conditions whence it may weave its organism around it and send deep roots into the mellowed soil

* Jowett, ii. 142.

of humanity. Divine truth is the coming of God to man, pathless and traceless: theologic thought is the retrogressive search of man after God, not by "*His* ways which are past finding out" and invisible as night, but necessarily by such tracks as the age has opened and another age may close or change.

The manifestation of supernatural realities to the human soul involves so much which is mysterious and unique, that only under great qualification can we compare it with the known mental processes. But were we to conceive of it less by the analogy of scientific discovery, and more by that of artistic apprehension, many an embarrassment would be saved. In a work of high art, you *give* a Phidias or a Raffaelle *his subject;* he necessarily takes it from that which stirs the heart of his time, and has a solemnity for his own; and you do not find fault that there is mythology in the group, or Mariolatry in the picture. Through the conceptions of one time there speaks a feeling for all; and the representation may be immortal, when the thing represented has long been historical. Nor is it that the work only reflects honour on its author's name. It springs from an inner harmony with the very heart of things, and it gives a new expressiveness to life and nature, and leaves behind a self-luminous spot in the world, where there was "gross darkness" before. Hence it looks into the eyes, and finds the soul of one generation after another; and, amid the change of materials and the succession of schools, keeps alive the very sense by which alone "materials" can be wielded and "schools" exist. With just the same result do the accidental and temporary media fall away from early Christianity; disengaging a residuary spirit that takes up the life of all times, touches a consciousness else unreached, and breathes upon the face of things till the meanings writ there with invisible ink come into clearness before the eye. If it please God, instead of spreading at our feet the things to be seen, rather to quicken our vision till we see them where they are, it is revelation all the same; only deeper and more various; not an incident of position, but a power that can migrate in place and time, and read the Providential perspective everywhere. This profounder insight into divine relations it has been the especial office of St. Paul to awaken; and none the less that the flashes by which he gives it are incidental and unconscious, and do not proceed from the Rabbinic lamp which he holds up to his apocalyptic pictures. Indeed, it is he, in great measure, that has carried Christendom into regions other than his own. His thought is everywhere penetrated with an intense heat, leavened with lightning, that fuses the mass containing it, and runs off alive for other media to

hold it. The revelation to him of Christ in heaven set in action all the resources of his nature, and gave them a preternatural tension. The sentiments which found satisfaction, the intimations which came into expression, in his form of doctrine, are now for ever *human*, fixed in the self-knowledge of men by his faithful words, and sure to transmigrate into other forms, when their first embodiment will hold them no more. What does the doctrine of the *Parusia* (Coming of Christ) express but the human thirst after immortality and consciousness of a progressive nature? And so much is the apostle's later exposition of this hope divested of what is special to himself, that to all ages since it has struck upon the ear of mourners along with the very toll of the funeral bell; and though often indistinct to their mind, it has jarred with no falsehood on their heart, but sounded like an anthem in the dark,—great music and dim words. It needed only time and events to transmute the doctrine into that of a future life. For it included,—in order to meet the case of those who had "fallen asleep,"—the conception of a path, through death before the time, "to depart and be with Christ;" only that this was the minor provision, the by-path of the early few. Reopened, however, as it always was when a disciple passed away, it became an ever more familiar road; and experience had but to negative the opposite direction by leaving it untraced, in order that the upward track should become the *via sacra* of human faith. And can any one doubt what the *justification by faith* means, when construed into the language of universal experience? It means that God wants more from us, and also less, than the anxious will can do; more, because He wants ourselves; less, because He does not want our niceties of work. It means that we are called to spiritual heights we strive in vain to climb; that the most patient feet, step after step upon the ground, will but stand upon the earthly mountains after all; and it is the fiery chariot of love and trust that must bear us into heaven. It means that there is an affectionateness in God that looks to what we are, rather than what we do, and more readily speaks to us of communion than of obedience. True, this is but another way of saying what our religion elsewhere more ethically expresses, that God requires our perfect service, and yet has forgiveness for what is imperfect. But this statement, though it means also that heaven is open to the pure, intent, and single heart, touches a spring less deep and strong. It divides the integral and living fact, even in regard to God, by describing it as a demand of the whole, and then a subtraction of a part; and so exhibiting it rather as a dissolution of justice, than as truth and wholeness of love. And the Pauline doctrine appeals with far more immediate

power to human consciousness, especially to that third of mankind whom a fervid enthusiastic mind renders little accessible to the cold solemnities of duty. And, finally, if we are insensible to the grandeur of St. Paul's teaching as to the universality of the gospel, it is not more because it is entangled with the question of Jew and Gentile, than because the sentiment has become the common atmosphere of Christendom, and we feel not its freshness, because it blows not on us as a breeze, but *only* as our breath of life. Let Mr. Jowett remove from us the spell of our indifference.

"Let us turn aside for a moment to consider how great this thought was in that age and country; a thought which the wisest of men had never before uttered, which even at the present hour we imperfectly realize, which is still leavening the world, and shall do so until the whole is leavened, and the differences of races, of nations, of castes, of religions, of languages, are fully done away. Nothing could seem a less natural or obvious lesson in the then state of the world; nothing could be more at variance with experience, or more difficult to carry out into practice. Even to us it is hard to imagine that the islander of the South Seas, the pariah of India, the African in his worst estate, is equally with ourselves God's creature. But in the age of St. Paul, how great must have been the difficulty of conceiving barbarian and Scythian, bond and free—all colours, forms, races, and languages—alike and equal in the presence of God who made them! The origin of the human race was veiled in a deeper mystery to the ancient world, and the lines which separated mankind were harder and stronger; yet the 'love of Christ constraining,' bound together in its cords those most separated by time or distance; those who were the types of the most extreme differences of which the human race is capable.

"The thought of this brotherhood of all mankind, the great family on earth, not only implies that all men have certain rights and claims at our hands; it is also a thought of peace and comfort. First; it leads us to rest in God, not as selecting us, because he had a favour unto us, but as infinitely just to all mankind. To think of ourselves, or our church, or our age, as the particular exceptions of his mercy, is not a thought of comfort, but of perplexity. Secondly; it links our fortunes with those of men in general, and gives us the same support in reference to our eternal destiny, that we receive from each other in a narrow sphere in the concerns of daily life. Thirdly; it relieves us from all anxiety about the condition of other men, of friends departed, of those ignorant of the Gospel, of those of a different form of faith from our own, knowing that God, who has 'thus far lifted up the veil, 'will justify the circumcision through faith, and the uncircumcision by faith;' the Jew who fulfils the law, and the Gentile who does by nature the things contained in the law." (II. 126.)

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What the doctrine of universality in the Divine government

was to that age,—as new and as transporting,—is in our own "the clear perception of the moral nature of God, and of his infinite truth and justice." This is one of the many deep sayings, sad and wise, quietly dropped by our author in a series of disquisitions, that show, among other things, how well he understands its scope. Everywhere his care is to disengage Christianity from the theological conceptions fastened on it by a coarser age; and, having restored the purity of its moral vision, to enlarge its horizon to the whole extent of modern knowledge and experience. Penetrating beneath the figures natural to St. Paul,—the very changes of which show them to *be* figures,—he finds that nothing can be more abhorrent from the apostle's thought than the doctrine of "satisfaction," which is hunted down, in every form, with exhaustive and indignant logic; that even the analogy of sacrifice "rather shows us what the death of Christ was not, than what it was;" and that to draw us into union with Christ, to fix our eye on his pure self-renunciation as "the greatest moral act ever done in this world," to keep us in a mood that harmonizes our trust in God with our distrust of ourselves, and to suggest more than can be explained of hope and peace to a reconciled world, are the real functions of his death, as of all the stages of his existence. This pure type of faith emerges, we venture to affirm, without straining the rights of the interpreter. The rest and freedom it gives to the mind is singularly evident in the fine essay on Natural Religion. The author sets forth from the Christian centre, and consciously marking where he passes the boundary of the apostolic view, surveys and brings to its religious place the whole outlying realm of nature, history, and life, that was unknown to Scripture, but is fact to us. The great Gentile religions, now discriminated and interpreted, and ascertained to follow certain laws of development; the Heathen philosophies, purer and brighter as history passed on; the Natural Religion which is the counterpart of these in Christian times and holds its place by the side of revelation; and the ordinary state of character in morally good but unspiritual persons, (state of "nature" rather than of "grace,") are reviewed and estimated with a breadth of observation and a delicacy of reflection singularly impressive. Indeed, the literature of religious philosophy affords few nobler productions than this essay. With how true a hand and bright a touch is the following picture drawn! We will but hang it up in our reader's imagination, and leave him to commune with it alone.

"It is impossible not to observe that innumerable persons—may we not say the majority of mankind?—who have a belief in God and immortality, have nevertheless hardly any consciousness

of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. They seem to live aloof from them in the routine of business or of pleasure, 'the common life of all men,' not without a sense of right, and a rule of truth and honesty, yet insensible to what our Saviour meant by taking up the cross and following him, or what St. Paul meant by 'being one with Christ.' They die without any great fear or lively hope; to the last more interested about the least concerns of this world than about the greatest of another. They have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, or the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness. Often they are remarkable for the purity of their morals; many of them have strong and disinterested attachments, and quick human sympathies; sometimes a stoical feeling of uprightness, or a peculiar sensitiveness to dishonour. It would be a mistake to say they are without religion. They join in its public acts; they are offended at profaneness or impiety; they are thankful for the blessings of life, and do not rebel against its misfortunes. Such men meet us at every turn. They are those whom we know and associate with; honest in their dealings, respectable in their lives, decent in their conversation. The Scripture speaks to us of two classes, represented by the church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the friends and enemies of God. We cannot say in which of the two divisions we should find a place for them.

"The picture is a true one, and, if we change the light by which we look at it, may be a resemblance of ourselves no less than of other men. Others will include most of us in the same circle in which we are including them. What shall we say to such a state, common as it is to both us and them? The fact that we are considering is not the evil of the world, but the neutrality of the world, the indifference of the world, the inertness of the world. There are multitudes of men and women everywhere who have no peculiarly Christian feelings, to whom, except for the indirect influence of Christian institutions, the fact that Christ died on the cross for their sins has made no difference; and who have, nevertheless, the common sense of truth and right almost equally with true Christians. You cannot say of them, 'There is none that doeth good; no, not one.' The other tone of St. Paul is more suitable: 'When the Gentiles that know not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these not knowing the law are a law unto themselves.' So of what we commonly term the world, as opposed to those who make a profession of Christianity, we must not shrink from saying,—'When men of the world do by nature whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, these not being conscious of the grace of God, do by nature what can only be done by His grace.' Why should we make them out worse than they are? We must cease to speak evil of them ere they will judge fairly of the characters of religious men. That with so little recognition of His personal relation to them, God has not cast them off, is a ground of hope rather than of fear—of thankfulness, not of regret."—Vol. II. p. 416.

ART. IX.—THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

*The Despatches from General Simpson to Lord Panmure, dated the Ninth of September, announcing the fall of Sebastopol.**

A GREAT victory has been won, but we cannot yet tell how great. At this moment the most recent history exactly resembles the most ancient. The narrative of remote antiquity is made up from scattered, short, fragmentary notices of ancient authors, by the acute diligence and laborious ingenuity of speculative scholars. If you see the small scraps of authorities, you wonder at the copious narrative to which they give rise. It is the same with the telegraphic fragments of recent information. The sharp acuteness of eager writers, the painful curiosity of an anxious people, a strong hope, and an interested fancy, soon turn a sentence from Sebastopol into elaborate and flowing composition. But both processes are rather speculative. One ancient historian commonly confutes another ancient historian. The article of September the twenty-first is usually inconsistent with that of the twentieth.

But of one thing there can be no doubt, that the victory is very great. There are many cases in which the seeming truth is far more important than the real truth. Suppose we had listened to Mr. Gladstone, and had made peace three months ago. Conceive—what he did not in reality venture to maintain—that by a principle of "equilibrium," by a limitation of naval forces, we had obtained for Turkey an effectual guarantee,—imagine that Russia had yielded all that was important;—yet every one would have said that she had won. None would have understood the complicated terms; the world would have fancied a baffled expedition. We have now the imagination on our side. While Sebastopol was untaken, peace on any terms would have been a Russian victory; now that Sebastopol is fallen, peace on any terms is a Russian defeat.

Some writers have maintained the contrary. The Germans consider that the loss of 4000 cannon is a "beneficial separation of noumenal force from heavy *matériel*." A Brussels paper discovers that the retreat of Prince Gortschakoff from the city is a military "advantage;" *les braves Belges* having always

* It may be well to state that we are writing on September 22nd.

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thought it an "advantage" to be as far from the enemy as possible. But these speculations will not persuade mankind. If people lose what they have endeavoured to keep, it will be thought that they are beaten; if they have strained every anxious nerve to save what they have lost, it will be added that the intensity of their care truly measures the greatness of their defeat. The Russian loss is especially of this kind. It is said, that when a discerning Frenchman tried to found an Indian empire, one of his first steps was to build a great city, to erect a high column, and to call them "The Pillar and the City of the Greatness of Dupleix." The susceptible fancy of the orientals, which yields too easily to visible and prominent facts, was subjugated at once. The French were everywhere thought the greatest of western nations. Lord Clive broke the spell. Not a stone now remains on the site of the "City of Dupleix." Sebastopol is the City of the Czar. It is the image which he has set up for Jews, and Armenians, and Persians, and Greeks, and Tatars, to worship. It is the sign of his power: it is the type of his empire; the symbol of his right to rule the south. That the French flag floats on the summit of the Malakhoff—that English voices are heard in the Great Harbour—really means that the image is broken, the symbol defaced, the "City of the Czar" no longer a terror amongst the nations.

Nor as we know, though Sebastopol was a city of display, was it a city of mere display. A fanciful observer might call the peninsula of the Crimea a kind of protruding hand, which Russia is putting forth—is about to open upon Turkey. And if the mere territory seems a menace, assuredly that which was upon it, is not less so. It is, perhaps, an abuse of terms to call Sebastopol a "city" at all. It was a station for the navy and army, a depôt for military stores. Not a mercantile ship was allowed to enter one of the finest harbours in the world. The only trades tolerated were those serviceable in supplying soldiers, constructing vessels of war, manufacturing warlike implements. Formerly, in the east, great cities arose on a sudden, because a monarch chose them as the seat of his court; and mounds and tiles and tombs only mark how completely such towns decayed when that sign of favour was withdrawn. It would be the same with Sebastopol. No doubt its site has natural advantages, which in other hands and times might on other grounds become celebrated: but as far as the present town, the existing population—as far as all which makes the present Sebastopol the present Sebastopol—is in the least concerned, a change of policy in the Czar would abolish it in a very few years. If Russia were to confine her plans to the Baltic,

if she were to apply her enlightened attention to the conquest of Iceland, there would be no occasion for the arsenals, the stores, the ships, the soldiers of Sebastopol; the men would be drafted off, the movables be moved, the forts would rot, and the "City of the Emperor" again become the petty Aktiar of the village Tatars.

This is no dream of a hostile or ignorant mind. A cultivated German of rank was a few years ago admitted to the confidence of the Russian Government. Both parties knew he was to write an account of the country, and ample information for that purpose was given him. The crafty administration did not, of course, select a man of original mind. It would have been absurd to cast a man of wise and bold genius into a world of serfs and bribes and peculations and bureaus. What they wanted was a human note-book, an instructed registering-machine. And such they found. M. Haxthausen has carefully inscribed, has studiously annotated, all that he was told; and this is what he has set down on Sebastopol. "The object of the fleet," he says, "is to secure the dominion of Russia in the Black Sea, and this is still further assured by the construction at Sebastopol—at the present moment—of a fortified port of war, which, according to the accounts of competent persons, will not have its equal in the world. When Europe shall have a moment of feebleness—and we may fairly expect this to come to pass after what we have seen to happen in 1848—and when she shall think the time arrived for conquests, then the establishment of Sebastopol will allow this power to take the offensive against Constantinople with equal energy and safety, by making use of the fleet, either to disembark her troops behind the lines of mountains and rivers which perpendicularly on the western shore of the Black Sea cut at a right angle the line of approach on Constantinople, or to strengthen the base of operations of a grand army, by supporting it wherever there are ports along the Euxine."

It is strange to think of the fortunes of the "fortified port of war." So far from being a basis for aggression, it is a point for defence. So far from "taking the offensive against Constantinople with equal energy and safety," every soldier she contained has been required to man her walls, every gun in her forts has been required to maintain those forts, every fort and battery in her vast circuit has done its utmost in defence, and has failed. The energy of the defence, the prodigies of labour, the masterpiece of ingenuity, have made evident the importance of the failure. "Certainly," says M. Haxthausen, "the military position of Russia, in a war against the Ottoman Porte, has undergone *une modification capitale*" by the foundation of

Sebastopol. Certainly also it has undergone *une modification capitale* by its fall.

It is curious, too, to compare the actual result with the very recent negotiations. At Vienna there was a copious discussion of how many ships Russia should have; whether as many as Turkey and the Western powers; or as many as Turkey; or a fixed number. She has ended by having no ships at all. The fleet whose enumeration fills so many pages in Haxthausen, is food for the fishes; the noble armament, on each detail of which the placid German dwells with erudite wonder, has not dared to brave one combat with its equals; has fallen more short of its anticipated exploits than any similar fleet since the Spanish Armada; has even exceeded the latter in degradation, for the Russian ships were sunk by Russian hands, and the Spanish braved at least a more daring destruction from winds and waves. So great a failure, so complete a frustration of plans so much meditated, so laboriously executed, is scarcely to be found in civilized history.

It will be inferred from our remarks, that we think that the forts on the north side of Sebastopol will not detain us long. In truth, we only regard them as a halting place, which Prince Gortschakoff has chosen before commencing his final retreat. The case would have been entirely different, if the south side had been taken by a *coup de main*. If Marshal St. Arnaud had lived, if we had assaulted the south side of Sebastopol this time last year, if we had taken it, we cannot doubt that the north side would have given us great trouble and much uneasiness. The Russian energies were then wholly unexhausted. They have now, on at least two occasions, brought down immense forces from an enormous distance; they have at once sent them to the attack, and been repulsed; they have for a very long time sent great supplies across a great tract of country; it is reasonable to think that they have exhausted it. The only wonder is, that they did not do so before. Above all, they have themselves disclosed the position in which they stand. They have now voluntarily abandoned what it was of immense importance to them to have kept—cannon, powder, stores, arsenals, ships. They have set at liberty an immense army of besiegers; they have abandoned their *prestige;* they have lost, rightly or wrongly, the opinion of the world. It is clear they would never have done this, except under the compulsion of an imperious motive, of a strong necessity. Nor is there anything in the step they have taken to remove that necessity. If they wish to maintain a large force in the neighbourhood, they will have to supply it as before; and the aggressive power of the allies is vastly increased. If they

only leave a small force to defend the northern forts, these may be soon invested and certainly taken. Either way, it would seem that there would be not much likelihood of great operations in defence of such a position.

We think, therefore, we are bound to assume that we have obtained nearly complete success in our aggressive operations. We conceive, that if Sebastopol were wholly in possession of the allies, there is little doubt that the Russians would evacuate the Crimea. There would be every military reason for their evacuating it. Its defence requires the transmission of vast supplies across a vast territory, unprovided with means of transmission. There would be no political reason for wishing to retain it. So long as Sebastopol could be defended, it was worth while for Russia to expend any money—to put forth every energy—to sacrifice every man. But when Sebastopol has fallen, it is not worth her while to defend a distant territory, poorly provided with warlike resources, and containing nothing peculiarly eminent in a political consideration. They will doubtless recur to their peculiar tactics of retreat. They will try to retire judiciously and decorously; but they will certainly retire from what it is so costly, so difficult, and so little important to defend.

We have therefore to ask ourselves, what will be the result of complete success? If we drive the Russians from the Crimea, what shall we do? In a military point of view, we do not consider it our province to recommend anything. When the war began, a west-country rustic met a soldier we know at a roadside railway station. The former began, "Well, zir, can you tell I this here? They do tell I, you be agoing to fight agen the old Czar. Now, I can't think, myzelf, however you will take *he*. They do tell I that Rooshie is a very big place, and that if ye do go away right down into the middle of 'n, you won't get at 'n not nohow." Our military friend tried to explain that it was possible to exhaust Russia, by crippling her trade, ruining her merchants, exhausting her resources; but he produced little effect. The reply was, "Well, zir, I hope you be right; I do hope, zame as you do zay, zir, you 'll take *he*." We have always felt that the untutored intelligence of the provincial mind early grasped a great difficulty. If possible, it will of course again be our object to entrap the Emperor into a distant and exhausting conflict at an exposed extremity of his dominions. But if this be impossible, we must wait the slow operation of a commercial blockade—must let the time run on, until ruined nobles, a starving peasantry, disorganized industry, destitute commerce, compel a great ambition to yield. But this, as we said, is for military gentlemen.

The political aspect of affairs is more pressing. It is of great importance that there should be no hasty conclusion of an ill-advised peace. The English, as history shows, are a nation peculiarly prone to this error. Napoleon said, that even at the Congress of Vienna Wellington had peace 'as if he had been conquered.' There are many more marked occasions on which, satisfied with having shown our power, we have relinquished the real causes for which we put it forth. So long as Sebastopol was untaken, it would have been most unpopular to do this. The English people, commercial as they think themselves, are as sensitive as soldiers to a stain on their honour. They could hardly have borne with patience that a great national effort should fail to attain a defined and important object. It represented too, in some sense, the cause; in answer to the refined arguments of our Peelite statesmen—to their subtle questioning of the end and intention of the war—they at heart said, we are fighting for Sebastopol. It became a symbol to the popular imagination; and this we have now lost. In a similar point of view, the death of the Emperor Nicholas was a misfortune to the allied cause. He, as Napoleon did formerly, represented the idea of the enemy. It was felt at Chobham that you must have some fellows in white to run away, and show whom we were fighting with; just so, it was a great advantage to have a Czar who incarnated his cause—to have one single, imperious, stedfast, arrogant, over-weening will, which it was necessary to break or bend. In him we lost our symbol of the enemy; the fall of Sebastopol has removed our symbol of the end.

It is to be hoped that the English people will really remember the cost at which they have attained this great victory. We do not mean the pecuniary loss, great as that is; but the real cost, which our pacific statesmen have so carefully and wisely explained to us. Mr. Gladstone said, on the 27th of May, in one of his most remarkable speeches—"We have seen, a few days ago, with the deepest interest, some of the fainter traces of the desolation of war in the forms of those heroic men who received from the hands of their Sovereign at least an acknowledgment of their glorious deeds. We rejoiced to see that many of those noble forms were again erect, and that they had regained the elastic step of health and youth. But what shall we say to the thousands of our countrymen who sleep beneath the waters of the Black Sea, and under the rocks of Balaklava? What are we to say to our gallant allies, side by side with whom we have been fighting these battles, and whose losses, I believe, have been very severe? If we have lost 12,000 or 15,000 English, and twice that number of gallant French,

great in proportion must be the number of Russians—perhaps four times as many sleep beneath the turf. Nor is there any consolation in what I saw in *The Times* the other day—and the statement has every appearance of truth,—in which it was said that the loss of the Turks was 120,000. (Cries of "No, no, —Russians.") No; that was the loss of the Turks. If we have, then, 15,000 English, between 30,000 and 40,000 French, and 120,000 Turks numbered among the dead as the consequence of this war, it is no consolation to think that 250,000 Russians have been killed. The total number of the slain is nearly half a million; so that, during this war, on an average, the lives of 1,000 of our fellow-creatures have been extinguished daily."

Now is the time when these reflections become valuable. When they were used to prevent our taking Sebastopol, they were most mischievous: during a great effort, it is unwise to dwell on its agony and intensity; but at present we can scarcely think too much of the scenes of carnage, of wounds and groans, of dying men and grieving women. They will ensure us against surrendering the prize of our victory. Let us think, if a thousand men should be slain daily for a barren laurel—half a million, and thousands since for a *status quo!* Let every family which has lost a friend reflect if they would like to have lost him for nothing.

A great help will be the dread of diplomacy, inspired by the Vienna conferences. The English people tend to believe in the utility of recognized institutions. Until lately, it was believed that, though the really important points of foreign policy were not commonly discoverable in dispatches, yet, that in some mysterious latent obscure form they truly existed there. It was the same with the science of special pleading. A gentleman of sense went to law for twenty pounds. His solicitor informed him that his case presented points of professional interest, and would be heard at large before several judges. He attended accordingly to a serious and admirable argument of four counsel on profound points of the ancient science—assignments, replications *de injurid*, rebutters, surrebutters. At the end, he said quietly, "They never mentioned the £20 at all." The day's proceedings cost him £40, and he has never yet been able to see the use of the science. The English people are much in the same position. As to the Vienna protocols, they think those dialogues were "much ado about nothing,"—that no really effectual plan of controlling Russia was at all discussed there,—that so much intellectual refinement is unnecessary on plain and practical topics.

We now understand something about the power of Russia.

The war at the outset was an object, to one party of irrational fear, and to another of irrational contempt. Mr. Cobden was not the only person who thought he could "crumple her up" easily. Gentlemen who had travelled in the east, brought home the idea, which she has so much striven to communicate to oriental nations, of her mysterious, awful, omnipotent might. Lord Grey, if we remember, divided his speech into a dilemma: either she is weak, and you need not defend Turkey from her; or she is strong, and it is of no use trying to repulse her. The exact truth, as we now know, is halfway between these two conclusions: she is so strong that it has taken a year for the two greatest powers in the world to drive her from a single isolated point; she is not so strong as to be able to retain that point against them. It is idle now to talk of her being unable to conquer Turkey, if Turkey were unassisted; it is equally foolish to imagine that she can do so, if Turkey is aided by France and England.

The real point is very evident. It is to prevent Russia beginning any future war with the wonderful advantages with which she commenced this. *We*, it is quite obvious, shall not uniformly be able to command the power and resources which we now possess; we do not know what may be our domestic situation; we may have distant wars of great magnitude, American wars, or Indian wars; we may have a commercial crisis, or a bad cotton crop, or a hundred impoverishing events. Nor can we always reckon on our ally. There is no power upon earth upon which it is so difficult to reckon: because there is no power in which the determining and deciding part of the state is subject to so many changes and fluctuations. After sixty-six years of various revolutions, the most thoughtful observers are content to doubt, whether the conditions of any stable government can be found there. At present we can rely on the judgment of one of the most anxiously discerning of living politicians. But we cannot always hope to be so fortunate. The bullet of an assassin, the transition of events, may again throw the practical government into the hands of a large divided Assembly, in which Russia would soon have a party, and of clever newspapers in which the Czar would invest his capital. What would be the foreign policy of such a period no one can say, but it is not likely to be very consistent or very wise. The position of Western Europe may be so different, that it is most necessary that the position of Russia should not be the same.

The only way to prevent this, is to secure the general independence of the shores of the Black Sea. Mr. Gladstone has strongly and justly insisted on the necessity of looking to

the elevation of the independent nations in that region, and not merely endeavouring to cripple and impair the power of Russia. But the truth is, that it is impossible for those nations to be really independent, so long as what is, in comparison with them, an omnipotent power holds the Crimea. Whatever may be the strength of Russia as respects France and England, there can be no doubt but that over Asiatic nations she has, and from her position must have, the greatest influence. This arises from her wealth, from her magnitude, from her resources; it is quite enough without a vantage ground. If you give to the most powerful nation on the shores of the Black Sea the sovereignty of a peninsula which, from its natural position and evident features, certainly must command the whole of that sea, it is absurd to fancy that anything like independence can arise in any of those nations. A recent writer denies that we can judge of the instinct of animals, because it is kept down and utterly depressed by the preponderating influence of man. We are not responsible for this idea; but are certain that, exactly in the manner supposed, it is idle to expect original energy or free development in small and half-formed nations, which are under the influence of a meddling and enormous power.

The Crimea, therefore, we are clear, ought to be taken from Russia, and should never be given back to Russia. Every other means—especially, we are inclined to think, the conquest of Bessarabia—ought to be taken to free the coasts of the Black Sea from the overweening supremacy of Russia. The thorough opening of the commerce of the Danube, a proper treaty with the Circassian tribes, a complete introduction of Western influence into that part of the world, seem among the most necessary steps. But we are not at present concerned to enter into details, which would require much discussion, and will receive the anxious attention of those practically familiar with Eastern Europe. One thing is certain, that the complete independence of the Euxine is essential to the security of civilization, and that no such independence is possible so long as the Crimea is held and ruled by Russian garrisons.

We turn again to the consideration of the great event which has given rise to these considerations. Such a victory is among the greatest of the gifts of Providence. Independently of its remote effects, and putting out of view the protection which it has afforded us from the menaces of Barbarism and the pride of Despotism, such moments are the life of a country. They send a thrill through the heart of a people. We feel our companionship in great trials, our common posses-

sion of deep feelings. There is little that is truer in human sentiment than the *Te Deum* for a great victory.

In some sense this is peculiarly the nation's victory. The *mens æqua in arduis* has seldom been exhibited by more persons. The war was begun in a manner upon the testimony of Statesmen. All those whom the English people had been wont to trust and honour told them, nearly with unanimity, that a war was necessary. The scene lay out of the line of our customary reflections. It was some time, especially amid the nice perplexities of diplomacy, ere we could estimate the force of different arguments and the value of various considerations. But when the real nature of the subject was thoroughly explained, the strong conviction of the nation became more clear, more true, more persistent than that of the Statesmen from whom it was first derived. In opposition to the *quæstiunculæ* of negotiation, we felt at once that we had commenced a great war for a great object. Most of our Statesmen were chargeable with Mr. Gladstone's reproach of making war for "small, secondary, petty objects;" and, not least, the advocates of a war for the four points, of whom the speaker was one. The nation felt that we were "making war in a just and sufficient cause, that will bear examining in our hearts and consciences, in the face of man and in the eye of God." Lord Palmerston is the only man in the whole House of Commons who has, with strong ability and manly energy, worthily expressed and steadily displayed a high and noble daring. It is not too much to hope that we must make peace as we have made war, on just and sufficient terms; not upon "small, secondary, petty" concessions; but on sure guarantees; with realized intentions; upon a lasting basis; on conditions "that will bear examining in our hearts and consciences, in the face of man and in the eye of God."

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ART. X.—SUMMARY OF THEOLOGY AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN the zealous reformer of the higher education. who represents North Lancashire, has sufficiently remodelled the ancient Universities, he will probably resign to them the care of English theological studies. But meanwhile he seeks to repair their deficiency in courage or learned activity by naturalizing the results of recent German researches in illustration of the Hebrew literature. Under his editorial auspices, and with preface and additions from his pen, appears a well-executed translation of Professor Von Bohlen's Genesis.* In many respects, the book is happily adapted to Mr. Heywood's purpose, of familiarizing English readers with a less uncritical and unhistorical treatment of Scripture than tenacity of dogma allows to prevail at home. The first eleven chapters of Genesis (which is the limit of the commentary) have the charm of a very various interest, carrying wonder and curiosity in every direction,—ethnological, scientific, linguistic, historical, religious. The critic brings the stores of extensive Oriental reading to the elucidation of his text. He possesses whatever art of style or arrangement is needful to an attractive book; and his work is avowedly written, not chiefly to advance Biblical knowledge among the learned, but to distribute it among the schools and families of the educated classes. On the other hand, it is perhaps unfortunate that a treatise intended to procure favour for the *mythic* criticism should be deeply pledged to a very questionable opinion respecting the origin and date of the book with which it deals. Von Bohlen assigns the composition of Genesis to a time unsteadily described as *almost as late* as the exile (I. 311), and elsewhere (II. 161) as *subsequent to* the exile; and, with equal critical paradox, considers the Book of Deuteronomy (which he supposes to have been Hilkiah's forgery in order to work upon Josiah) as the oldest part of the Pentateuch. Could this relative order be proved—nay, were it ascertained that the first book did not precede the fifth by a vast interval—we should never trust the indications of language again. The author's main evidence of so late an origin for Genesis is found in the narrative of the Flood; in the assigned duration of which he detects an acquaintance with the solar year. The beginning of the crisis being referred to the seventeenth day of the second month, and its close to the twenty-seventh day of the corresponding month in the next year, the interval exceeded the com-

* "Introduction to the Book of Genesis, with a Commentary on the opening portion. From the German of Dr. Peter Von Bohlen, late Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Königsberg." Edited by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S. London. Chapman, 1855.

plete lunar year (which the Hebrews used) by eleven days, or nearly so. This, however, exactly makes the solar year of 365 days, with which, therefore, the duration of the event was intended in the original myth to coincide. Confirmation of the conjecture is found in the mention of "150 days" and of "five months" (Genesis viii. 3, 4) as equivalent terms, betraying an acquaintance with the month of *thirty* days, characteristic of the solar reckoning, instead of the proper lunar cycle of *twenty-eight* days. How, then, could a Hebrew compiler have stumbled upon these vestiges of a reckoning other than his own? The *locality* of the legend supplies the answer. The legend is evidently Mesopotamian, shown to be so by the references to Shinar and Ararat, by the cypress-wood and bitumen of the ark, and other indications. Now it is precisely here that Nabonassar introduced the use of the solar year, B.C. 747. Not, therefore, till after that time could a narrative with this feature in it have arisen. It is further argued, that, in order to assign the rains to the right months for such a phenomenon, the year must be understood as beginning in the *autumn*, which was the Babylonian method, and was first adopted by the Jews after the captivity. Neither of these arguments has any real base; and Mr. Heywood has very properly corrected their statements by inserting a critique of Professor Tuch's. The *round* numbers in Genesis viii. fail to establish any reference to the solar year; and if they did, Egypt supplied an older source of familiarity with this reckoning. There is every reason to suppose that, in the narrative of the Flood (if founded on Mesopotamian physical phenomena), the year is meant to be commenced in the Hebrew way, from the spring equinox. And if it were otherwise, we know nothing of the Babylonian year, or of any change of the Jewish reckoning after the captivity, except in the adoption for the months of new names, which, moreover, are not of Chaldean but of Persian origin. In general, Von Bohlen's acumen appears to us more ethnological than chronological; and his tracing of the myths of Genesis to Central Asia is skilful and probable. His appreciation of the interior spirit of the Jewish literature is less conspicuous than his perception of its exterior affinities and analogies; and his book is the production of an Orientalist, to whom Hebrew studies were incidental, rather than of a Hebraist (like Ewald), drawing to his own centre the illustrative treasures of cognate languages and civilizations.

It cannot be exactly said that Christian literature, like Jewish, has its præ-historical period, opening the same boundless field for conjectural combinations that is presented by the antecedents of the Hebrew nation; and yet, though the formation of the church falls wholly within an age of authentic records and intellectual culture, it is surprising how many undetermined, and probably irresolvable, problems lie around the incunabula of Christendom. No one, we suppose, unless previously habituated to the dim light of theological criticism, has ever risen from the study of Lardner's "Credibility," or Jeremiah Jones' "New and Full Method,"—to say nothing of De Wette or Credner,—without painfully feeling the

disproportion between the expenditure of learning and the gain in positive result. The assemblage of probabilities, shaded off from full certainty to free conjecture, respecting the precise age and origin of the New Testament writings, is very far from sustaining the sense of secure authority with which, prior to such study, the mind is accustomed to repose on Scripture. How much too high is the tone of ecclesiastical assumption and teaching upon this subject, becomes strikingly evident the moment an attempt is deliberately made to exhibit its warrant in historical evidence. Such an attempt—made, too, in a spirit of candour, and with sufficient apparatus of learning—is Mr. Westcott's "History of the Canon of the New Testament,"* one of the new Cambridge Theological manuals. The author's purpose is to trace to the sub-apostolic age the idea and use of a *written rule* of faith; to identify that written rule with our present New Testament; and to show how, after the time of Hegesippus, the books, previously in separate circulation or process of gradual collection, were detached as a whole from the mass of ecclesiastical literature, till, in the period after Diocletian's persecution, the usage of the church was defined and ratified by councils. It does not fall within the scope of the treatise to compare the books *inter se*, or touch upon their *separate* history and claims, but only to treat of them as a collection, and under the assumption of their unity. Mr. Westcott, in short, writes the history, not either of living persons or of tangible products, but of that shadowy thing, *church authority;* and, taking for granted that it must always have existed *somewhere*, he embodies it, first, in the apostles themselves; next, in apostolical tradition; and finally, as the immediate disciples of the apostles passed away, in the New Testament. The author carries into the execution of this design a careful and painstaking scholarship; and in the course of his work checks, by the exercise of good critical judgment, some of the more hasty of Schwegler's decisions. But the design itself appears to us unhappily conceived, and incapable of successful execution. The idea of "a canon," or authoritative rule, being of later date than the writings to which the term is applied, and arising only as an after-thought, fixed upon them when their place had been settled, is no proper clue to their earliest relations, much less to their genesis. The "*History* of the Canon" must either commence with the date when the group of writings existed as an authoritative whole, and tell us its travels and adventures afterwards; in which case no light is thrown on the anterior period and process of growth; or it must go beyond the limits of its title, and investigate the *formation* of the canon; and, in this case, it is quite impossible to take the New Testament as a whole, and shun the inquiry into the separate origin of the particular books. Mr. Westcott's book is neither the one nor the other. If you want to know what became of the New Testament after it had assumed a recog-

* "A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the first four Centuries." By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge. Macmillan, 1855.

nized unity, his *history* does not help you. If you want to know the birth and fortunes of each book on its way into the collection, this also he declines to tell; for it concerns the parts and not the whole. The only thing he really gives you is, the history of the several books' *estimation* in the world, from the first notices of them to the time when their repute was fixed. Considered as a list of *testimonials* in favour of the canonical writings, our author's work deserves the praise of great diligence and manifest conscientiousness. Unfortunately, neither the nature nor the amount of this external attestation is such as to lead to any very satisfactory result, apart from the interior analyses and general survey of early thought and opinion, which Mr. Westcott declines. For instance, the first period of which he treats (A.D. 70—170) is that within which all the disputed literary dates are included; the most hesitating critics admitting that St. Paul's greater epistles were prior to the opening, and the fourth gospel to the close, of this interval. Indeed, it is within the first half of this century that the interest, for our question of authenticity, practically concentrates itself; for, if a gospel or epistle does not declare its existence before that boundary (A.D. 120) be passed, it matters little to its authority whether its first attestation be a few years earlier or later. What, then, do we gain when all the apostolic fathers have passed through the witness-box? At most, a testimony to the Pauline epistles, excluding Thessalonians, Colossians, Titus, and Philemon, to Hebrews, James, 1 Peter, 1 John; no testimony to any of our gospels; references to the outline of Christ's history, but no citations from his discourses, and no notice of his miracles. We say "*at most*," because, to obtain even this result, the epistles of Ignatius (shorter recension) and Polycarp are treated as genuine, against the judgment of critics like Hilgenfeld, who assigns them to a date as low down as A.D. 168. If these are excluded, the evidence limits itself to four or perhaps five of the epistles. The historical books have to wait for their witnesses till it is too late to prove, in this way, their character as contemporary records; and the whole stress of the investigation is necessarily thrown upon the contents of the books in relation to the general history of the early church. Even the next period (A D. 120—170) does not at once relieve the long silence respecting the gospels; the anonymous "Memoirs" of Justin Martyr, with their curious textual deviations from our evangelists, presenting an intermediate phenomenon, suitable neither to the non-existence nor to the completed existence of our present gospels. Mr. Westcott resists this inference, and accepts Justin's citations as references to our synoptic gospels. We find no new element in his argument; but he states the facts correctly, and enables his readers to check his conclusions by re-combining the evidence, if they will. His book, indeed, is throughout a serviceable repository of selected facts bearing on the earliest literature of Christianity. Weak as an argument, and too inorganic for a history, it is useful as a critical catalogue of citations and testimonies from the various sections of Christendom in the first four centuries.

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We confess to a certain feeling of satisfied expectation when a prize essay turns out to be a sufficiently dreary affair. Especially when it undertakes to establish the most solemn truths, we cannot but be aware of an incongruity between the incentive and the product; and rejoice that success should reserve itself for some higher inspiration, and prove to be beyond the command of human will. Some such consolation as this, we think, every reader of the first Burnett Prize Essay * will require; for a heavier task than the conquest of these two volumes we have not encountered since we laid down the last production of M. Comte. When we multiply in our imagination this treatise by 208 (the number of competitive essays sent in), we are affected with the profoundest compassion for the adjudicators, and can only hope that, after their labours, exhausted nature is permitted, by Mr. Burnett's will, to fall back on a handsome retiring pension. With Mr. Thompson's fundamental principles we are not greatly at issue, though often wishing for more precision in their expression and directness in their application. His attempt to retrace his way back to the actual psychological source of our faith in God, rather than to "underpin" it by an artificial logical construction, is every way praiseworthy. In fixing also upon the "principle of causality" as a real source and justification of the belief, he remains, we apprehend, on the right track. Further, in drawing the notion of cause from the act and experience of perception, as immediately giving to us the antithesis of *self* and *other than self*, he resorts, in our judgment, to its proper seat. So far he has Sir W. Hamilton for his guide, and walks securely. It is at the next step, when, from the dualistic relation between the Self and Nature, he passes to the third existence, God, that his movement appears to waver and his eye scarcely to see its way. The Ego, he says, is simple; the non-Ego is diverse: the simple may stand of itself, as if its own cause; the diverse, on the other hand, requires, by the law of causality, to be gathered up into a comprehending unity. Over and above the distinct cause demanded by each separate perception, there is needed also an all-embracing cause giving oneness to the multifarious contents of the whole sphere opened by perception. This higher term of causation is the Infinite Self-existing God. In this view we pass out, at two stages, from ourselves; first, into Nature, thence to God, who is the source of the objective world, as, again, the objective world is of our perceptions.

There are, therefore, *two sorts* of causation; one, merely secondary and material and unintelligent; the other, primary and spiritual; both, found for us by one and the same "principle of causality," at two successive pulsations; both, satisfying its demands; and the second being wanted only because the first is a plurality instead of a unity. Had it then been otherwise; had we been landed, not upon a

* "Christian Theism: The Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being." By Robert Anchor Thompson, M.A., In two volumes. London. Rivingtons, 1855.

diverse, but upon a single "percept," all else remaining the same, the causal principle would have been satisfied at the first and purely physical stage. And should the dynamics of science ever succeed in resolving separate natural forces into more comprehensive terms, till some one embraced them all, that one would fulfil all the required conditions, without having taken up any of the spiritual attributes of God. The only way to avoid this consequence, is to make all Causality homogeneous, and identify it with Will; to show that, in its psychological essence, Cause *means* Will; that the psychological law of Causality, therefore, *requires* Will; that the notion of *Force* is an artifice of abstraction, made by *expelling* the spiritual element, or neglecting it, for mere purposes of computation and prediction of phenomena. In this way the principle of Causality *is*, rather than *contains*, the principle of Theism, and no second step has to be taken. Mr. Thompson, however, after reaching the one Infinite Cause, has to trust to the teleological argument, to turn that Cause into Mind or intelligent Spirit; that is, he excludes *other* sorts of causation, by pointing to *design*, which is the special characteristic of this. "*Design*," however, (which means end-*in-view*,) is not a phenomenon that can be observed or exhibited at all; it is an invisible mental fact that may be supposed or inferred, in order to explain visible relations and successions; but to mention it as *in* Nature, is simply to *assume* it as *behind* Nature. All that can be *perceived* is Order; and it is not clear to us how any one, *who once admits the reality of secondary or physical forces*, can maintain that they may be known by this mark,—that they produce *dis*order, while mind produces *order;* so that the presence of order excludes them, and indicates mind. What effects, other than orderly, do the so-called "physical forces" produce? Are they not detected precisely by tracking the analogies and unravelling the tangle of phenomena? And are not their "laws" simply our record of their method of order? If any Causations, other than mental and personal, be once admitted as real in the universe, the security of Theism, we must think, is fatally compromised. These, however, are abstruse metaphysical questions, and would have called for little remark, had Mr. Thompson thrown a preponderant strength into the *moral* side of the argument, and adequately interpreted the surmises of Conscience into a revelation of a holy God. But this part of his subject, though entered upon with the right clue in hand—of human freewill and natural consciousness of moral distinctions,—is less impressively treated than the more purely intellectual evidences in the first volume. The author seems to us not to be of one clear mind with himself in dealing with moral theory; for while he attributes *character* to God, and strongly insists on His holiness; he yet speaks of the Divine Nature as being that on which the law of right *rests;* and says that agreement with His Nature is that which constitutes truth,—disagreement with His Nature, that which makes a lie. (I. 333.) It is plain, moral qualities cannot be the *predicates* of One who, whatever He be, constitutes them by being what He is. We cannot but think that, if Mr. Thompson

had surrendered his mind to the treatment of Natural Religion alone, he would have seized and held ethical truth with a firmer grasp. But he had before him the task of taking up into one organism with his philosophy, a scheme of dogma of which it is impossible to render any moral account; and, in order to keep room for his special theology, constant resort must be had to the principle that right and wrong may be one thing in man, and another in God; and, therefore, we must abstain from forming any moral estimate of what the creeds ascribe to God. The author's scriptural theology is presented in the baldest way; the usual doctrinal list,—Adam first sinless, then fallen; hereditary depravity, and universal damnation; atonement by the sacrificial blood of the incarnate Son of God; eternal punishment of those who are not saved. These doctrines are invested with no life; they apparently never have given him any trouble; he shows not the faintest passing appreciation of any suffering or scruple from them; but deals with them in a hard external way, as given propositions which his logic has to manipulate as best it may. Those who, with the best modern interpreters of the English church, revolt from the "hereditary taint on Adam's posterity,"* as neither credible nor scriptural,—who find in the words, 'sacrifice,' or 'satisfaction,' or 'exhibition of Divine justice,' "the moment they pierce beneath the meaning, something which is irreconcileable with the truth and holiness of God,"†—are kept at a distance as "infidels," and desired not to sit in judgment on God. We do not think that an author whose ideas of revelation are, that "God used to converse with men in visible form," (II. 162) —who holds to the Mosaic chronology, (II. 257), and to the accounts of the Deluge and the Tower of Babel as historical, (II. 268),—is entitled to assume the harsh tone of superiority which characterizes his book, towards the class of men whom, we presume, he wishes to persuade; and especially towards a writer from whom, in more genial temper, he might, without any compromise, learn so much, intellectually and morally, as Mr. Newman.

* See Jowett's "Essay on the Imputation of Adam's Sin." Epistles of Paul, vol. ii. p. 162.

† Ibid. "Essay on the Doctrine of Atonement," vol. ii. p. 474.

[*The remainder of our quarterly Summary of Theology and Philosophy is unavoidably deferred.*]

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Art. XI.—SUMMARY OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AND ECONOMY.

"*The Limited Liability Act*, with Observations and Notes, by Charles Wordsworth."* This edition of the late measure on limited liability is specially intended for lawyers, but from circumstances contains observations suited to a more extensive circle.

The origin of the measure is not one to which it is pleasant to recur. There have, we think, been few occasions upon which, in this country, the admirers of free government have had so much reason to feel doubt and distrust. The question was great; the arguments on either side fit for popular statement; all intelligent men interested;—yet the discussion in Parliament was poor; the speeches in favour, rambling; those against, narrow and confused. The Act which was at last passed, was passed in a hurry; omits the most interesting part of the subject; was only pressed through the Upper House by an allegation that many persons were waiting for it to invest much money: has little purpose except to enable numerous capitalists to invest considerable funds. The rest of the subject was hastily postponed.

The measure as it now stands can indeed scarcely be considered as containing a principle new to the law. By the previous legislation, the Board of Trade had power to license companies to engage in commerce with an exemption from unlimited liability. By the present law, the conditions of obtaining the privilege are made statutory; the discretion is superseded; any company can obtain a limitation of liability on stated terms. The Act, therefore, is in the nature of a Parliamentary Charter to particular companies, and scarcely embodies a new maxim of legislation.

The promise of the government to deal next year with the remainder of the question, and especially to enable individual lenders to individual persons to obtain a limitation of their liability, without the machinery of a joint-stock company, still gives an interest to the recent pamphlets on the subject.

The most remarkable of these published† during the present quarter is that of Mr. Potter. It is not, indeed, on what we think the right side; nor does it embody with skilful diligence everything which may be said on the wrong side; but it is written with an evident knowledge of the scene of action; expresses the thoughtful results of attentive observation; and as may be expected from

* W. G. Benning and Co.

† This pamphlet, we believe, was *anonymously* printed a short time previously. Its exact title is, "Practical Opinions against Partnership with Limited Liability," by Edmund Potter. John Chapman.

this description, states at least one plain difficulty which it is necessary to remove.

"*If*," says he, "*limited liability is to be conceded*, I conceive it would be just to capital, and to individual owners, that such capital ought to be placed on the same footing as joint stock, in fact only liable for its own amount. Let A. B. give notice that he is going to trade with £5000 in a particular concern, and for that amount only ought that business to be liable; thus you would remove all restriction;—refuse this, and you keep a restriction on individual capital, *(but not on subdivided,)* certainly not compatible with the *Economist's* theory of freedom in partnership."

"I say," he adds, "treat all capital alike (admitting exceptional cases in regard to charters); make it all responsible. You cannot do this, as I have stated, if you absolve one £5000 because it is merely cut up into shares, and at the same time refuse like immunity because another £5000 is worked by an individual. Admit other systems, and you hold out a premium to irresponsibility, you encourage a moral cowardice, a shifting of risk, in contest with full fair responsibility; not, at all events, consistent with my ideas of political and economical fairness."

The answer to this is, that the apparent inequality arises from the nature of things. Consider the state of the old law. If the directors of an insurance company inserted (as they always did, and indeed, since the new Act does not extend to insurance companies, will still be obliged to insert) a stipulation into their policies, that neither they, nor any other shareholder in the company, should be liable for more than its capital stock, the law would have enforced the contract. The fund out of which payment was to be made was defined; the machinery of a joint-stock company secures its being separated from the other funds of the shareholders; kept apart from them by the appointment of auditors, really invested in their business. The law, therefore, when an express contract was made to look only to that fund, could and would enforce that contract. But if an individual were to give the notice which Mr. Potter supposes, there would be no real fund to be found. Nobody could tell that the £5000 ever was in the business—was ever separated from the trader's other funds; had ever an existence at all. It is of the essence of an agreement to restrict our demands to a specific fund, that the fund in question should be specifically held to meet those demands. There is no reciprocity, otherwise, in the bargain; if we agree to look to £5000, the £5000 should be really kept for us to look to. In the case Mr. Potter supposes, if the liabilities of the special business were only £2500, yet those who had made the contract which he imagines might never receive £250. The other liabilities of the trader might be enormous: it would be impossible to say *what* £5000 of his property was to be specially kept for the £5000 creditors: they would have no claim *in rem* to compensate for their relinquishment of their claim against the person and general funds of the trader. The law would set the agreement aside as unilateral and impracticable. The same principle applies when the limitation of liability results from legislative permission, and not from express and verbal agreement. It is abso-

lutely necessary before parties, one or many, should claim to restrict their liability to a particular capital, that they must so fix and isolate that capital, as to ensure its being solely, or at least, in preference, liable to those demands. This, and not any desire to treat individual capital unfairly, is the ground of the inequality to which Mr. Potter objects. So anxious has the legislature been to carry out this principle, and strictly define and keep apart the special funds of the limited company, that it has enacted, that "no note or obligation given by any shareholder to the company whereof he is a shareholder, whether secured by any pledge or otherwise, shall be considered a payment of any money due from him on account of any share held by him, and no loan of money shall be made by any such company to any shareholder therein:"—that if the directors pay dividends out of capital, they should be personally liable to the extent to which they have done so:—that an auditor shall be nominated by the Board of Trade, to see that the accounts are duly kept, and the provisions of the Act observed. It would be impossible to make parallel stipulations in the case of an individual.

A great deal of severe criticism has been applied to the Act, for its inapplicability to the case of the working classes. Apparently in this spirit Mr. Wordsworth writes:—

"The company is still to be formed and regulated under the 7 & 8 Vict. c. 110; and every one familiar with joint-stock companies knows how troublesome and intricate the provisions of that statute are. The machinery is not suited to work a small capital. The minimum capital of a company with limited liability is £250. No solicitor would undertake to establish a company, taking all preliminary steps, preparing the deed of settlement, &c., for a sum less than £100, at the lowest estimate. If, then, it is desired to form a company with the minimum capital of £250, there is at once an absorption of two-fifths of the company's funds before it can begin to work! What can be more absurd? And this on the supposition that all the shares are paid up; whereas the statute only calls for 20 per cent. to be paid by the shareholders before a certificate of limited liability is granted; that is, £50 on the £250! It follows, that a company having a small capital cannot be economically established. This objection may be added to the one already stated—that the machinery is not suited to work a small capital."

We have little sympathy with these objections. So far as the necessary provisions for registration, &c. of joint stock companies can be made cheaper, so much the better—the less is the friction of our industrial machinery. But, so far as the working-classes are concerned, the tendency of the times is rather to afford them artificial facilities by incomplete formalities, than to restrict their rights by complexity of legislation. We would not tolerate needless encumbrances on the incorporation of associations of any class; but we would not give the working-classes a hair's-breadth of special facility. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether it will be of real advantage to them. There is much force in Mr. Potter's observation:—

"Pursuing, then, briefly, the question of the practicability of profitably working joint-stock establishments by the working classes, nothing can be more absurd to the thought of parties like myself, than the idea of conducting any concern, where the workers are all, or in great part, partners or shareholders. Instead of the theory that each has an interest working for good to all, a feeling of jealousy would be created; each would regard his fellow-workman with a master's eye, measuring the quantity and quality of his work, constantly sitting in judgment on his neighbour's value as a workman, with little benefit truly to his own producing power. In fact, suspicious watchfulness would interrupt that continuous industry which the master now takes care to insure, and which, in fact, a master only *can* secure or estimate. A workman ought to have no other care than the simple discharge of the duties named in his contract; if he fulfils these honestly, he performs his duty to himself and his employer. I believe that the substitution of joint-stock working amongst hands, (supposing it at all practicable) with its jealousies and consultations, and the want of a ruling, decisive power, to meet questions hourly arising, would be a tenfold greater mischief even than the evils of strikes, to the hands themselves. They, wanting knowledge,—a want not to be supplied, except by a very slow process, as it were, the work of a generation,—would be influenced by feeling, led by others below the average even of themselves in real worth, in a contest with practised and successful individual energy."

In the second place, the class of working-men who would benefit by such special facilities are even now undue favourites of our social system. The really distressed and degraded classes of our poorer population—the boors of Dorsetshire and the Irish of St. Giles'—could no more take advantage of such an Act, than bottles could start a gin company, or ploughs an agricultural one. The high-paid skilled artizan is at present the luckiest man in the State. He pays far the least taxation; the income-tax just stops short of him; he is infinitely more comfortable than the clerks of the middle classes; he has no "appearance" to maintain; the long code of enjoined and unenjoyed expense does not press upon him; he can lead, if he chooses, a long life of remunerative labour and wholesome comfort. It is only a very weak philanthropy which can ask a special sympathy for such persons.

The most important portion of the subject relates to the middle classes. Mr. Field very justly observed, that the present law was unduly favourable to the "speculative man." There is a great deal of capital in the hands of persons who have saved, and cannot employ it; there are a great many people close by their side, who have every wish to employ that capital—who have talents which just fit them for employing it, an education which fits them for nothing else; there is absolutely nothing which forbids those who have, lending to those who have not, except the present law, which says, that if they do so on the natural and suitable terms—"Make what you can of it, and let us have what you can make of it"—the only terms which are really fair and reasonable—the lender shall be liable to lose, not only the amount of the loan, but likewise everything else which he has in the world. This is the really important part of the subject; the speculative man, who is willing to pay to banks and discounters on extravagant interest, is unduly

raised in the social scale; the economical man is discouraged by an unnatural reduction in the interest of his money; the prudent trader is deprived of his legitimate capital; yet it is this part of the subject which our rulers—our Parliament especially—have selected for neglect.

By way of contrast to the strictly practical nature of the last subject, Mr. Jennings* has given us a dissertation on the abstract theory of political economy. The preface commences boldly:—

"The object of this treatise may, perhaps, be best explained by pointing to a passage in the history of philosophy, which, frequently as it has been referred to, has always proved a trustworthy exponent of the principles of scientific discovery.

"When the astronomers of the Ptolemaic school undertook to explain the courses of the heavenly bodies, they taught 'that the real motions of such beautiful and divine objects must necessarily be perfectly regular, and go on in a manner as agreeable to the imagination as the objects themselves are to the senses.' They accordingly ascribed to each of these intricate courses a geometrical form, which they conceived to be the most perfect—a method admirably simple, easily understood, and vitiated only by this defect, that it does not faithfully represent nature. 'Having settled it in their own minds that a circle is the most perfect of figures, they concluded of course that the movements of the heavenly bodies must all be performed in exact circles and with uniform motions; and when the plainest observation demonstrated the contrary, instead of doubting the principle, they saw no better way of getting out of the difficulty than by having recourse to endless combinations of circular motions to preserve their ideal perfection.'†

"The science of astronomy, at this stage of its growth, was in much the same state as political economy now is."

It is somewhat difficult to explain the mode in which he thinks the Copernican political economy is to be founded. Certainly, in as far as we can discern, there is nothing in this book especially new in the way of results. If the new science be what *seems*—we speak diffidently—to be indicated in this volume, it is very like the old one. We scarcely notice a startling conclusion. We do not, indeed, coincide in the whole of it, but we do not think our author will falsify, in more than one case, the dictum of Coleridge, that it is no longer possible to discover even a new *error* in the moral sciences. A new nomenclature, of course, there is. Mr. Jennings seems to have been a good deal impressed by the relation of political economy, as the "science of property," to the material world in which that property exists. He has thought that it was needful to analyse the nature of that property, as it exists externally, and likewise the nature of the sensations and perceptions by which we know and enjoy it. He takes, accordingly, a distinction between primary and secondary commodities,—the first of which are objects of "common," and the second of "special" sensation; these terms being employed, he tells us, in the language of physiology, the last

* "Natural Elements of Political Economy," by Richard Jennings, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Longman.

† Herschel's Natural Philosophy, p. 97.

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to denote the sensations transmitted by the five senses, and the first to denote all other sensations. The description of labour is still more peculiar.

"Having investigated the former of these provinces of sensation, and observed whatever appeared to touch most nearly the subject of political economy, we may now enter on the consideration of the latter, if, indeed, the toilsome sensations experienced during the performance of productive labour are properly expressed by the word pain. These sensations, conveyed like all others to the sensorium by means of the afferent nerves, are, as we have seen, distinguished from the sensations attendant upon consumption by this characteristic, that whereas, when commodities are consumed, fruition being the object of the action, the agency of the afferent trunks of nerve-fibres is then paramount, and the efferent trunks act in a subsidiary capacity, when commodities are produced, the agency of the efferent trunks is paramount, and the afferent trunks subserve to indicate the direction and the degree in which muscular contractility ought to be exerted, and to convey those sensations of toil from which the producer would gladly escape, but which are inseparably attached by nature to protracted labour."

There are a great many other definitions and descriptions which may be safely neglected. If we were to venture to describe the work generally, we should say it was a translation of Economy into the language of Physiology. There is of course no occasion for any such translation. The mere publication of such works is significative of the present state of the moral sciences. These branches of knowledge—and the remark is particularly applicable to political economy from its congeniality to men of business—are at present truly but vaguely conceived. A large number of people comprehend a great portion of them rightly; but each has some error. No one can give an account in quite precise and accurate language of conclusions which are universally adopted; around every principal term is a slight mist of ambiguity; at the edges of each truth a small belt of indefinitiveness and confusion; but still on the whole, the broad truths are broadly conceived, fairly explained, fairly acted on. Every now and then some reasoner, who is rather subtle than comprehensive, is vexed at this state of things, and wishes to set it right by a more elaborate analysis, a more exact definition, a more precise and delicate disquisition. Thus with Mr. Jennings; his immense apparatus of definition and discussion will seem to a man of business to end in nothing: all he will carry away is the somewhat amazing conclusion, that, in the present state of the world, "*no* taxes are to be imposed for merely fiscal ends," there being so many which ought to be imposed for moral ends,—which is all that we know of Copernican political economy

Some of these remarks are applicable, though with modifications, to Mr. Macleod's "Theory and Practice of Banking;"* a book which is not accurately described by its title. It would have been

* "Theory and Practice of Banking, with the Elementary Principles of Currency, Prices, Credit, and Exchange." By Henry Macleod. Longman.

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better described as a history of banking, and a theory of "all things." It begins by stating—

"Many of the works already existing on these subjects (currency and banking), are excellent in several respects, and contain much valuable information, but it must be admitted that the widest and most fundamental differences of opinion upon almost every point prevail amongst them, and that there is no one which is so comprehensive and systematic, or has investigated the subject with such accuracy, as to be generally accepted as an authority."

He has accordingly designed to go regularly through these topics, and set at rest all their controversies; and has, with that end, gone profoundly into several subjects not exactly or strictly appertaining to his particular design, especially the laws of copyright, the "natural" rate of wages, the theory of value, the substances used as currency, &c. &c. We are not inclined to agree with Mr. Macleod as to the extent of the disagreement which he conceives to exist on the subject of currency. It seems to us, as we have just said of the rest of political economy, that the main topic is truly though vaguely conceived. One or two practical questions certainly remain open; there are many terms of which the definition is partially unsettled,—many propositions of which we cannot tell the exact and precise limits; yet, on the whole, most persons who attend to the subject have nearly the same opinion on nearly all of it, and there can be no doubt that this opinion is substantially sound. At any rate, the greater portion of it coincides with that which Mr. Macleod has set forth. Here and there, of course, there are points of novelty. Mr. Ricardo is the writer most contrasted with the literary philosophers who have proposed to put a sharp edge on the terms and dogmas of the science. He was essentially a man of business, and set down his opinions concisely and barely, as if he had been writing a letter of business to a person desirous of knowing his meaning, and took no pains to give the explanations which a cultivated theorist would think necessary. Accordingly, Mr. Macleod begins by criticising his theory of value.

"It has often been said that the value of an article depends upon its *cost of production;* thus, the late Mr. Ricardo, in speaking of corn, said that the 'cost of production did not the less vary, and that must regulate the price;' and again, 'no principle was more true than that the cost of production was the regulator of value, and that demand only produced temporary effects.' A little observation shows that this measure, however plausible in theory, is so rarely practically true as to be of little service. If it were true, it would mean that a perseverance in producing any article at a great expense, if continued long enough, would in the end succeed in raising its value, whereas it is quite clear that if it were produced in greater quantities than required, its value would infallibly fall, and it may very easily happen, that while the cost of production increases, the value diminishes. The value of an article depends not upon the cost of its production, but upon the necessity which the purchaser has for it, at the time of the purchase, or the degree of benefit it renders him. Thus, in the instances above mentioned, when a crust of bread is given to a famishing man, who had no other resource within his reach, what appreciable proportion did the cost of the crust of bread bear to the value of the service rendered? Abso-

lutely none. Just in the same way, in the case of the boatman saving a man from a wreck, what would the value of the hire of the boat for an hour or so be, compared to the service rendered?"

In terms, unquestionably Mr. Ricardo's theory is exactly applicable to commodities capable of being indefinitely increased by human labour. What he meant may be thus expressed:—all things are valuable in proportion to the desire there is for them, and the difficulty there is in obtaining them: but in the long run, things which are of equal cost, that is, take equal trouble and expense to produce, will be produced in exact proportion to their desirability; and therefore, of such articles there will be most of those which are most wanted, fewest of those which are least wanted; the extra quantity in the supply will compensate for the extra intensity of the demand; and *very* desirable things of any cost will be equivalent, and only equivalent, to *rather* desirable things of the same cost. Ricardo had no idea that a person, by continuing to produce at a "great expense," might raise the price of the article; he would have said, no one will produce except with a fair prospect of pecuniary profit; and if he can obtain the ordinary profit, the article he sells will be of the same price as others produced with the same labour, and the same capital. In endeavouring to criticize Ricardo, Mr. Macleod has fallen into a serious scientific error. He says—

"The rule, then, which determines price, may be expressed in this way. *Price varies directly as the intensity of the service rendered, and inversely as the power of buyer over the seller*, which may be thrown into an arithmetical form, thus,—

$$\text{Price} = \frac{\text{Intensity of service rendered.}}{\text{Power of Buyer over Seller.}}$$

This expression, properly interpreted, will be found to be of universal application, and to comprehend all transactions of whatever nature they be, whether by way of wages, rent, or price, of which we shall give a few examples."

Now this may be true—though oddly expressed—for brief moments; but it is very unscientific to put it forward as an ultimate regulator of value. The power of "buyer over seller" is only a new expression for the supply of the article in the market. If a man can buy what he wants elsewhere, he has much power; if he cannot, he has none. And it is obvious that the supply of articles capable of indefinite augmentation by human labour can never be one of the facts in the last resort regulating their value. Men must have some motive for producing so long as they produce, and some motive for ceasing when they do cease to produce; and this motive it is the duty of the political economist to discover and assign. As has been stated, it is only on special points that there is novelty in Mr. M'Leod's speculations. He is a disciple of Mr. Tooke, and irritably opposed to the *Scotch* Act of Sir R. Peel. There are many good explanations of detail in the work; the system of cash credits in Scotland is very elaborately explained. The following criticism on accommodation-bills is clear and just:—

"It is easy to show how much more dangerous it is for a bank to discount accommodation paper than real paper. Suppose it has discounted B's accommodation acceptance to A, then B, on the face of the instrument, is the principal debtor to the bank, which will of course make B pay; but as it is A's duty to provide the funds to enable B to pay, if he fails to do so, B has his immediate remedy over against A. So that if the bank presses B, he will immediately press A, just as every other surety is entitled to recover from his principal. But if A be not in a condition to pay up immediately, and has other bills current in the bank, the latter dare not press B, for fear of ruining A, and inducing a greater catastrophe. Now if A gets ten of his friends to accommodate him with their names, and discounts these bills at his banker's, it is A's duty to provide funds to meet every one of these bills at maturity. If the bills were real, it would be the duty of the ten acceptors to provide funds to meet them, and the bank would have ten real principal debtors, nor would the bank hesitate to press any one of them who failed in his engagement. As all these accommodation acceptors were most probably induced to lend their names to A on his promise to provide funds to protect them, they in all probability took no pains to provide any funds to meet them, as few persons would put their names on an accommodation bill if they really thought they would have to pay it, and they are most probably ignorant of each other's transactions. In the case of real bills, then, the bank would have ten persons who would each take care to be in a position to meet his own engagement; in the case of accommodation paper, there is only one person to meet the engagements of ten. Furthermore, if one of ten real acceptors fails in his engagement, the bank can safely press the drawer; but if the drawer of the accommodation bills fails to meet any one of the ten acceptances, and the bank suddenly discovers that it is an accommodation bill, and they are under large advances to the drawer, they dare not for their own safety press the acceptor, because he will of course have immediate recourse against his debtor, and the whole fabric will probably tumble down like a house of cards."

The style is very clear. On the other hand, there are some crotchets,—an idea that "credit is capital," a great deal too much elaboration in the simple explanation, and a great deal too great length in the book altogether.

A great contrast in style and conciseness are Mr. Rickards' "Two Lectures on the Funding System."* These comprise an excellent summary of the most important elements of the subject; and, as is the case with such explanation when really excellent, suggest much that is very valuable on matters more abstruse and complicated. Mr. Rickards was a good deal induced, he tells us, to publish these lectures by the work of Mr. Newmarch, to which we devoted some space in our last number. We are happy to be able to cite Mr. Rickards as an authority in favour of the conclusion at which we then arrived, viz. that the older view of Mr. Pitt's loans was the sounder view, and that Mr. Newmarch has failed to show that the nation has obtained any real equivalent for the obvious and enormous augmentation of burden which she has entailed upon her-

* "Two Lectures on the Funding System, and on the different Modes of raising Supplies in Time of War, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Trinity Term, 1855." By George K. Rickards, M.A., Professor of Political Economy.

self. The public mind will doubtless continue to believe that it is a spendthrift policy to borrow £50 on condition of repaying £100. Nor will the refined calculations of numerous actuaries make any real impression on that idea. On most points we are happy to coincide with Mr. Rickards. We are not, however, disposed to agree with him in his adoption of Dr. Chalmers's theory of "war prices." That eminent economist believed that one effect of loans to the government was a rise of general prices throughout the country. He explains his view in a passage quoted by Mr. Rickards:—

"The sum borrowed by Government is withdrawn from commerce and manufactures, and must, to the extent of its power in producing commodities and bringing them to market, lessen the supply of those commodities.

"Should Government borrow £20,000,000 for the exigencies of the current year, there are, in that year, £20,000,000 worth less of commodities brought to the general market than there would otherwise have been. But there is nothing in this transaction between Government and so many of the capitalists of the nation, that can affect either the power or the inclination of buyers to purchase. There is as effective a demand as before, but a diminished supply: the same expenditure on the part of customers, but, on the whole, £20,000,000 worth less of enjoyment in return for it."

Mr. Rickards allows that in a progressive country, in which loans may be supposed to be taken from the annual savings and accumulations of the nation, this remark would not apply. It may be doubted, indeed, if it ever has any truth. If government contract a loan, and thereby withdraw £20,000,000 from the existing capital, this would mean that Rothschild would lend them that sum; that other lesser houses in London would lend it to Rothschild; that people in the country would lend it to the lesser London houses; that the loanable capital—the money-market, both in town and country—would be unequal to the demands which it had formerly satisfied. Banks and money-lenders must lend £20,000,000 less, and the people who would have borrowed that £20,000,000 must buy £20,000,000 less. It is obvious that persons who borrow, do so with the view of purchasing something. Take the case of a brewer: if he borrow £1000, it is because he wants more malt, more dray-horses, more waggons; if, from any circumstance, he ceases to be able to borrow it, the effect is a diminished demand for waggons and dray-horses. The error of Dr. Chalmers arose from his forgetting that a trading capitalist is, *ex vi termini*, a continual purchaser. Dr. Chalmers, it is plain, regarded him as a mere seller, without taking into account the mode in which he obtained the articles which he sold; and we are surprised at so acute and sound a writer as Mr. Rickards repeating such a mistake.

The crop of currency pamphlets which precedes the periodical renewal of the Bank charter seems beginning. We have one entitled, "The Errors and Evils of the Bank Charter Act of 1844, as divulged by Lord Overstone (late Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq.), in his Lordship's Evidence before the Select Committee of the House of

Parliament, appointed to inquire into the Causes of the Commercial Distress in the year 1847. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Macdonald."* The writer is wroth "because ignorant men have made a law, declaring that bank notes shall be convertible into a *fixed* quantity of gold, in defiance of, &c. &c."

Mr. Leone Levi has written an odd book, under the imposing title of "The Law of Nature and Nations as affected by Divine Law."† He has given us substantially a Peace tract. He says: "The question of the illegality of capital punishment and war, are indissolubly connected. If Divine law sanctions our killing a person who commits or attempts to commit murder at home, it will necessarily follow, that we may kill a foreigner, or many such, who make or attempt to make an aggression upon our country." He seems, if we understand him, to believe that the right of one man to kill another in self-defence existed in the so-called state of nature, but ceased on the institution of civil society. His great idea, however, is the application to this subject of the "divine law." A writer who can consider the Bible—New Testament as well as Old—to be opposed to war and capital punishments, is not one with whom it is wise to commence a discussion.

A good many pamphlets crowd our table, which, however, only fall within the scope of this summary, when they either state or elucidate some truth of abstract theory. "The National Debt no Debt at all,"‡ is a pleasing title suggestive of the sponge. After reading it, we are at a loss to know if this was the writer's meaning. He explains that the "national debt" is only a perpetual annuity, and then digresses on the folly of giving "pensions," *i. e.*, annuity, to wicked persons who have aided governments to carry on wicked wars. The discussion between Mr. Howe and Mr. Hincks, on the right of colonists to posts in other parts of the empire, and in the mother-country, derives an interest from the appointment of the latter, a Canadian, to the governorship of a West India Island.

* Richardson, Brothers. † Cash.

‡ "Speech of the Hon. Joseph Howe on the Union of the North American Provinces, and on the Right of the British Colonists to Representation in the Imperial Parliament, and to Participation in the Public Employments and Distinctions of the Empire." Effingham Wilson.

"Reply to the above, by the Hon. Francis Hincks, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Canada." Ridgway.

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A LIST OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR READING SOCIETIES.

Phœnicia. By John Kenrick, M.A. 1 vol. Fellowes.

Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover. By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. Bentley.

Maud. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Moxon.

[Reviewed in Article VI.]

Lyra Germanica. Hymns translated from the German. By Catherine Winkworth. 1 vol. Longman.

[This is a faithful, harmonious, and delicate translation of fine, sometimes very fine, German hymns.]

The Works of Professor Wilson. Vol I. Being the first volume of Noctes Ambrosianæ. Blackwood.

[Lavish in imagination, and sometimes in power. The less gentle personalities should not have been republished.]

The Newcomes. By W. M. Thackeray.

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. 1 vol. Smith and Elder.

[Reviewed in Article IV.]

The Old Court Suburb. By Leigh Hunt. Hurst and Blackett.

Street's Brick and Marble Architecture. Murray.

The Phasis of Matter. Being an outline of the discoveries and applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. 2 vols., with woodcuts. Longman.

Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

The War in the East, from the year 1853 till July 1855. By General George Klapka. Chapman and Hall.

Memoirs of Lieut. Bellot. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A Campaign with the Turks in Asia. By Charles Duncan, Esq. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

[A very lively as well as very interesting narrative.]

The Wabash; or, Adventures of an English Family in the interior of America. By J. R. Beste, Esq. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Burton's Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca. Vols. I. and II. Longman.

Seymour's Russia and the Sea of Azof. 1 vol. Murray.

A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

Russell's Letters on the War. 1 vol. Routledge.

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